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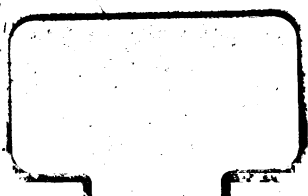
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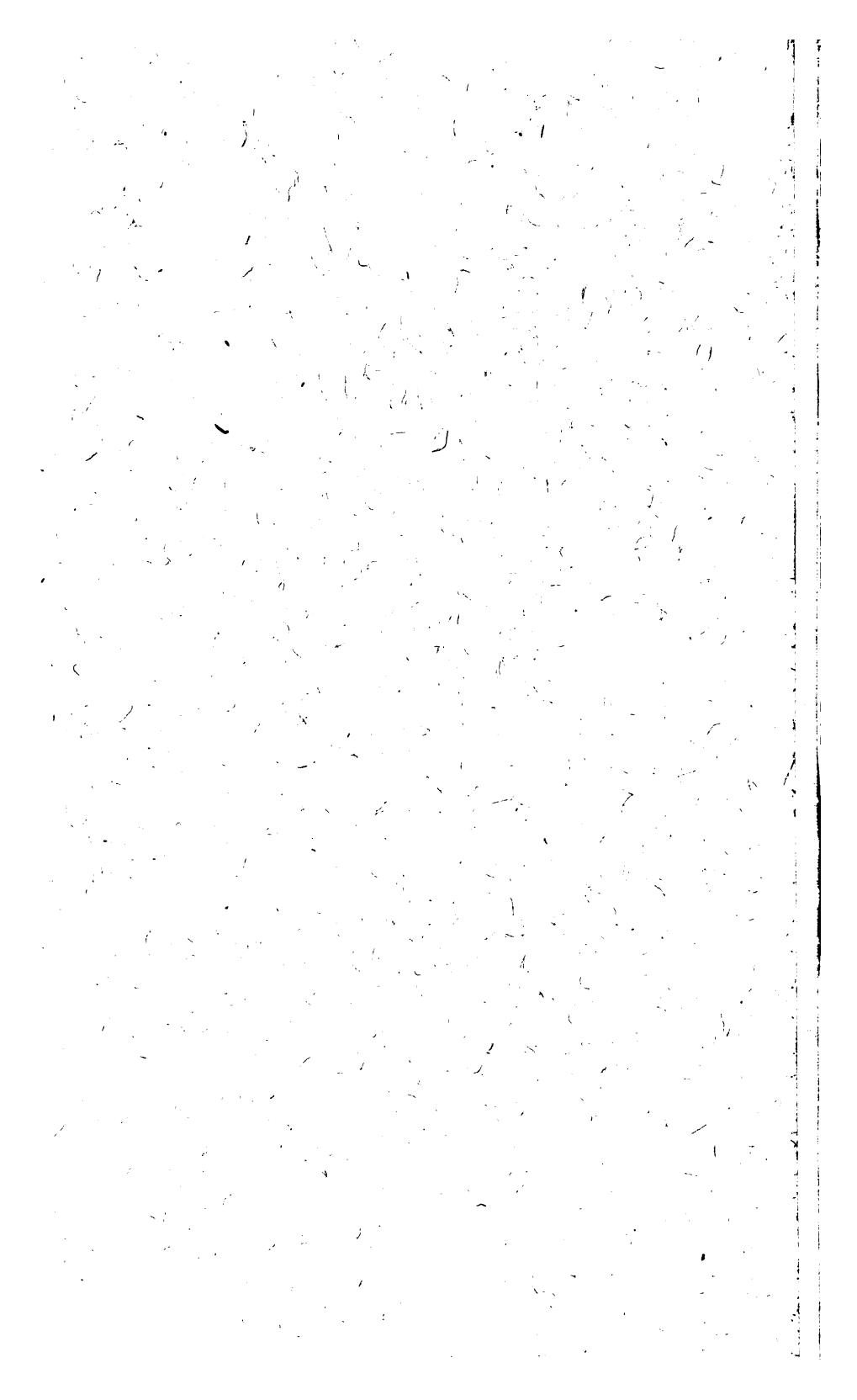
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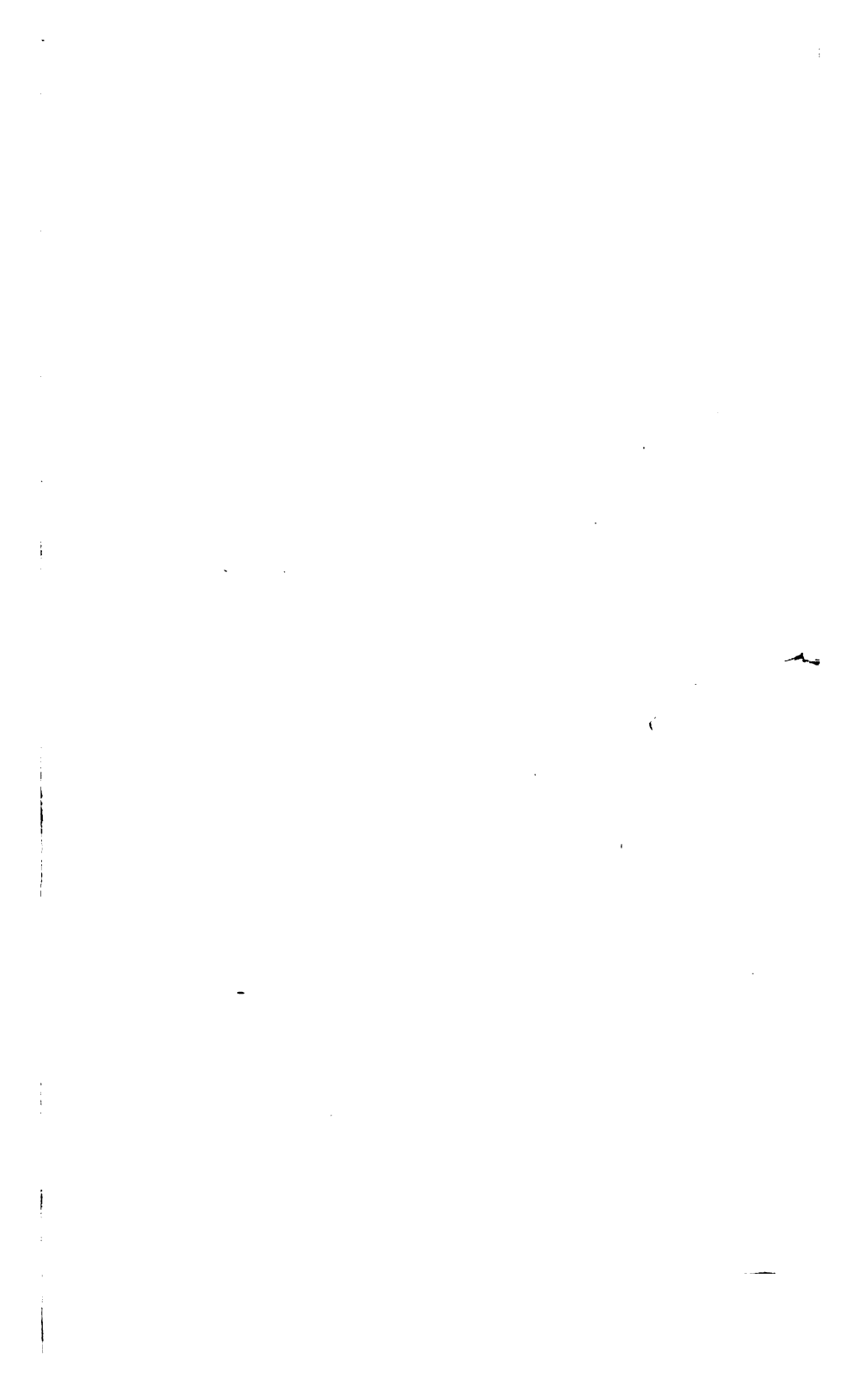
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Sixth of the Improved Work.
THE
Sporting Magazine.
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion
Interesting to the

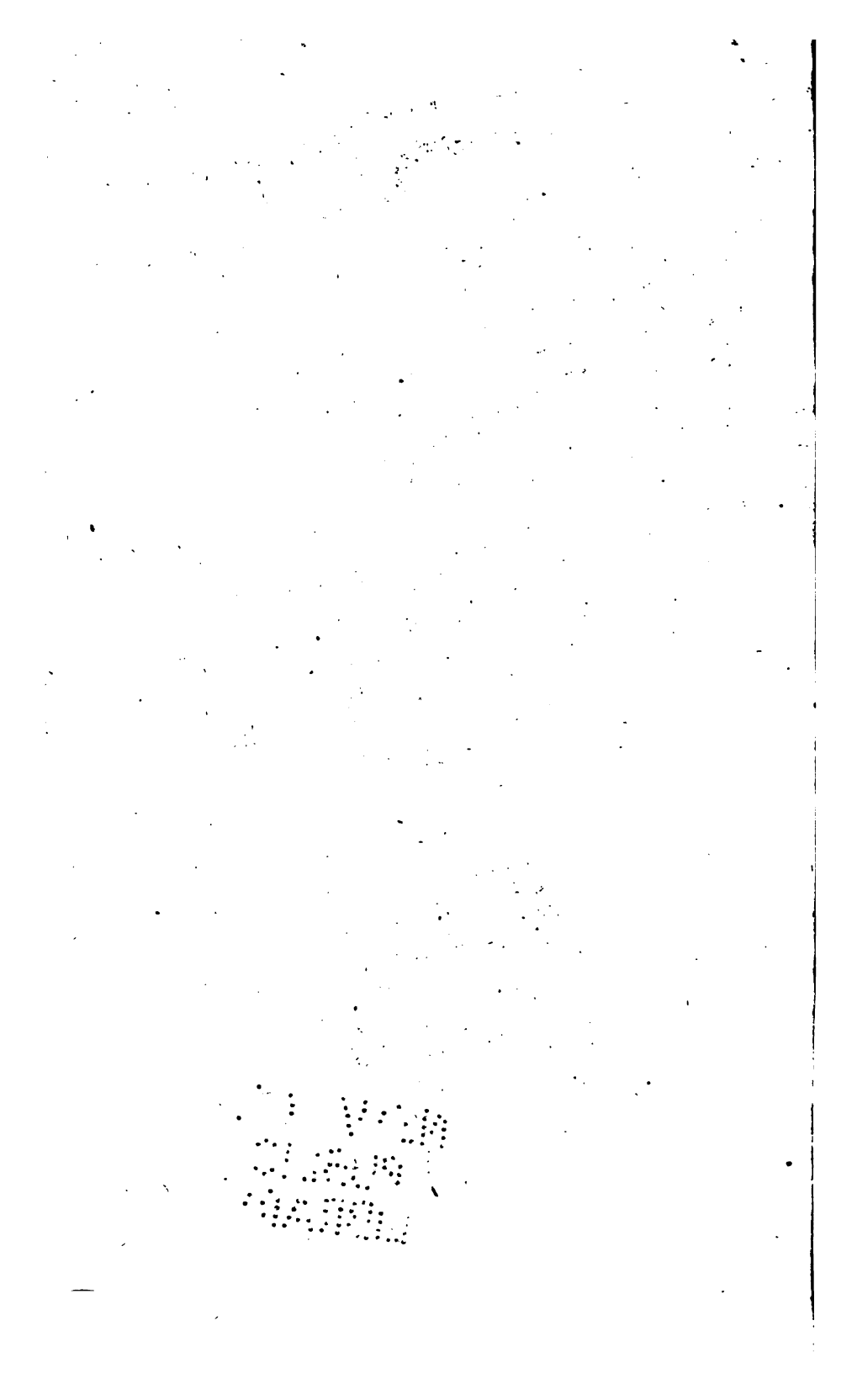
Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit



VOL. 26.



London.
Printed for T. Whittle, 48, Warwick Square.
1805.



THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR APRIL, 1805.

CONTAINING

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Embellished with, I. A fine Engraving of Snipe Shooting.—II. The Mallard and French Spaniel, an elegant Engraving.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE cannot insert the Life of Buckhorse without previously seeing the conclusion of it; a copious account of him having appeared in a former Volume.

Several Poetical Pieces are come to hand, and shall be inserted without delay.

Some Instructions for the Shooting Class, in the manner of Gambado, are received, and will certainly appear next month. We shall always be glad to hear from this ingenious Correspondent on subjects of humour.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Pipe Shooting.

The day ended at 10.15. 10.15. 10.15. 10.15.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL, 1805.

SNIFE SHOOTING.

An Engraving.

BEING one of a series of Shooting Plates already mentioned, and which requires no other observation.

BERKELEY FOX-HOUNDS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE just received your Magazine for March, and was much disappointed at not finding an account which I sent you of a capital run of the Berkeley hounds, from Croxley-green, on February 11th; but, supposing it never reached you, or that you may have mislaid it, I have troubled you with another copy, and an account of another run; the insertion of which will oblige your constant reader,

J. W. M.

ON February 11th the Berkeley hounds threw off at Croxley-green.—The hounds winding a fox before they got to covert, instantly dashed in and unkenelled him, and after running two hours, chiefly in co-
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vert, they lost: they then drew off for Oakingdale-bottom, where they soon unkenelled, and renard breaking covert, ran a ring of about three miles; but being hard pressed, he was obliged to break again, and leave his late peaceful abode, to face the open country, running to Sarrots-green across the country for Lay-hill; but, leaving it to the right, he made for Lord George Cavendish's park, through the park for Amersham Common, when again leaving that to the right also, he skirted Pollards-wood, for Phillips-hill, where, being headed, he there turned to the right, and left Sir Henry Gott's park to the left: he then crossed the Aylesbury road for Chalfont St. Peter's, made for Lettuce-green and Siblets-coverts; and from thence to Astings-wood. Here, being headed, he turned to the right, and ran through the furze fields behind the Kennel for Mumfords, when turning to the left, he went over the paling into the Duke of Portland's park, and crossing the park, the hounds caught view, ran in to him, and killed in the highest style imaginable, after a most severe chase of two hours and a half. They were supposed to have run upwards of thirty

A 2 miles.

miles. When the hounds threw off, there were upwards of eighty sportsmen in the field, and the only ones in at the death were Tom Oldaker, the huntsman, the Honourable Mr. William Capel, and Messrs. Way, Treacher, and Watson.

MORE OF THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

ON Monday, March 25th, they threw off at Ryslip, and unkenelled about eleven o'clock in Ryslip coppice, and, after running two rings, he broke covert, when it was found to be the same fox that led them such an excellent chase on the 9th of the same month, and who knowing the country that saved him that day too well to leave it, continued running rings, heading and doubling, until half past six o'clock; at which time the huntsman, being the only person in with the hounds, thought it prudent to halloo them off, after a most severe run of seven hours and a half, during which four horses fell victims to the severity of the chase, several others rendered unfit for hunting any more this season, and more tired ones were never known in one hunt; the huntsman alone tired three. However, the loss of this fox for the second time gave the huntsman a particular desire to kill him; and accordingly April 6th was appointed, when they threw off at Baryards, and unkenelled this celebrated depredator in Mad Bess Wood, about half past ten, and who soon breaking covert, ran into Ryslip coppice, where he ran two rings, and then went away, in his usual style, over the same country; and after a long run—though not

equal to that on the 27th—of six hours and a half, at length they lost him in Moor-park for the third time, to the great disappointment of every one present. The scent lay very bad, or they certainly would have killed him. Most of the gentlemen were provided with an extra horse, and some more. This celebrated fox is but too well known by the neighbouring farmers, being as great an adept in the robbery of a hen-roost as in beating the hounds. He is a remarkable large one, and his brush is bare, excepting a small white tip. The fur on his body, which is thin, is nearly grey.

COLMAN'S NEW COMEDY.

WE present, by the following sketch, a selection of some of the good things of this play—of which an account will be found in page 47 of this Number—that the Public may be enabled more justly to appreciate its merits than by the hasty and imperfect hearing on the representation.

The subsequent scene takes place between Heartly and Hogmore, the former of whom endeavours to prevail on the latter to give something to the unfortunate villagers who had suffered by a fire:—

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hogmore. Heartly, Mr. Heartly, I believe I have as much feeling as you—only I can't speechify. I pay the poor's rates punctually.

Heartly. That is rather a feeling of the legislature, which enacts, in order to give charity a jog when she happens to slumber.

Hogmore. I must take care of my family—while I live they shall never

never want meat, drink, nor physic. I never wrong'd a man a brass farthing in my life. I does the upright thing—I have finished your ale, and so good morning tye—
[Exit.]

Heartly. This man keeps his character as a bear moves a minuet, and is an upright beast of much decorum—(a laugh.)

Enter SOLOMON GUNDY, with a board under his arm.

Well, Solomon, what news from the village?

Solomon. Oh, the *confagellation* has been *pertinacious*—all ruin and rubbish—several are dead—

Heartly. Dead!

Solomon. Yes—Dead as *Malbrooke*—They are *more*, as the French say, which in English means, they are *no more*, and so peace to their remainders—(a loud laugh.)

Heartly. Poor fellows!

Solomon. Yes—they are a parcel of poor *indigeneous pheasants*—(a loud laugh.)

Heartly. How have you escaped, Solomon?

Solomon. I have saved nothing but my board—here it is—“Rats and Gentlemen catched and waited upon by Solomon Gundy.”

Heartly. You are a clever fellow, Solomon.

Solomon. Oh, yes! Do you know that at fourteen years old I could read.

Heartly. Is it possible?

Solomon. 'Tis truth, upon my *patrole*. There was always about me a mighty *jenny say coy*—je ne sais quoi—as we say at Dunkirk.

Heartly. Was there any farther misfortune at the village?

Solomon. Oh, yes! there was fat Mrs. Doubleton, who, while coming down the ladder into the yard, in her husband's short frock, was

so peck'd at by the turkeycock, that she cannot *asseyez vous* for a fortnight—(a laugh.) We have had hard work—we laboured like so many *gallipot* slaves—(a laugh.)

Heartly. Well, I shall try what can be done for your relief.

Solomon. Your *amour propre*, as we say at Dunkirk: for your neighbours has always been *parsimonious*, and the *malevolence* of your heart is notorious. But a gentleman has been thrown into the horse-pond, at the Spread Eagle, from his carriage.

Heartly. This must be Torrent. Is he safe?

Solomon. Oh—very safe.—He gave me a letter for you, and a guinea.—I said he was an angel.—He told me to run like a devil—so I did, and here are the *contentions*—(presenting the letter.)

Heartly, (after reading the letter.) I must go to him immediately.

Solomon. Speak a good word for me, your honour?

Heartly. I shall remember.

Solomon. Thank you, Sir. I am *graceful*. If this fire should burn me into a good place, it would be as pretty a *feu-de-joye* of *misfortune* as could possibly happen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

TORRENT, and AMY, the daughter of the Landlord of the Spread Eagle, talk of the Fire.

Amy. Little did I think, when I went to bed last night, that *ruination* was just a-coming!

Torrent, (laughing.) Ay—when giddy young girls like you go to bed, ruination comes when they least expect it. I am glad of this fire—the village shall rise again, like a *phoenix* from a *crow's nest*.

TORRENT

TORRENT calls for a Newspaper, and while he sits reading it, BARFORD (DELAMERE) enters with a bundle.

Barford. (throwing his bundle on the table.) Rest there, my whole property—rest there.

Torrent. And who the d—l are you with your whole property in that bundle?

Barford. By what right do you inquire?

Torrent. By the same right that lugged me out of the horse-pond—the right of flying to the relief of those in misfortune—(ap-
plause.)

Barford. Sir, you are officious and intrusive.

Torrent. It was perhaps something intrusive to burst into my room without knocking at the door.

Barford. This is the parlour of a village inn, where all are huddled together, like mankind in the world—where people meet against their will, and part no very good friends—as we may do.

Torrent. I think we seem to bid fair for it—(a laugh)—for I detest misanthropy.

Barford. It is the opium to our affections.

Torrent. You have dealt with a d—d bad apothecary—Hatred to mankind is the d—l's own laudanum, and when any one wishes to swallow it, he sends one of his imps to shake the bottle—(a loud laugh and applause.)—But then there's love and friendship.

Barford. Love and friendship are the fading roses of life—but he who rejects the rose escapes many a thorn.

Torrent. I think you should lose your legs.

Barford. Why so?

Torrent. They are one of the fading blessings of life; but then

you may have the gout, and by throwing away your legs, you may escape many a twinge—(a roar of laughter.) There are rascals to be sure, but I love all mankind—kings, lords, commons, dutchesses, dairy maids, Indian chiefs, washer-women, &c. &c. Whatever you may think, damme, but I believe there may even be honest attorneys!

Barford. You have been fortunate.

Torrent. I have not suffered the milk of human kindness to curdle.

Barford. You had no acid in it.

Torrent. Plenty—who has not?—but when you were sent to nurse, damme, but I think you sucked a lemon—(a roar of laughter.)

Barford. Sir, your impulses apparently proceed from benevolence—but your impetuosity will render you an offence to the sensitive, and a dupe to the designing—pardon me—[Exit.]

Torrent. That advice comes too late for me. I'm like an old radish, whenever you draw me out I am sure to be hot.

ACT II.

ANDREW BANG, LORD ALAMODE'S Gamkeeper, is discovered sleeping in a chair—SIR LARRY MACMURRAGH rings the bell violently without.

Sir Larry, (entering with a piece of the bell-rope broken.)—What—is there nobody in this house?—If they don't hear at all, why don't they say so? (Discovering the Gamkeeper) Oh, by the powers, here's a nose—I'll pull that. (Goes up and tweaks his nose violently.)—My compliments of the sleeping sason to you.—Where's Mr. Carrydot, the steward?

Bang. Gone out to take a morning ride.

Sir

Sir Larry. Upon business, I suppose.

Bang. No—upon Dobbin.

Sir Larry. Ha! ha!—But go and discharge these post-boys—They went as slow as *flies upon treacle*.—If they had driven fast I would have given them *half-a-crown* a piece; but as it is, there's only a *seven shilling piece* between them.

Bang. Fcod—an' they had stood still, he'd a g'iven them *half-a-guinea*!

Sir Larry. But what are you in this family?

Bang. I'm the gamekeeper.

Sir Larry. We shall have at the partridges, Mr. Bang.

Bang. Are you a good shot, Sir?

Sir Larry. I am an Irishman, you devil—I shoot very well with a single ball.

Bang. Shoot partridges with a single ball!! Egad, you shoot with a *long bow*, or I'm mistaken.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CARRYDOT.

Sir Larry. Are you Mr. Carrydot?

Carrydot. Sorry I was not at home when you arrived.

Sir Larry. Cast your spectacles over that, my old boy.—(*Presents a letter.*)

(*CARRYDOT reads the letter, in which ALAMODE states that SIR LARRY is to use his house for some time, and advises CARRYDOT to be discreet if the Baronet should put him in his confidence.*)

Carrydot. You are Sir Larry Macmurragh, of Bally—Bally—Bally—macren.

Sir Larry. That's the name of my estate.

Carrydot. I can't get through that name.

Sir Larry. I found it very aisy to get through the estate. In short, to let you into my confidence, be-

fore you can throw sizes, I am *disk'd*.

Carrydot. *Disk'd!*—What's that?

Sir Larry. Oh, I am a plaguy head at derivations, but the learned are agreed that *disking* comes from *dashing*.

Carrydot. I am still in the dark.

Sir Larry. By St. Patrick, it's the clearest thing in the world—it means in the city a *duck*, and in the west end of the town, a *pigeon*. It is all very aisy—you have only to bet high—subscribe to the clubs—keep a stud—keep a dolly—

Carrydot. A dolly? What's that?

Sir Larry. Only a moveable in a man's house, my dear, generally of very little use to the owner.

Carrydot. I am afraid you have been duped, Sir.

Sir Larry. Sir Larry Macmurragh duped!—no—it was done in the handsomest manner in the world, just at five in the morning, by my dear friend Lord Alamode. I had a run of ill luck, and grew desperate—Will you bet £10,000 against the remainder of my estate? said I—With all my heart, said he—Seven's the main, said I—Its mine, said he—Well, d—n the luck, said I—you have made a beggar of me, like a man of honour as you are, at one stroke.

Carrydot. A stroke of thunder, I should suppose.

Sir Larry. It was more like an earthquake—for it swallowed my estate.

Carrydot. I hope, by economy, you may save a wreck out of your fortune.

Sir Larry. I am the most economical man in the world—there's a particular account of my expences for the year 1805—(*presenting a small pocket-book.*)

Carrydot. (*reading.*)—"To sweeping the crossing in Bond-street,

street, 1s."—This is being very particular indeed, Sir.

Sir Larry. To be sure; I always loved method and particularity.

Carrydot, (reading.)—"To sundries, £7000!!" This is not so particular, Sir Larry!

Sir Larry. Oh! I was busy that day, and I lump my expences when I'm busy.

Carrydot, (reading.)—"To a collar for Lady, 10s. 6d."

Sir Larry. A female that belonged to me—of Dutch extraction—a pug, Sir—that's cheap.

Carrydot, (reading.)—"To a necklace for Eliza, £900."

Sir Larry. That's not so cheap.

Carrydot. 'Tis monstrous!—who was Eliza?

Sir Larry. Another female that ran about the house—but they both left me one day, and I put an advertisement in the newspapers—"Whoever will bring the lady without the collar, or the necklace without the lady, shall be handsomely rewarded."

Carrydot, (reading.)—"Lost to my best friend—all I have in the world."

Sir Larry. So ends my accounts for 1805.

ACT III.

The equivoque between TORRENT and OLDSKIRT is somewhat curious. The former takes the latter for a surveyor come to improve his grounds; while OLDSKIRT comes, in fact, to see FANNY the young housekeeper settled in her place.

Oldskirt. Well, I hope you think I don't come on bad grounds.

Torrent. Oh, you must be a much better judge of the grounds than I am.

Oldskirt. I must say I am very well pleased with your manner, Sir.

Torrent. Why the *manor* is very good; and as to the prospects, we shall set our heads together to mend them.

Oldskirt. That must be as the master pleases.

Torrent. You mean the expence.—I don't value money.

Oldskirt. Money, to be sure, is an object in its place, but the principal thing with me is good treatment.

Torrent. Oh yes.—Let nature never be forgot—but *she* must not be subjected to too much labour.

Oldskirt. No! no!—*She is very delicate.*

Torrent. Who?—Oh!—*Nature*—"we'll treat the Goddess"—

Oldskirt. Goddess!

Torrent. Like a modest fair, not overdressed"—

Oldskirt. That would be ridiculous.

Tor. "And yet not wholly bare."

Oldskirt. Bare! Dam'me, if I sit and listen to such a thing.

There are also several instances of excellent humour in the fourth and fifth acts, though they are not, in this respect, equal to the three from which the above extracts are given.

MANCHESTER COCKING.

THE long main of cocks fought between the Gentlemen of Lancashire, Gilliver feeder; and the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, Smethels feeder. The fighting was as follows:

| | Gilliver. | | Smethels. | |
|---------------|-----------|---|-----------|---|
| | M. B. | | M. B. | |
| Monday, | 8 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Tuesday, | 6 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Wednesday, .. | 6 | 2 | 4 | 2 |
| Thursday, .. | 7 | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| | 27 7 | | 11 6 | |

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTING.

MR. James Settle, we are informed, of the Bowling-green-house, Chapeltown, near Leeds, has at this time in his possession four as fine colts as, perhaps, can be seen either in Yorkshire, or any other part of Great Britain, viz. a four, three, two, and a one year old; and what is very remarkable, they are all of a fine chesnut colour, two and two alike; the two first without any white, the two younger ones with each a bright star in the forehead, and a far hind leg white up to the fetlock joint; all out of the same mare which is three fourths blood, and again in foal, and all got by young Diomed, son of Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, whose celebrity as a stallion is well known in this part of the country. They are well deserving the attention of any nobleman or gentleman wishing to have a fine set for a carriage, being all handsome, strong, and boney, with the finest temper, shape, and action.

Mr. Settle may challenge all England against the same number of colts out of any one mare, and got by one stallion, in four successive years, for any sum not exceeding one hundred guineas.

MR. CALEB PAYNE, a sporting gentleman of Dublin, has published an open challenge to run a horse, twenty couple of fox hounds, or fight a main of cocks, for a thousand guineas, with any gentleman in Ireland.

MR. MULLINS, an eminent hairdresser, undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk from his house in Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, to Woolwich in Kent (a distance of

twelve miles), in two hours, which he performed with apparent ease in seven minutes less than the time allowed him.

THE fashionable game in all the great card parties, at the present period, is 'four-handed cribbage.' Whist, as it declines in the west, rises with increase of splendour in the east. We are told of a city club where the parties play for ten pounds a game, and bet guineas on the odd trick. We have also been informed of another chosen few, on the city side of Temple-bar, who lately played at whist from Wednesday afternoon till Friday night, and only left off then, because two of the party were unfortunately Jews.

INDISCREET SPORTSMAN.

A RURAL ANECDOTE.

HAVING been invited, for some time, by an old friend of mine, to spend a week with him at his villa, about twenty miles from London, upon the marriage of his only daughter, I was particularly pressed to make my appearance there on the 5th of last month, in order to partake of the nuptial festivities. After a very pleasant journey, I arrived at my friend's elegant habitation, was received in the most hearty manner, and found, what is called, good company. The bridegroom was a tall well-made young fellow, with a regular set of features, and a ruddy complexion; in a few words, he was, in the opinion of most people, a handsome man. He was also much inclined to that sort of mirth which is occasioned by lively strokes of bodily

B wit,

wit, and appeared to be far better pleased with a spank on the back, or a slap on the knee, than he would have been with the most refined sentiment or the most acute observation. He was almost always in a broad grin, by which he certainly discovered two rows of fine teeth, though he did not discover any marks of a brilliant understanding. However, the natural cheerfulness of his disposition had procured him the appellation of a good humoured mortal; and it was the deceptive appearance of that disposition which had greatly contributed to obtain my friend's consent to an union with his daughter.

This facetious gentleman made me often recollect, while he was very liberal of his corporal jokes, the following lines of Pope, in his description of an animal of the same line:

"His laughs are hearty, though his jests
"are coarse;
"He loves you best of all things—but
"his horse."

His boisterous behaviour was, in truth, by no means suitable to the mild temper of the too susceptible Harriet, who sufficiently convinced me, that she had not sacrificed her happiness at the shrine of filial affection, but that she had given her hand and heart together. On the Monday after my arrival, I missed my bridegroom at the breakfast-table; and, in answer to my inquiries after him, was told by his lady, that she believed he was gone out with his gun, as he had taken her father's dog with him. His return was every hour expected with additional impatience; and it was easily discernible, that the new-married lady was hurt by his absence so soon after the bridal day.

The dusk of the evening brought

the wanderer home, and his fond wife flew to meet him.

"Where have you been all day?" said she, while her beautiful eyes more gently reproved him than her words.

"Here is my excuse," cried he, pulling a partridge out of his pocket, and tossing it with a gross familiarity into her bosom.

The surprise, and the touch of the bleeding bird, which tinged the before unsullied whiteness of her neck, were too much for her spirits: she screamed and fainted, and it was with much difficulty that she was brought out of her fit. Unhappily she fell immediately into another, and is now in a state of insanity, from which she will never, I fear, be recovered.

This narrative is a fact. The extreme sensibility of the lady may be reckoned a weakness; yet what can be urged to apologize for the conduct of her unthinking (at least) and, indisputably, unfeeling husband! By every husband, especially if he is of a similar turn, as a sportsman, his behaviour should be attentively considered.

DASHING VICISSITUDES.

SOME few years since, a very agreeable and well-educated young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of small independence in a country town, not more than thirty miles from the metropolis, paid a visit, with her father's consent, to her uncle, a clergyman, then residing at a genteel villa near London. Under the wing of protection so truly respectable, she made her appearance at the assembly of that place, and most unfortunately attracted the attention of a gentleman,

a gentleman, whose affection was too rapid and predominant to admit of expostulation or delay. Overtures were instantly communicated to the lady; applications were made to the uncle, and proposals despatched to the father. The solicitant stood in the city as a factor of good character, and much commercial promise; under which flattering prospect, the matrimonial ceremony soon took place. "A consummation so devoutly wished," was soon followed by a coach, as a matter of family comfort; and, lastly, as a collateral consideration, a country house, which, with a young and improving family, were supposed to have constituted the very zenith of happiness in this life. In the midst of all, as it were by a pantomimic stroke, or an electrical shock, the coach vanished, the country house was forsaken—bankruptcy ensued—within a few weeks death followed, and without a sufficiency to lay the corpse in the grave: in which dreadful dilemma the widow, with four small children, had no door open to her but that of her aged and affectionate parents, to whom she lately returned: but the sudden shock from a seeming summit of permanent prosperity, to the certain abyss of dreary adversity, so affected the mother, that in a few hours she took to her bed, from whence she no more arose, till death had closed her scene of affliction; and the father's state at this moment, is but little better than mental derangement.

In some degree of coincidence, but not in direct uniformity with the preceding, it may be recorded, that at nearly, or about the same period, a young lady, the daughter

of a gentleman who then was, and now is, at the highest possible professional celebrity, was, with the consent of all parties, united to a young tradesman, at the west end of the town, whose prospects promised every thing that could be wished: but the happy knot was no sooner tied, than prudence was immediately superseded by pleasure: visiting abroad, receiving company at home, operas and plays in the winter—Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and watering places in the summer, with an increasing family, had, when four children were produced, exalted the father to a place in the Gazette, after a computed annihilation of five or six thousand pounds. The father of the lady, one of the most worthy men existing, who never held the parental beam "with an iron hand," and who, with the spirit of true philanthropy, could "forget and forgive," wishing to rescue them from impending poverty, took home husband and wife to his own residence, fit for a prince, with their four children, intending to initiate his son-in-law in his own business, and to bring him into partnership, that he might progressively become his successor to a most profitable and long established concern: but, too indolent for industry, and too versatile for punctuality, he soon eloped; the daughter, after some time treading "upon the light fantastic toe," has done the same. The former is a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and the latter is absolutely cohabiting, in the character of a lady of pleasure, with one of the clerks of a public office; the four children being deserted by both father and mother, and left upon the hands of the grandfather, who has thus, though advanced in years, a second family to bring up.

NEW PUBLICATION.

(Continued from page 286 of our Magazine for February.)

A GENERAL Treatise on Cattle, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine: Comprehending their breeding, Management, Improvement, and Diseases.—Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Somerville.—By J. Lawrence, Author of "The New Farmer's Calendar; Modern Land Steward," &c. Symonds.

On winter exposure, at page 117, by which such multitudes of cattle and sheep perish annually in the northern parts of this island, and are totally lost to the country, our author remarks as follows:

"In fine, I apprehend the following propositions stand sufficiently clear—First, That all countries which will maintain a stock of cattle during the summer season, will also afford a sufficiency of some kinds of food for their winter sustenance. Secondly, That it is the interest of the feeder to provide such winter sustenance. Lastly, That, on the question of going to the utmost extent of number, the balance of profit would rest with superior quality and the smaller number of animals sufficiently winter fed."

On the great question of ox labour, Mr. L. has brought forward the well-known statement of Mr. Culley, in favour of horses, which seems to be totally overthrown by Mr. Lawrence, who disproves their data from facts and actual practice, stating that neither eight nor six oxen are required to do the labour of two horses; and denying the position that oxen are unable to work more than half the day. This appears to be written with as much force as any part of the work.

The detail of the progress of the

fine wool improvement in different countries, is very elaborate and circumstantial, and, in our ideas, entirely satisfactory: for, in respect to our own country, whereas formerly we were obliged to import our fine wools for broad cloth from Spain, the improvers have now enabled us to grow those wools at home. At the head of these improvers and benefactors of their country, stands his Majesty, who really first introduced the Spanish sheep; and of whose royal exertions as a farmer and improver, this author speaks with a marked and loyal respect. In point of quantity of wool, also, this cross with the Spanish ram on our short-wooled sheep, has turned out a matter of immense consequence; the first cross, in many instances, producing nearly a double fleece, and more than double the usual price, both to the surprise and emolument of the farmer.

The work is not destitute of that cheerfulness and humour generally to be found in Mr. Lawrence's writings. Various anecdotes are given, some of a ludicrous, others of a serious cast. We transcribe the following on fat meat, for the benefit of such of our readers as are desirous of becoming kitchen economists—"A mistress some time since succeeding to a large boarding school, told the cook it was her determination not to allow the perquisite of kitchen-stuff, but a certain sum in lieu of it, at the same time demanding what the annual amount might be. Mrs. Cook answered very reluctantly, about five or six pounds, she believed. Well, then, said the mistress, I shall allow you seven guineas." The kitchen-stuff was sold for thirty-five guineas the first year. Several other tales of this description, but of far more general consequence, might be extracted, where
in

in those who ought to receive most benefit from the intelligence, would, no doubt most justly blame us for interrupting their repose—p. 515. The anecdote of Dr. Rock is curious, and we have reason to believe is founded on fact.

With the rest of our author's agricultural and veterinary writing's, we desire particularly to recommend to farmers in general, and those who are about to become farmers, this *Treatise on Cattle*, as a work abounding in various and solid information, the ability to afford which could no otherwise have arisen than from the practical attention of many years.

FASHIONABLE FEMALE EDUCATION.

To Ralph Rustic, Esq.

SIR,

SEND your daughter to London by all means. 'Tis the advice of a friend: we'll soon make a fine lady of her. Shrewsbury! never talk of that, my dear fellow, unless you design your daughter for a dormouse or a housewife everlastingly. 'Tis in London alone that she can learn to do any thing like other people.

You wish to know the particulars of a fashionable education—as if it were possible to enumerate the thousand inexpressibles to be picked up in good company! A woman of fashion can't toss her fan, or kiss her lap-dog, but you know at once that she has moved in the circle.—But, good Mr. Rustic, as it would be downright Arabic to describe the fine polish to you, who never saw any thing of the kind, I shall mention, for your instruction, a few of the substantials of a lady's educa-

tion; but you must always recollect, that without the finishing polish here, they are nothing better than the unpurified ores of your Welsh mines.

As long as your daughter is not fit to appear in public, she may learn talents. This is a most essential part of modern education, and renders the ladies of the present day quite superior to their grandmothers, who, God help them, often thought they made a pretty decent figure without talents. But I forget you are a country squire, and don't know our language. You perhaps understand talents to mean the mental parts which nature and art has given us. No such thing—at our end of the town, when a lady is said to have talents, it strictly means that she understands music and drawing; particularly the former, at which our young ladies of fashion—and I am told those of no fashion follow the example—spend the first fifteen years of their life at least. I don't mean this to the exclusion of the dancing master, and a little forming to life, which must be begun several years before the young lady can appear in the world.

I know my aunt, Lady Bab, affirms, that a young lady should at this time acquire a taste for reading; but Lady Bab, between ourselves, is confoundedly plain, and has not had a single civil thing said to her since her *début*. I never knew any good come of reading. No creature, you know, with the least pretensions to good company, would touch any thing of the book kind, but the last new novel; and it is but two weeks since Diana T——, after reading *Delphine** all night, set off in a post chaise, with her dear friend Julia's husband, next morning.

* A meretricious novel, translated from the French.

But

But it is after coming into the world, that the superiority of a town education is most conspicuous.—About twenty, your country nymphs begin to look strangers in the face, to talk without stammering, and almost to ask a question without a blush. They know how to manage the economy of a family, are adepts in needle work, thrum a little on the piano, criticise the parson's sermons, and ten to one can discuss you the merits of that old quiz the Spectator. But as for any knowledge of life, any *connaissance du monde*, the exclusive glory of the capital—egad you would swear they had been bred among the wild men of Labrador. There is no talking a syllable to them, for they do not know a single thing that is going forward in the world.

It is but last summer that I was down to Somerset, on a visit to an old friend of my father's; when happening to entertain his daughters with an account of the fashionable affair between Captain C—— and the rich Sir Barnaby's lady, the creatures held down their heads like bulrushes! Luckily for their relief—and mine too, you may believe—the post-boy brought the newspaper, and I fell immediately to read a list of the company at the Marchioness's Sunday routs. I had just finished the catalogue, and was proceeding to one of the nicest crim. con's that has appeared for a long while, when the old gentleman coming into the room at that very moment, civilly snatched the paper out of my hand, and carried it to his closet, where I believe it still lies in durance. At supper I met with no better success; for upon hinting at mother Windsor's choice new collection, the ladies abruptly left the room; and the old fellow observed to me with a simper, 'that the presence of ladies

was an irksome restraint, after gentlemen had got their wine.

You will now perceive, Mr. Rustic, that one chief thing which a lady learns in a town education, is to unlearn her country prejudices. A lady of fashion never blushes, nor is out. She talks of affairs, attachments, arrangements, crim. con's, with the same genteel *sans froid* as of any other common occurrences of life. In short, complete ease on all occasions is her distinguished characteristic. If a whole circle of beaux pour in at once a full broadside of compliments, she will receive them all with the most gallant intrepidity; and coolly keep them all in play by a running fire of the most approved repartee. She never puts one out by looking grave at a *double entendre*, nor breaks a party by telling us that her mamma disapproves of playing at cards on Sunday. In short, Sir, a thorough bred London lady—like Lance's dog, in the play—"takes upon her to be a lady indeed; to be, as it were, a lady at all things."

Now, Mr. Rustic, as I have not the least doubt that, after reading this description, you will instantly set off for London with your daughter, I shall be glad to see you in Sackville-street; and as I have a particular regard for every thing in the shape of a female, I shall be glad to offer my services as soon as the young lady is fit to appear in the world. Your's, till then,

TOM TOWNLY.

CAPTURE OF A GROUND SHARK.

A LETTER from Calcutta, dated May the 20th, says—"On Friday morning, a culprit of a novel description was brought for inspection

spection to the police office, amidst the concourse and acclamations of an immense populace. The natives termed it a "Hunger;" or, as we might call it, "A Hungry Ground Shark;" which had, on the preceding day, seized a man while he was performing his ablutions at Pulta Ghaut, one of the most central Ghats in Calcutta, and tore off the flesh from the thigh down to the knee, leaving the bone almost bare.—At the time the accident happened, the Ghaut was thronged with natives of both sexes, men, women, and children. The cries of the man, and the miserable figure he appeared to be in, struck such a panic into all that were bathing, that every one got out of the water as fast as they could. At first it was supposed that the animal might have been a Crocodile, or alligator; but the fish was shortly after seen swimming in different directions about the place, and his rudder and large pectoral fins appearing occasionally above water, plainly denoted him to be a shark. As it was probable the fish might repeat his visit, or continue in the line of shallow water in the adjacent Ghauts, as soon as the accident was reported at the police office, a reward was offered for catching him, and full compensation for all the damages that might be done to the nets laid to entrap him. Several fishermen, who were then about to place their nets for mango-fish, lured by the terms that were held out, proceeded on the business, and arranged their nets with so much address, that about four o'clock on Saturday morning a shark, supposed to be the same, was caught at a short distance from the Ghaut where he had seized his prey the preceding day; but not without a very severe conflict, during which he broke through two strong nets; but his

strength being exhausted, he became entangled in the third. The fish measured six feet in length, and its circumference, just under the fins, was thirty-six inches; the mouth, when distended, was capable of receiving a large object; the teeth were thickly set, and very sharp.

The unfortunate native, notwithstanding the first European medical assistance was quickly afforded him, lingered until Sunday morning, and died at twelve o'clock.

SINGULAR NOTICE.

THE following is taken from the Worcester Post-Rider—America—"George Washington Webb, Post-Rider from Worcester to Northampton, solicits the serious and candid attention of each of his customers, who are indebted to him for more than one quarter's newspapers, to that portion of scripture, which may be found recorded in the latter clause of the 28th verse of the 18th chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew—"Pay me what thou owest."

"In discoursing from these words, it is the intention of the preacher to make no division of his matter—to have nothing to do with notes, except bank notes—and to treat the subject neither logically, nor metaphysically, nor scripturally, nor religiously, nor morally, nor physically, but peremptorily! As he has had a mortal aversion to long-winded people, ever since he began to collect newspaper accounts, he will be as brief as a lawyer's summons, and, leaving his text to explain itself, come directly to the improvement.

"Beloved brethren! hearken unto me, and attend to the words of my

my mouth! Pay the Post-Rider quickly, when thou art in arrear with him—lest at any time the Post-Rider deliver thy account to the attorney, and the attorney bring thee before the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison! Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the utmost farthing.”

PROSECUTION ON THE BLACK ACT.

York Spring Assizes, 1805.

FEARNLEY V. GOMERSALL.

THE prosecutor is the youngest son of Mr. Benjamin Fearnley, who was bred to, and many years pursued, the profession of an attorney, and now resides at Oakwell Hall, in the township of Gomersall, as tenant to Henry Barker, Esq. who is lord of the manor of Oakwell, Gomersall, and Heckmondwike. The prosecutor himself, Benjamin Fearnley, jun. was also bred to the same profession.

The defendant resides at Gomersall, at the distance of half a mile from Oakwell Hall, fully qualified to kill game, to do which he takes out an annual licence.

For the purpose of understanding the sequel of the case, it will be necessary to premise, that there are near to Mr. Fearnley's house, four pretty considerable woods; the first of them, of which the defendant is occupier, belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge; the second of them, and also one of the two last, to Mr. Barker; and the remaining one to Mr. Walker, who is brother-in-law to the defendant.

The Well Springs, and the Asker Wood, are only separated by a small rivulet, on each side of which the ground is considerably elevated; and the two far woods by a hedge. It is necessary also to state, that the families of the Fearnleys and Gomersalls have been upon bad terms for some years.

About three years ago, the prisoner obtained a deputation from Mr. Barker, as gamekeeper of the manor, since which period the prosecutor has been in constant habits of following Mr. Gomersall whenever he went a-shooting in the neighbourhood of Oakwell.

The only witness called on the part of the prosecution, was the prosecutor himself, who swore, that he was gamekeeper of the manor of Oakwell, under Mr. Barker: that, on the 7th of March inst. he went into Asker Wood, which is about 250 yards from his father's house; it was then about four o'clock: that he then saw the prisoner, who knew that he was gamekeeper: that he first saw the prisoner's dogs running a hare, but he stopt them. In about two minutes time he saw the prisoner, and he said to him, "I think this is not the time for shooting hares?" to which the prisoner replied, "I shall shoot what and where I like, for you, puppy." The witness said, "I had said nothing to him but what I have said." In answer to the prisoner's observation, I said, "then you are what I call a complete block." He then seized me by the collar, and tore my shirt, threw me on my back, and kicked me twice while I was down. I then called out for help, but nobody came: if any body had been near, they must have heard me; the place is retired. After the prisoner had kicked me, he went away, and I followed on a walk

walk which leads through the wood. I followed him a few yards, and he turned round, put the gun to his shoulder, and pointed to me, and said "he would shoot me." He was then distant about five or six yards, but whether the gun had been previously cocked, and he was pulling it down, or he pulled the trigger, I cannot tell. I heard the spring of the lock go. The prisoner then took the gun down; he then went a little farther, and I followed. He again turned about, and struck at my head, and knocked my hat off with the muzzle of the gun. I then took my hat up, and put it on again. He then wished me to strike him, and I said I would not be provoked to strike him. The prisoner then said, "If you will not, you are a gentleman with your a—e kicked; I have quietened thy father before thee, and I will quieten thee too." We then parted. I stopped a little time, and watched him go down the wood for about 50 yards, when I lost sight of him. I then made a noise to prevent his dogs from hunting; I made a loud noise; upon my doing that, the prisoner discharged the gun, and the shot came about me: I knew so by the noise it made; some of it came about two yards on one side, and some about two yards above me, amongst the boughs of the trees. This was immediately upon my making the noise. I then went down by the side of the walk in the wood. I did not see the prisoner when the gun was fired; but I saw him in about three

or four minutes afterwards, and I saw no one besides.

Upon being cross-examined by Mr. Raine, he said he had no ill-will to the prisoner, and never had any dispute with him, except what happened between them in the woods when they met there. When the Birstal and Batley volunteers were raised, he heard he was elected a lieutenant, and the prisoner elected captain. That he did not indulge a hope that he was to be a captain; he was in the corps before the officers were elected, but retired upon the prisoner's being elected captain, because he did not like to serve under him. The witness said, he knew that the prisoner occupies a wood belonging to Trinity College, Cambridge, and that he has liberty of shooting in one of the two far woods; that he knew it was cock shooting time. He said he would not swear that the hare was put up in Asker Wood, but swore positively that the prisoner was in Asker Wood when the gun was fired, and not in the Springs, and that he could not see the prisoner at all. From the rivulet which divides the two woods, to the place where he was when the prisoner fired, is about 100 yards, and the prisoner, when he and the prisoner parted, was going to the rivulet. He would not swear that the prisoner did not kill a cock when the gun was fired. The prosecutor said, that no shot touched him; that he had no other reason for believing that the piece was levelled at his head, than that the shot rattled in the trees about

* Here the Judge observed, that it was unnecessarily occupying the attention of the Court, if the prosecutor had no better case, and therefore wished it in that stage to go to the Jury; but Mr. Raine replied, that he wished to get from the prosecutor other facts, to form a ground for proceeding against him in another way.

him; that he never applied to a magistrate for redress, but he came to York, preferred an indictment, and obtained a Bench Warrant for his apprehension: he acknowledged himself to be a *Sprig of the Law*, but not in practice: he said he thought it best to get a Bench Warrant: he did not think that a magistrate would have dismissed the case; adding, "I wished to get him into custody, and thought it the best way of doing it:" that he meant to prefer two charges against him, the one for an assault, the other for a capital offence. Upon being asked who was his attorney, he replied it was his brother; and that he advised him to proceed in the manner which he had done, and to bring the capital charge: he said his father had not advised him to it, or told him the nature of the charge he was to bring, but told him to go to York. The prosecutor, after a good deal of hesitation, at last acknowledged, he remembered Mr. Gomersall's pulling up a gate, believing he had a right to make a road, and that there was a law-suit about it: that the families had not visited for some years: that he did not think of preferring the capital charge until he had consulted his father and brother. Upon being asked by Mr. Raine, whether there were any other words than those he had already stated to have passed at the time the prisoner and he met, he replied, "he called me a puppy," and I called him "a mongrel:" he was then abusing me about my dress, and I asked him "what sort of a gentleman he was with his blue fingers," (the prisoner is by trade a dyer); he persisted that he did not mean that expression as a taunt, but as a compliment, if the prisoner chose to take it. Upon being asked if he was

afraid at the time the prisoner kicked him, he said he was. Upon being again asked, what could induce him to follow the prisoner if he was afraid? he said, "I followed him, because I was afraid he would do me some mischief."

The judge now the second time wished the case to go to the jury, saying, that Mr. Raine had obtained all necessary facts to enable the prisoner to seek for the redress which he alluded to. He then addressed the jury by saying, that the present prosecution was certainly a most groundless and malicious one; that the attorney who advised it was very blameable in so doing, especially in the case of his own brother, and that they must acquit the prisoner, which they instantly did; and upon Mr. Raine's putting up his brief, he said, that in the whole course of his practice he had never before met with a case so malicious and infamous as the present.

Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Topping, Mr. Holroyd: for the prisoner, Mr. Raine, Mr. Scarlet. Attorney, Mr. Carr, Birstal.

AFTER the above trial, the following letter was published, dated Gomersall, March 27, 1805.—"To the Editor of the York Herald.—Sir, —As I was not called on upon the trial of a criminal prosecution which took place against me at the last assize, to make any defence thereto, and consequently had no opportunity of personally vindicating my character from the foul charge imputed to me, I now transmit to you, for the perusal of a discerning public, my own exculpatory affidavit.

"As my acquittal took place on the prosecutor's own evidence only, and as the matter would have been dismissed

dismissed at a still earlier stage of the business, had it not been protracted by my own counsel, for the purpose of affording me, in the exposure of so groundless a charge, some redress for this frivolous and vexatious proceeding, I feel myself the more justified in making this appeal to your candour and that of the public. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, **WILLIAM GOMERSALL.**"

"**WATER-RIDING of Yorkshire, to wit:—William Gomersall, of Gomersall, in the said Riding, dyer, maketh oath and saith, That at the last Yorkshire assizes, he, this deponent, was indicted and tried for wilfully and maliciously shooting at Benjamin Fearnley the younger, of Oakwell-Hall, within the township of Gomersall, on the 7th day of this instant, March. And this deponent further saith, that he did not, on the said 7th day of March, or at any other time, shoot at the said Benjamin Fearnley, nor did he ever threaten or attempt to shoot at him the said Benjamin Fearnley in any manner whatsoever.**

WILLIAM GOMERSALL."

"**SWORN at Riding, within the Riding aforesaid, the 27th day of March, 1805, before me one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said Riding.**

RICHARD WALKER."

SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSING VICE.

THE cases of cruelty to animals which have come within the knowledge of the Society, are not numerous, but such as have been communicated to them have not inefficaciously called forth their in-

terference. One instance of systematic brutality, in which they have interfered with effect, deserves particular notice—

The Society having been informed that the practice of bear-baiting was carried on, with the most savage ferocity, at a house in Black-Boy-alley, Chick-lane, found upon investigation, that this sport was, on one occasion, attended with the following circumstances:

The bear was confined by a chain fixed in the wall, and dogs were from time to time let loose upon him, the number of which, in reserve, it was supposed, amounted to fifty. The poor animal was not suffered to rest, but, when worn out with fatigue, was again forced to exertion, by the application of some pungent liquid to his wounds. This inhuman mode of stimulating him to action, was frequently repeated: in addition to which, it was observed, that a glass of spirits was occasionally administered to him. This brutal sport was continued for some hours with the same animal. At one of these meetings, the bear, being found too powerful for the dogs, was fastened to the floor, and his teeth were half sawn off. A supply of these victims of cruelty is easily obtained, as they are known to be bred in the vicinity of the metropolis. Badgers were also baited at the same place. Cruelties similar to those here described, frequently occur at that no less inhuman sport, called bull-baiting. On such occasions it is not unusual for the poor animal to be so exhausted with wounds and fatigue, as to be unable to return in the evening, though subjected on the road to fresh tortures, to the place whence he was driven in the morning, for the diversion of those who can be diverted by such savage scenes. It farther

ther appeared that the above place was opened for the same purpose every night of the week except Saturday, and that sixpence was taken of each person for admittance.

LEAVING these instances of cruelty to advert to that of another species: respecting the horrid cruelty of the Nackers, we have been informed—and we wish the Society, or any other person, could ascertain the extent of the fact—that at some, or most of the places, where aged and disabled horses are usually taken to be killed, these wretched and most pitiable quadrupeds are frequently suffered to stand tied up, without any food, and waiting in vain for the charitable stroke of death, two or three days at a stretch; during which time the once noble animals are not unfrequently reduced to the sad necessity of knowing the posts, the wall, and even their own flesh; because it is not a custom with the inhuman beings to whom they are consigned to take the earliest opportunity of putting them out of their misery.

PATENT IMPROVEMENT

UPON

FIREARMS, &c.

*Granted to Mr. Durs Egg, Gun-maker, of
St. Martin's Parish, Westminster.*

THE great advantage in these improvements upon the lock for fire-arms in general, consists in a much superior degree of celerity in its action, and in the nature of its construction; the centre axle being much smaller on the tumbler, which is supported by, and acts in a second bridle, that passes over the cock, fixed on the outside of the lock.

There is also a great advantage in pitching the axle-hole in the cock plate higher than usual, which gives the cock a great power and regularity in striking and cutting the hammer. This patent also describes a new method of taking the lock to pieces to clean, without taking out any screws. This is performed by a centre pin that forms the axle through the bridles and tumbler: when drawn out, the cock and the tumbler come out together, in one piece, through the upper part of the plate, and the lock may be put in its place, properly fixed as before, in two or three seconds; a considerable advantage, as the persons who take the locks to pieces very seldom put them together right. The patent also specifies a new method of priming, which is done by means of an opening at the front of the hammer and pan, with a cover fixed on the hammer, and a spring to open and shut like the hammer. By this method, there is no danger of putting in too much or too little powder when the hammer is shut: also an improved pan and hammer to expel the damp and water. The improved hammer is intended to prevent the great and frequent disappointment of missing fire. Mr. Egg makes it in two pieces: the whole face of it of the purest steel, and so constructed as that it may be put on the rest of the hammer, in different ways, and may be well hardened on or off. The hammer-seat to be lined with copper, and the fence that joins against the barrel to have a double arch to guide the water on each side of the pan, which will prevent the water getting to the powder in the pan. The patent also enumerates various other improvements; such as a new way to load all sorts of fire-arms at the breech, quicker and easier than can
be

be done by the former methods, and exempt from accidents, in loading and firing, by means of an opening at the breech, and a slide across, or nearly so, through the metal of the barrel, to cover or shut up the opening; with a lever on the side of the barrel fixed to the same, with a joint and screw, and another fixed to the slide, &c. The inventor likewise proposes to make the above slide in such a manner, as to open and shut with a rising screw; also a new nipper, or shear, to cut the cartridge for priming, so constructed as to cut the paper off with an easy stroke, and without being liable to spoil, or to occasion the person handling it to cut himself; also an improved way of priming from the inside of the barrel, when charging, through the touch-hole. The touch-hole is made so as to shut itself up, when fired, by the recoil of the barrel. Also an improved sight at the breech. The body of it fixed not to move, and the notched part made to slide within the other, which secures it from moving by accident. Also a new cover for the sight, which will cause to shoot much truer than any used before, and will be a particular advantage for bullet guns and pistols. Also an improved stock to pistols, with a support on the upper part of the stock or grip, as a stop against the hand, to prevent the pistol moving when fired, &c. And, lastly, this patent contains the description of a newly constructed pistol for firing off cannon, to prime and load without wadding, with an improved worm for ramrods, &c.

VARIETIES AMONG ANIMALS.

THE floating opinions concerning that which naturalists call the varieties of animals are so

vague, and in many cases so directly in opposition to well known facts; and these opinions have such extensive influence on almost every subject that has a reference to animated nature, that I have thought it proper to begin this branch of our recreations with some elucidations respecting it.

In the science of natural history, philosophers have found it expedient to arrange objects first under a few grand divisions, and then to divide, and afterwards subdivide these in the following manner. The most general divisions are called classes; each class is again divided into several lesser parts, which are called orders; each order contains a certain number of genera; each genus consists of several species; and each species contains certain varieties, which is the smallest subdivision that they have taken notice of. It is this lowest link of their chain of classification which will form the subject of our present disquisition.

That there are many varieties of most species of animals is well known; and as many of these varieties, especially among domesticated animals, readily intercopulate with each other, and produce a mixed race, participating of the qualities of both parents, it necessarily must happen, that in cases where they are suffered to intermix together, the descendants of an animal of one of these varieties is very different from that of the parent race. This fact having been remarked, has given rise to an opinion that there has been originally but one pair of animals of each species, and that all the varieties we now discover of the same species, have been produced by accidental circumstances only, such as a variation of climate, of food, or of some other

other extraneous peculiarity; and that, of course, one variety may be transmuted into another without any intermixture of blood, purely by a change of circumstances only. This doctrine being once admitted, the inferences which necessarily result from it have proved highly detrimental to the practice of individuals in their attempts to improve the breed of domestic animals; as it tends, in as far as that doctrine is believed, to turn the attention of men from fixed and certain principles, to others that are vague and erroneous, which tend only to puzzle and confound the mind, and leave it in perpetual darkness and uncertainty.

The boldest assertor of the doctrine, that all the varieties of every species of animal are derived from one common stock, is the celebrated Buffon, who, instead of searching for proofs to support his hypothesis, contents himself with mere assertions, uttered with as much confidence as if the matter had been before proved beyond a possibility of doubt; and he takes as the subject for his illustration the dog kind, though the varieties of this species are more distinctly marked than those of perhaps any other animal with which we are intimately acquainted. He says, that the shepherd's dog—a variety of the canine species, by the bye, which cannot be so distinctly recognised as many other kinds—is the original stock from which the greyhound, the spaniel, the pointer, the harrier, the bull dog, the lup dog, the mastiff, the terrier, and every other variety, are all directly produced; and he even goes so far as to specify the means that are necessary to be adopted for producing these changes.

But if it were true that a change of climate affected an animal to

such a degree as this hypothesis supposes, it would be impossible that any person existing should not have had opportunities of observing very striking instances of that kind: while instead of this, the most direct proofs of the contrary must have fallen within the observation of every man in the kingdom, in respect to the very animal that he has selected for illustration. The dog is a favoured domestic; he attaches himself to his master, and follows him wherever he goes. He is thus carried through all the climates of the globe, under the immediate controul and inspection of man; and no instance hath ever been known in which an individual dog has ever thus experienced any material change in his external form, far less in his internal qualities. If a smooth-haired Spanish pointer, for instance, be carried to the torrid or the frozen zone, from Kamtschatka through the whole extent of Asia and Europe into America, he is the same smooth-haired dog every where; and his master recognises him for the same creature at the first glance: but if the pile of its hair and external appearance be not altered, far less is the animal changed in its other qualities: it still scents the game in the way peculiar to that kind of dog; it does not, like the greyhound, pursue it by the eye; it does not, like the hound, burst forth in sonorous howling when it feels the scent strong; this variety of the dog kind steals upon its prey with extreme caution and circumspection. These qualities it possessed at its birth, and these qualities it retains till its dying hour, in spite of any change of climate or kind of food it may be made to experience. The same thing may be said of every other kind of dog. The English bull-dog displayed

displayed the same unconquerable obstinacy on the arena of ancient Rome, as he does at this day in the island which gave him birth; and the Newfoundland dog of the present day is equally gentle, equally attached to his master, and alike firm in his defence in every part of Europe as in America. In short, the universal experience of mankind incontrovertibly proves, that the same individual dog continues the same in regard to all its essential characteristics in every region of this globe, and under every different system of management. He may be rendered fatter or leaner, diseased or sound, and these variations of management will produce a temporary change in his appearance; but no instance was ever known of a dog of one kind being converted into one of another sort. The terrier continues to ferret out the lesser animals with silent assiduity; the lap-dog to bark at every thing that moves; the pointer retains his quick sense of smelling; the greyhound searches for his prey by the eye in every region alike; so that there is no reason to doubt, that every kind of dog, considered individually, retains the same faculties unchanged throughout the whole course of its life, to whatever changes of food or climate it may be subjected.

But if the individual itself remain unchanged under every possible variation, how are we to conceive that a change in this respect can affect the progeny! Can any one believe that if a greyhound bitch, while with young, were allowed to bring forth her litter in one place—in Britain suppose, the place of her nativity—she would produce true greyhounds; but if she were carried to Norway the litter would turn out to be mastiffs; in Turkey long-haired pointers; and in other countries

hounds, terriers, and all the other varieties of dogs! At the bare mention of such a position the mind revolts from it, as from a self-evident absurdity: but if the litter were not brought forth in these states in different climates, the puppies must be changed instantaneously after they come into the world; for, as we have seen they are not changed by it at any other period of their life, it must be now that the change is effected, like tadpoles into frogs, or never. But who has ever heard of such metamorphoses? We all know that no such thing takes place. Yet this, and more, must have happened were there the smallest foundation for this hypothesis. These changes must have happened not once only, but often; not casually, but invariably: of course, it would have been utterly impossible to propagate a greyhound in one country, or a beagle in the other; in short, every country would have had its own particular variety of dogs, and none other. But this we know is contradicted by the clearest facts, and the universal experience of mankind; and it must appear to be not a little surprising to those who reflect upon it, that an hypothesis, which is, under every point of view, so absurd, should ever have obtained currency for one moment among men who had their eyes open, and were not deprived of the power of reasoning.

Let us examine this position under yet another point of view, and we shall be led invariably to draw the same conclusion. It is well known by those who are curious in game dogs, that by a proper degree of care any individual kind may be kept from degenerating as long as you please. How long it is since the Spanish pointer was introduced into this island I am unable to say; but

but we all know that this breed of pointers is reared here every day; and there is reason to believe that some of those are to be found in this country at the present hour which possess the distinctive qualities of that kind of dog in perhaps as great perfection as ever they were known to do at any period of time. The same thing may be said of the beagle, hound, terrier, spaniel, bull-dog, pug-dog, and every other variety. If a male and female of the same kind be properly selected, and the female be prevented from intermixing with other males, there can be no doubt but the progeny will be of the same kind as the parent stock in external appearance, and all their distinguishable propensities and peculiarities. Under these circumstances you may as rationally expect to gather figs from a strawberry plant, as to find a greyhound produce a pointer, or a terrier a hound, or any other variety of the species. This rule is invariable, and admits of no exception that has ever been heard of.

(To be continued.)

THE LINEAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

(Continued from page 323 of our last.)

LETTER VI.

DEAR COUSIN,

BEFORE I proceed to the subject matter of the sixth letter, give me leave to digress a little in the necessary vindication of the venerable sisterhood, the nine ancient muses.

That many have unthinkingly stigmatized the nine in a very illiberal manner, is a notorious fact.—It hath been boldly asserted that

the ancient sisterhood are frequently guilty of the most flagrant deviations in respect to truth, sincerity, and plain matter of fact; that they are no better than a set of exaggerating deceivers, and gross liars; an artful tribe, who commit the greatest violation upon truth; by disguising it in quaint terms, and heathenish words, which are by them styled beautiful embellishments, and sublime conceptions; that their lying conceits and exaggerations they call hyperboles, an indispensable figure in all poetical compositions; that their abominable perversions and abuse of language they term catachresis; and these, and similar terms, are always in their mouths, it being the jargon to which they constantly fly in extenuation of their fabulous reveries and exaggerations; and that by these means they spin out to an hundred lines, what might be very readily comprised in two or four.—Their sole excuse for so doing is, that the art of spinning out a vast number of lines is a figure called amplification, and absolutely necessary on many occasions. These illiberal accusers also affirm, that whenever the muses descend to truth, by being engaged to sing matter of fact, that they take the contrary extreme, and seldom give more than one word for ten, or ten lines for a hundred, making it their invariable rule on this occasion never to give more than the tythe, or what is called the parson's due; and this pretty art of reducing is denominated a synecdoche, another indispensable figure among the muses. Yet it should seem that this figure is not solely confined to the poets, as school divines and theologicians have made frequent use of it, as well as of that of amplification; they having wrote a great many voluminous works on doubtful, obscure, and

and mysterious passages in divinity, to manifest their use of the former figure, but in their comments and illustrations of necessary instructions and obvious truths, have evinced their strict adherence to the latter mode, or figure of reduction, summing up a great many truths and virtues in a few sheets.

That the above and similar accusations are made and circulated, to the great discredit of the muses, every one must allow; and that they are the result of an illiberality of sentiment, and narrowness of conception, every candid being will acknowledge; and that they may be easily obviated, and totally eradicated from the human mind, I trust shall be clearly and evidently demonstrated.

Whoever hath well observed the most furious and zealous censurers of any particular order of men, manners, things, habits, or actions, and have seen any of those complainers by chance or otherwise raised to the situation and circumstances of him, her, or them, whom they used so freely to censure and condemn, have seen those censurers fall exactly into the same conduct, habits, and manners. In their new situation things appear in a different point of view, what was wrong before then shews itself to be right; what false, then true. From hence it appears, that a just idea of other people's concerns can never be fully attained, without divesting ourselves, as it were, from ourselves, and placing ourselves exactly in the situation and circumstances of those who seem to merit censure. Would the buyer transpose himself into the circumstances and situation of the seller, and behold each particular object on sale with his own eyes, and reason thereon after his mode, then the catalogue of beauties, conveniences, and excel-

lencies, which had before appeared exaggerated, would appear to be drawn up in strict adherence to truth. But the buyer and seller stand in widely different situations. It would seem to be the immutable law of man, I was about to have said nature, for the seller to publish and declare every beauty, perfection, and excellency in whatever he offers for sale; but to be silent, if not blind, to every defect, unattractiveness, and inconvenience. The buyer, on the contrary, is supposed to examine things carefully and minutely, with the design of discovering every blemish, defect, &c. and to be silent, if not insensible, to all the agreeables attached to the object in view. This is the invariable custom of buyer and seller, and in this their views are reciprocal, each endeavouring to be the gainer, and to make the best market of his transactions, which clearly proves, that transposition of situation and circumstance make an inconceivable change in the prospects and qualities of objects.

Thus far have I digressed for your amusement and edification, both which, no doubt, it will wonderfully promote; and as it is a matter of such importance, and that so much depends on rightly conceived notions and ideas relative thereto, you will please to treasure the substance in your breast, and bear it in everlasting remembrance.

Proceed we now to the *Lineal Descent of the Muses*, an event likely to produce the most astonishing consequences and effects, they having been ever known to work rather by a secret or divine influence, than by attention to tuition.

The last and most admired influence of the Muses, is *prosopopeia*, or personification, which is the most sublime figure in all poetic composition,

sation; it being the wonderful endowment or faculty of causing the brute creation to break forth, on momentous occasions, into impassioned exclamations and poetic description. Nay, it is an art, or rather a most astonishing energy and divine impulse that causes, not only animate but inanimate beings or objects, as seas and rivers, mountains and obdurate rocks; hills and valleys, trees and shrubs, plants and flowers, to speak the various passions of the human mind; and that in all the soft and harmonious numbers of poetic diction. And can this great and imperial city, the greatest and most flourishing metropolis in the universe, be silent at this time, and on this occasion? No, she thus breaks forth, and sends out to the whole united dominions of a great and flourishing realm this proclamation.

I, LONDON, raise my voice and cry,
Ye young and old, to London hie;
Whate'er your wants or wishes be,
Shall quickly be supplied by me;
Whate'er you sigh for, and would get,
In me, at all times, may be met.
Then hasten up, without delay,
The stage will shew you the right way:
But first your purse replenish well,
For, mark me, I don't give, but sell,
For I, like other folks, must live,
And little can afford to give;
But still that little will repay
The loss of many a summer's day.
When on my confines you approach,
And peep thro' windows in the coach,
Where'er you look, or turn your eyes,
Strange scenes of greatness will surprise:
Vast objects, new, and great, and grand,
Themselves present on either hand.
But scenes so noble and august,
Must by the eye be looked at first:
As no conception can conceive
What graciously to all I give.
Streets out of number, as you ride,
You'll see my ev'ry part divide,
With lanes, and courts, and spacious
squares,
And alleys, for reclusive affairs;

Some very narrow, others wide,
The boast of London, and her pride;
In oblique angles some are found,
Some straight, but others almost round;
Some front Aurora, on her rise,
Some view her in the western skies.
At noon some feel the genial ray
Of Sol, the glorious god of day,
And bask in his benignant beam,
Like fishes in the silv'ry stream;
Of course, who shift the scene aright,
The sun will the whole day delight.

For use, for grandeur, and for pride,
High houses rise on either side;
The prospect right and left they hide,
And London's ample self divide.
You'll think it strange, but yet 'tis true,
The horizon you'll seldom view.

When day grows old and fades away,
I make an artificial day,
That men may on their business run
Safe, as when lighted by the sun.
The brilliant lamps, on either side,
Look quite delightful as you ride;
They serve for use and pleasure too,
And like rejoicings nightly shew.
They make dull night look sprightly

gay,
And light the trav'ller on his way;
They tempt to pleasure, beaux and
belle,

Besides much more that I could tell.
Diurnally I give this sight,
Which always does impart delight.

If more for nothing still you crave,
Then more for nothing you may have.
With palisades, instead of walls,
Surrounded stands the great St. Pauls,
A huge cathedral, spacious, high,
Whose golden ball salutes the sky;
Thrice daily ope his door he flings,
And prayers and praises loudly sings;
The organ roaring in the loft,
Boys chanting in their treble soft,
Such music soothes the troubled breast,
Charms warring passions down to rest.
Here you may a spectator be,
Give laud and praise, and hear, and see;
And, if a few pence you let drop,
May take a journey to the top.
You will not find it quite a mile,
Nor will you meet a gate, or style,
But if a Cerberus should stand
To stop your journey, fling your hand,
Throw in his mouth a little sop,
And fast asleep the guard will drop.
When half ascended, in the dome,
You'll hear sweet echo go and come:

A whisper

A whisper, tho' it's ne'er so small,
Runs thrice around the vaulted wall:
You'll wonder 'till you're almost dumb,
From whence such mighty sounds should come.

When out above you put your head,
Be bold, let neither fear nor dread
Your courage daunt, nor heart appal,
There is no danger of a fall.
Look all around, and view me well,
See how description I excel,
What temples, palaces, in view,
What churches, houses, old and new,
What streets and lanes my whole connect,

All which will have a fine effect,
Afford you pleasure and surprise,
You'll see me as th' anatomize.
Look—see the multitude below,
Like pigmies dancing to and fro—
The rattling coaches look as small
As babies' go-carts on a stall,
That good old nurse or granny buys
For Jacky, when he pouts or cries.

My bridges are in number three,
All which for nothing you may see;
Their length, their breadth, their arches,
height,

Will much astonish, yet delight;
They can't be seen, so vast their size,
Without imparting great surprise
That structures such were rear'd by man,
Whose days are but a little span.
And here the fluid element
Her busy sons of trade present,
While vessels of a various make
Their roads upon the river take;
How swift the water they divide,
And see the coming, ebbing, tide.

My markets many daily be,
Where every one may hear and see
What's bought and sold, what's done and said,

To find me with my daily bread;
And all they do can scarce supply
The meat and drink for which I cry;
Ten hecatombs they daily bleed
For me, and yet of more I've need;
So monst'rous is my appetite,
Men gaze in wonder and affright;
Nor can think how I get supplies,
My daily longings to suffice:
But country folks are most benign,
They send me in both bread and wine,
And send me up their choicest meat,
So I ne'er lack a bit to eat.

Three beauteous parks are likewise free,
At all times to be viewed by thee,

Where youth and beauty oft repair,
To shew their cloaths, and take the air.
Here taste and fashion both are seen,
And some in elegance of mien,
Who charm the eye, the heart inspire
With tender love, and warm desire.
Here grandeur too, and wealthy pride,
Parade on horseback, side by side;
Here coaches, curricles, and carts,
Glide smoothly on, from various parts.
Here wood and water both delight—

And, look—yon abbey doth invite;
Approach the venerable pile,
You'll not repent—'tis worth your while.
Hark! the boys are chanting pray'rs,
And soon will sing melodious airs.
With reverence enter—silence keep,
Here kings, queens, heroes, poets sleep.
Here you may think and muse awhile,
As you pass on from aisle to aisle;
And view the marble sculptures, rais'd
Great deeds to tell, of men who're
prais'd;

Of personages good and great,
And most conspicuous in the state.
This corner I the poet's call—
Observe them rang'd around the wall—
There Shakespeare stands, a figure whole,
His elbow leaning o'er a scroll,
And pointing to some words sublime,
That says all things must yield to time;
This ancient pile must tumble down,
And cloud-capt towers of high renown,
That worlds themselves must fade away,
Like visions at the break of day;
Leave neither form, nor wreck, nor
trace,

Where once they had a resting place:
This Shakespeare wrote, dear nature's
child,

Of judgment tow'ring, fancy wild.
From earth to heaven his genius past;
Saw nature in her wond'rous cast:
In his mind's eye he saw, he drew,
Things wond'rous strange, entirely new,
Saw fairies, goblins, witches, ghosts,
And savages on unknown coasts;
To airy nothings gave a place,
And taught them language, form, and
grace;

To each gave something, all his own,
And such as ne'er before was known,
There Garrick stands, old Shakespeare's
tongue,
He look'd, spoke, acted, what he sung;
Garrick was body, Shakespeare soul;
And, join'd, they made one perfect
whole.

Thus bounteous nature doth bestow,
Her favour'd gifts on man below:
Where'er she gives a mighty mind,
Corporeal gifts are more confin'd,
All excellencies seldom meet,
And man was never yet complete.
This corner many poets shew,
Thence Johnson, Dryden, Gay, and
Rowe.

Look not for Pope, he rears his head
Not here, among the learned dead;
Yet here some relics of his art
Are seen, of his diviner part;
They shew the poet and the friend,
His tuneful genius they commend.
In short, you'll find it worth your while,
To view this place from aisle to aisle.

Th' above and more you'll gratis see,
When you get time to visit me. LONDON.

Much more remains for me to tell,
Which shall be told; dear girl, farewell.
SOPHIA WERMISTIC.

CRIM. CON.

Sheriff's Court, Middlesex.

KNIGHT v. FULLER.

AFTER the pleadings were opened on behalf of the plaintiff by Mr. Warren,

Mr. Erskine addressed the jury, and said, he should pursue the practice on the present occasion he had long adopted, of stating briefly the circumstances of the case, accompanied by a few general observations. The defendant had rendered it unnecessary for him to go into the proof of the crime charged, which was nothing less than the violation of the wife of the plaintiff. The defendant had acknowledged the offence, and had admitted judgment to go by default; the only question then for the jury to determine was, what was the compensation the plaintiff ought to receive for the dishonour of his bed, and for the surrender of all his domestic

enjoyments? The plaintiff was a gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Warwick; he married the daughter of Lord Dormer, before she was of age, and with the concurrence of that illustrious family. The ceremony was performed in the year 1791. For eight or nine years, or more, they lived in a state of uninterrupted happiness, and three children were born to them. One was a boy, who, to the anguish of his parents, died at Paris; the other two were females, who, by the unhappy conduct of the defendant, were deprived of all the blessings of maternal love and affection. The defendant was the son of a rich banker, and had the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Guards; and what increases the horror of this transaction, the families were allied, the brother of the defendant having married the sister of the plaintiff. This connexion naturally produced an intimacy between the family of Mr. Knight and Colonel Fuller: the latter was admitted in all the confidence of friendship, and under such circumstances, suspicion seemed to be an insult to human nature. Mr. Erskine then entered into the distinction in respect to damages, when a careless husband receives a stranger at the convivial board; when a man, forgetful of the treasure he is appointed to guard, neglects the object of his former attachment; and endeavoured to shew, that in the present case, every circumstance tended to exhibit the caution of the husband, and the atrocity of the adulterer; adding, however, that he was personally acquainted with the family of the defendant, and, with the exception of the present instance, knew nothing in his conduct that was reprehensible.

The witnesses were then called.

Dr. Parr said, he became acquainted

quainted with the plaintiff soon after his marriage. The age of the lady, at that time, was about eighteen or nineteen. He had been much at the house of Mr. Knight, and had frequently seen him at Lord Dormer's. He was a kind, indulgent, and attentive husband. He never heard the slightest imputation before on the lady, and imagined her to be wholly incapable of such misconduct. She had carriages and attendants at her command, and every thing suited to her quality and station of life. On his cross-examination, by Mr. Serjeant Vaughan, the doctor said, that the principal opportunity he had of seeing the plaintiff and his wife, was in the country; that he did not know precisely the age of the lady, and he could not say, of his own knowledge, although he firmly believed it, that the plaintiff and his wife had cohabited since the birth of the last child.

Edward F. Gould, Esq. knew the plaintiff perfectly well, and lived near him in the country. The plaintiff appeared an affectionate and tender husband, and the lady seemed to perform all the duties of a good wife. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and was the sister of the wife of the witness. He had seen the defendant once or twice. Col. Fuller, he understood, was the son of an opulent banker, and was a man of fortune. On his cross-examination, he said he had not seen the plaintiff and his wife much of late, and in the year 1801, and 1802, the witness was with his regiment in Scotland, and did not see them at all. When he returned from Scotland, they appeared on the same terms of affection, but as he did not spend his winters in town, the witness could not speak particularly to the conduct of Mr.

Knight and his wife when they visited London.

The evidence being closed on the part of the plaintiff—

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan said, that he must acknowledge he rose under some embarrassment, not so much from the nature of the case, as from the talents and eloquence he had to oppose with his feeble abilities. He did not disapprove of any of the general principles expressed with so much animation by his learned friend; he admitted the sacredness of marriage; he allowed that it was the foundation of the happiness of society, and he was not disposed even to apologize, much less to attempt to vindicate, where the infringement of the rights of a virtuous and prudent husband had been committed. Two things would particularly attract the attention of the jury. 1. What has the plaintiff lost? 2. What has been the conduct of the defendant in producing this loss?—He would admit, that when the husband fulfils all the duties of his station; when he is jealous of the honour of his wife; when he is anxious to promote her happiness; the damages in such a case cannot be too large: but when a man neglects these important duties, they cannot be too small. A few moments attention to the evidence would assist in exposing the facts of the case. Dr. Parr was the first witness; he was a man undoubtedly in the highest estimation. He was a giant in literature, and if a question arose on any difficulty in polemical controversy, on the construction of an obscure passage in the sacred volume of our religion, on the exposition of the beauties of the classical and learned languages, there is no one who would not pay the greatest deference to the authority of Dr. Parr; but this profound scholar,

scholar, seems least of all fitted to be a witness in a case of criminal conversation; he might as soon almost be expected to be a party (*a general smile*) as to give testimony in such a cause. Every one knows his native good humour; he diffuses cheerfulness wherever he moves; even a churlish husband must raise his brow, and whatever domestic quarrels might subsist between the plaintiff and his wife, the presence of Dr. Parr would make placidity and all the semblance of affection return. It must be to such an interval that the evidence of this reverend gentleman

was given. It was very brief, and the plaintiff produced no other witnesses. He did not venture to bring forward the friends, or even the servants of his family, to shew, that uniform affection prevailed; and in the absence of these witnesses, so easily obtained, it must be fairly concluded, that there was something in the cause which the plaintiff was anxious to conceal. Upon the whole of the case then, although damages must be given, he trusted the jury would see there were no circumstances of aggravation, and that in doing justice they would preserve that moderation by which British juries were distinguished.

Mr. Sayer, the under sheriff, then summed up the evidence; and after the deliberation of about half an hour, the jury delivered a verdict of £.7000 damages.

SINGULAR FOX-CHACE.

ON Tuesday morning, April 2, the officers of the Buckingham regiment, quartered at Maidstone, accompanied by several

other sporting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, turned out a bag-fox, on Pennenden-Heath, just at the time as Captain Tyrrell's rifle corps, who were skirmishing, entered the heath in extended order from the wood adjoining the Debtling road. The fox, in approaching them, soon altered his course, frightened at the fire kept up by the riflemen; and, after passing several inclosures, with the hounds in full cry, bounded a very high garden wall and several fences, making his way into Duke's-court, Maidstone, the peaceful abode of old maids; and there leaping on a water-butt, facilitated his second leap to the roof of Mr. Alchin's school. Not sufficiently exalted here, renard, with much adroitness, sprung upon the chimney, being double, and sagaciously viewing his pursuers, which were close at hand, descended into the one that had no fire below. In the mean time, the ardor of the sportsmen was so great in the pursuit, that it could scarcely be restrained, even in his sooty progress; but Mr. John Russell, of Maidstone, a sportsman of celebrity, coolly dismounting, entered the school, and followed renard to his dernier retreat. He was found sitting at the mouth of a funnel in the wash-house chimney. That gentleman, disregarding the sharpness of his teeth and claws, though in so awkward a situation to be secured, soon dragged him from his lurking-place into a bag, but not without himself and another person having their hands much lacerated in the conflict. Renard was a second time turned out the same morning on the Debtling road, below Pennenden-heath, and taking a southern course, by Mrs. Whatman's, was killed, after a very short run, near Pole

Pole Mill. A doubt having arisen, whether it is agreeable to the exact regulations of the chace, that a fox, after such a buffeting, should have been so immediately turned out again, several have drawn a conclusion that renard had not a fair chance, in not being given a longer respite; but this point is left for sportsmen to decide upon.

A COMPLETE LIST

OF THE WINNING HORSES

IN
*Great Britain, in the Year 1804, with their
Sires.*

(Continued from page 314 of our last.)

GOT BY

SIR PETER.—1. Bagatelle, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs, 50gs, 190l, 75gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.—2. Bay Colt, Master Betty, Sir H. T. Vane's, 165 gs at York.—3. Bay Colt, out of Goldenlocks, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 50l at Pontefract, and 50l at Northallerton.—4. Bay Filly, out of Belzebub's dam, Mr Timms's, 50l at Stamford.—5. Black Colt, Mr Squire's, 50l at Worcester.—6. Brown-bay Colt, out of Queen Mab, Lord Strathmore's, 140gs at Catterick-bridge, and the Produce Stakes of 650gs at York.—7. Brother to Stamford, Sir F. Standish's, 200gs, being second for the Claret Stakes at Newmarket.—8. Cheshire Cheese, Mr C. Cholmondeley's, the Macaroni Stakes of 140gs at Catterick-bridge; 50l at Chester; 70gs and 10gs at Nantwich; and 100gs at Richmond.—9. Coriolanus, Mr Clifton's, 180gs at Beverley; 50l at Chesterfield; 50l at Lichfield; and 50l at Leicester.—10. Ditto,

Sir H. Williamson's, the Claret Stakes of 800gs at Newmarket.—11. Duxbury, Sir F. Standish's, 500gs, 350gs, and 50l at Newmarket.—12. Haphazard, Lord Darlington's, 225gs, and one of the Subscription Purses of 268l 15s at York, and 200gs at Doncaster.—13. Honest Starling, Sir H. Williamson's, the King's Plate of 100gs, and 400gs at York; the King's Plate of 100gs, and the Stakes of 18gs for the second horse at Doncaster.—14. Houghton Lass, Mr T. Hutchinson's, 50l at Durham; Mr J. W. Wardell's, 123l 10s at Richmond; 50l at Pontefract; 50l at Newmarket; and 50l at Newmarket; 10gs at Preston; 40gs at Chesterfield; and 50l at Shrewsbury.—15. Miss Hornpipe Teazle, Mr W. N. W. Hewett's, 100gs at York.—16. Miss Brocket, Mr Watson's, twice 50l at Canterbury.—17. Pipplin, Mr Sitwell's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket; 50l at Derby; and 50gs at Doncaster.—18. Rosanna, Mr. R. L. Savile's, 50l at Manchester, and 50l at Nottingham.—19. Sally, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 350gs at York.—20. Sir Harry Dimsdale, Mr C. Norton's, 100gs, 120gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.—21. Sir Oliver, Lord Stamford's, 120gs, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, and 80gs at Chester; twice 50gs at Bridgenorth; 93l 10s at Ludlow; 60gs at Worcester; 160gs at Lichfield; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs at Doncaster.—22. Sir Pertinax, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 50gs, and the Welter Stakes of 70gs at Beverley; 70gs at Doncaster; and 70gs at Malton.—23. Virgin, Mr Abbey's, 50l at Ilstley.—24. Walton, Sir H. Williamson's, the King's Plate of 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; the King's Plates at Guildford, Salisbury, Winchester, Warwick,

wick, and Lichfield; and 70gs at Winchester.

A SON OF SIR PETER.—Mrs Candour, Mr N. Ridley's, 100gs at Newcastle.

SKYSCRAPER.—1. Busbridge, Mr Hydes's, the King's Plate of 100gs at Canterbury.—2. Colt, Mr. Fellowes's, 70gs at Exeter.

SKYSCRAPER, OR GROUSE.—Flambeau, Mr Browne's, 50l at Brighton, and 50l at Lewes.

SPARTACUS.—Brocklesby, Mr Elwes's, the Welter Stakes of 400gs at Bibury.

STAR.—1. Bay Colt, dam by Slope, Sir W. Gerard's, 60gs at Manchester, and 55l 15s at Nantwich.—2. Bay Filly, dam by Boudrow, Sir W. Gerard's, 100gs at Catterick-Bridge.—3. Quid, Mr C. Norton's, 300gs at Newmarket, and 300gs at York.

STICKLER.—Striver, Mr Hurst's, 50l at Cardiff.

STRIDE.—1. Antelope, Mr Dinsdale's, 50l at Durham; Mr Hill's, a purse at Edinburgh.—2. Lady Brough, Mr J. W. Wardell's, 330gs at York; 50gs at Richmond; and 100l at Doncaster.—3. Petruchio, Sir J. Lawson's, 80gs at Catterick-Bridge.—4. Stretch, Mr N. B. Hodgson's, twice 50l at Newcastle; 50l at York; and 50l at Malton.

SULTAN.—Bay Gelding, Mr Portall's, 50l at Winchester.

TAMERLANE.—Orson, Colonel Kingscote's, 110gs and 50gs at Maddington; 50l at Bibury; and 70gs at Salisbury.

TELESCOPE.—1. Optician, Mr T. L. Brooke's, 100gs and 100gs at Chester; 55gs at Knutsford; 50l at Derby; 70gs and a Stakes at Tarpooley Hunt.—2. Parapluie, Mr Lockley's, 50l at Ludlow.

TICKLE TOBY.—Young Toby, Sir W. Erskine's, 50l at Fife.

TOM TRING.—Raginan, Mr Branthwayt's, the Cup, value 50gs, at Southampton.

TRAVELLER.—Bay Horse, out of Faith, Mr Garforth's, one of the Subscription Purses of 268l 15s at York.

TRIMMER.—Chancellor, Lord Cassillis's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Ayr.

TRUMPATOR.—1. Chippenham, Mr Moorhouse's, 38l 10s for the second horse in the first Class of Oatlands' Stakes, and 50l at Newmarket.—2. Fathom, Gen. Sparrow's, 50gs at Newmarket.—3. Giles, Mr W. Lake's, 20gs at Newmarket.—4. Penelope, Duke of Grafton's, the first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 375gs, 60gs, the King's Plate of 100gs, for mares, 50l. the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs, and 100gs at Newmarket. 5. Rebel, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l at Lewes, and the second Class of the October Oatlands' Stakes of 215gs at Newmarket.—6. Sir David, Lord Stawell's, 300gs, 50l, 100gs, and 60gs at Newmarket; Mr Dixon Boyce's, 400gs at Newmarket.

VOLUNTEER.—1. Thornville, Mr Flint's, 1500gs at York.—2. Brighton, Mr Forth's, 250gs at Newmarket; 10gs at Egham; and 20gs at Newmarket.—3. Eagle, Mr Mellish's, 200gs, 100gs, 500gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 200gs, at Newmarket.—4. Enchantress, Mr Martin's, 50l at Stockbridge; 50l at Salisbury; and twice 50l at Winchester.—5. Sorrel, Mr Watson's, 200gs and 50gs at Newmarket.—6. The Carpenter, Mr Wyndham's, 50l at Ascot-Heath.—7. Trull, Mr Hurst's, 50gs at Swansea.—8. Volontiers, Mr Ladbroke's,

Ladbroke's, 50gs at Epsom; 90gs and 20gs at Brighton.

WALNUT.—1. Bay Colt, dam by Javelin, Mr Mangle's, the Jockey Stakes of 60gs at Middleham, and the Produce Stakes of 450gs at Ayr.—2. Lignum-Vitæ, Mr Watson's, the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 100gs added, at Newmarket.—3. Sir Rowland, Mr. Harris's, 50l at Manchester; and 50l at Worcester.

WAXY.—1. Deborah, Mr Lamb's, 100gs at Bocket-hall; Mr Howard's, 20gs at Newmarket.—2. Elizabeth, Lord Stawell's, 50l at Newmarket; Lord F. G. Osborne's, the Woburn Stakes of 70gs at Bedford; and 50gs at Newmarket.—3. Heeltap, Mr Howarth's, 20gs at Newmarket.—4. Latitat, Mr Emden's, 50l at Chelmsford; 50l at Canterbury; and 50l at Beccles.—5. Marplot, Colonel Kingscote's, 50l at Salisbury, and 20gs at Kingscote.—6. Newcastle, Mr Nalton's, 50l at Newcastle; Mr Thompson's, 100gs at Doncaster.—7. Newmarket, Mr Wilson's, the July Stakes of 310gs and 50l at Newmarket.—8. Pavilion, Mr Wilson's, 100gs, being the second for the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; Lord Darlington's, 130gs at Lewes.—9. Watery, Lord Foley's, 100gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

WEASEL.—Bay Mare, Mr Horner's, 150gs at York:

WHISKEY.—1. Eleanor, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l, 40gs, and 50l, at Newmarket; 50l at Ipswich; 50l at Newmarket; 50l at Chelmsford; 50l at Huntingdon; 20l at Bedford; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 70gs in specie, and 190l at Newmarket.—2. Julia, Mr Ladbroke's, 100gs and 50s at New-

market; and the Petworth Stakes of 80gs at Brighton.—3. Midas, Mr Collins's, 50l at Knighton.—4. Orlando, Sir C. Bunbury's, 75gs at Newmarket.—5. Pelisse, Duke of Grafton's, 60gs at Newmarket; the Oaks' Stakes of 675gs at Epsom; 100gs, 300gs, 70gs, and 300gs, at Newmarket.—6. Prospero, Sir C. Bunbury's, the Newmarket Stakes of 675gs, at Newmarket; the King's Plate of 100gs at Ipswich; 50l at Huntingdon; 65l 5s at Nottingham; 50l at Bedford; and 25l at Beccles.—7. Rumbold, Mr Ladbroke's, 50l at Goodwood; 50l at Epsom; 50l at Brighton; 60gs at Lewes; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Egham.—8. Sir Ulic McKilligut, late Tinsel, Mr Clifton's, 50l at Chester; 50l at Bridgenorth; 50l at Ludlow; and 50l at Lichfield.—9. Trumper, Mr Howarth's, 25gs at Newmarket.—10. Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, the Craven Stakes of 70gs, 50gs, and 25gs, at Bibury; twice 50l at Hereford; and 100gs at Newmarket.

YOUNG WOODPECKER.—Wheat-ear, Col. Kingscote's, 190gs and 25gs at Maddington; 130gs and 50l at Bibury; 80gs and 50l at Haverford-west; 80gs and 50l at Cardiff; 50l, 50l, and 50l, at Swansea; 102l 10s at Kingscote; Capt. Pigott's, 50l at Kingscote; and 50l at Walsall.

ANECDOTE OF A LATE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE old adage says "Idleness is the root of all evil." But there are numbers in the world who cannot afford to be idle; and there are, perhaps, as many whose rank or wealth exempts them from the

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necessity of lucrative labour; for these sports and diversions have been invented, which, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, are, nevertheless, equally fatiguing to those who practise them; and differ only in this point, that whereas one is an act of compulsion, the other is an act of choice.

The man of rank and fortune, who voluntarily incurs fatigue, may be said to have no other motive than the preservation of his health; but to health may be added fashion.

The old Duke of Grafton, with a robust constitution, and uninterrupted health, loved ease and sleep of a winter's morning better than the music of the horns and the hounds; yet he thought it necessary for a man of his rank and fortune to be a sportsman, and to keep and follow a pack of fox-hounds. He therefore ordered his servants to call him at five o'clock in the morning, on days of chase, and to pull him out of bed and dress him, though he should resist, or be unwilling to awake. In this order his Grace was implicitly obeyed, though he defended himself from the assailants with blows and imprecations.

INSTANCES OF EQUESTRIAN QUACKERY.

MR. EDITOR,

SPENDING a day lately with a friend, at his house in the country, I observed in the stable a fine coach-horse, extremely out of order, with a swelled neck, in consequence of an error made by the farrier in bleeding him. The tumour was very considerable in size, discharging a thin unhealthy matter, and the animal, from being in the most vigorous and healthy state, im-

mediately before the operation, was, in two days, astonishingly reduced, taking little or no food, and refusing drink almost entirely. My friend was absent from home, when the horse was bled, and the best account he could obtain of the accident, was as follows:—From having been roughly handled before in the operation of phlebotomy, most probably the horse was very shy, and skittish on the approach of the farrier, who, in that rational spirit of revenge, by which these enlightened practitioners are too often actuated, first of all made a ligature round the creature's neck, so extremely tight, that he was nearly choked. The phlema was then applied, and an unsuccessful stroke given with the blood stick. The horse, it seems, would not stand still to receive another, until they had twitched him so severely, that the lip, as well as the neck, was left tumid, and in a state of inflammation. In fine, several strokes were given before the operation could be completed.

Disagreeably impressed by this, and various similar cases which had come under my observation, I determined, on my return home, on a reference to such books as I had in my possession, which I hoped might afford me some light on the subject; I mean chiefly as to the most safe and proper method of bleeding horses. In the second volume of the treatise of Mr. White, veterinary surgeon, I found some remarks on the common method of bleeding, compared with the late introduction of the lancet, the author giving a decided preference to the former, adding, that even the author of the philosophical treatise himself—or words to that effect—should not persuade him to adopt the use of the lancet in bleeding a horse,

horse. Mr. White yet gives no decisive reasons for his preference of the phlebotomy, unless his own habitual use of that instrument is to be viewed in that light. He seems to think there is danger and difficulty in the use of the lancet by a farrier; but does not every year's experience bring fresh instances of the danger and uncertainty of the phlebotomy and blood-stick? Is it more difficult to puncture accurately with the point of the lancet, than to strike accurately with the bludgeon? Does not the whole depend on habit and practice? Have a proportional number of accidents resulted from the use of the lancet? Are not the opinions and authorities as numerous in favour of the new, as the old practice?—I mean of those who ought to be respected as judges. I request the favour, Mr. Editor, of some satisfaction on this point from your professional correspondents.

Taking it for granted that, by the author of the "Philosophical Treatise," Mr. Lawrence was meant, I turned to his book, and found him giving a preference to the lancet, and yet it appears, rather from the recommendation of others, than on any decisive experience of his own. He gives various instances of its successful use, and recommends a common small lancet. I am rather dubious on what he says (p. 305, vol. 2), that, "When a horse's head may be tied up to the rack, pinning the orifice is seldom necessary;" for although such practice be frequent enough, and the accidents from careless pinning, as he describes, are also frequent, yet the leaving a large orifice particularly unsecured by any compression, might possibly be attended with fatal consequences, and such accidents would be more probable in warm close weather. I hope to be

indulged with some information on this head, through the channel of your useful and instructive Miscellany, feeling interested in every thing which concerns that noble, but cruelly abused and tortured animal, the horse. I am, Sir,
NEWBOKKENTON BASHOPFAX.
Albany, Easter-Sunday.

HORSE SWINDLING;

Or, how an honest Man may be aiding and assisting in swindling himself out of his own Horse—Farther, how having sold his own Horse, he may be arrested for the Money.

THE following most ingenious tour was made by a capital hand, a short time previous to the date of Lord George Gordon's grand display, after his manner, in 1790. The writer of this received his information soon after the event, and the hero of the piece was no less a man than Jack Rann; or, the famous *Sixteen String Jack*, the supposed favourite, true or false, of certain since honourable ladies.

Jack Rann, at his outset in life, went sometimes—according to a phrase of the old school—upon the *running snaffle*. He had a *Pal*, or confederate, of the name of Mawley, alias Macawley, long since portrayed at full length, in black and blue, upon a wooden ground. They obtained horses as they could, and sold them immediately to the best bidder. They possessed a joint stock, and frequented fairs and races, making bets at the risk of *stand or run*; that is, of demanding the money in case of winning, or making themselves scarce in case the thing did not *come off right*. In short, they were on the watch for whatever might offer. For example,

ple, at an Epsom May meeting, when the town was so crowded, that stable room, indeed scarcely yard room could be found for the horses, Mawley observed a person of nearly his own age, and dressed very much like himself, give a very fine nag to a boy to take care of, who had already many under his care. Watching the gentleman to some distance, Mawley came back to the boy and demanded his horse, pretending he had changed his mind. The boy innocently took a shilling of him, and delivered the nag, paying very little attention, and being deceived by the similarity between the figures of the two men. Mawley instantly rode off with the horse, leaving his own to the care of his confederate.

From some such expedition as this, probably, these gentlemen had returned, when one summer evening they approached the Bunch of Grapes in Dirty lane, Southwark, at the door of which they observed a very likely gelding. The sight of this was so attractive, that they could do no less than make a halt at the house, in order to see what card might turn up trump. They soon found the owner of the horse, a tallow chandler, a man of good circumstances, who having no farther occasion for a horse, wished to be a seller. Rann immediately introduced himself as a dealer, and after some chaffering, agreed to give ten pounds for the horse; but a difficulty occurred—Mr. Rann had laid out all his cash, at a fair in Kent, and could only offer his note, at a month, for the purchase. The seller very prudently objecting to a proposal of this nature, from a perfect stranger, Mawley took him up very short, with—“Oh, Sir, if that be all, I will answer for Mr. Rann, as a man of known credit, and trustworthy,

and I shall do it in a way perfectly satisfactory to yourself. Get but his bill, and I will instantly put it into cash for you, only for the discount of a glass of wine. There were no stamps in those happy days; a slip of paper was brought, Rann gave his note for ten pounds to the tallow chandler, or order; the latter endorsed the bill, and Mawley gave him cash for it. The horse was delivered, and sold next day, by the co-partnership, for fifteen guineas, to a gentleman of the Temple, for the use of his servant. When the note became due, in course Rann was not to be found, and Mawley, according to the original intention, put it into the hands of a famous *attorney of all work*, of that day, who forthwith arrested the original endorser, the tallow chandler, and obtained the money, with some costs, the consequence of a demur the endorser had been advised to make. Thus the poor man paid a good round sum to get rid of his horse. But beyond all this, the attorney had the modesty to wait on him some days after the settlement, and to advise an action for the recovery of his horse, from the gentleman in the Temple, assuring his new client in expectation, that there could be no doubt of success.

The relater of the above facts, and eye-witness of the first transaction, died lately, leaving considerable property. In early life, he broke open his master's bureau, and stole from thence a gold watch and some cash. He yet obtained recommendations to a confidential service; in about three years, from which he absconded, having robbed his employer of more than a thousand pounds. After several years passed in obscurity, he obtained another confidential situation, in which, at least, he was never suspected. He

was

was a man of consummate industry and aptitude for business, and could sing a good song, and make himself agreeable to all. There have been instances, in all times, of men with suspected, or even known bad characters, finding encouragement and protection, when others of real integrity have been passed by, merely from wearing an unfortunate phiz, or having an awkward gait, or not possessing sufficient impudence. One man may steal a horse with impunity, whilst another shall be hanged for looking over the hedge.

A Collector of Curious Facts.

GIGANTIC CHALLENGE.

From the History of Russia.

DURING his reign, Wladimir had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions; the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they reciprocally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal stature, who, vain of his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity.

The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered himself to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were obliged to supplicate for longer time.

At length an old man approached Wladimir;—"My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the Prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was irritated with red hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, seized, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring on the dust. The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple currier, with honours and distinctions. He was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the grandees, and to preserve the remembrance of this action, the Prince founded the city of Pereiaslavle on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of Kiof.

POACHING

POACHING IN KENT.

Kingston Assizes.

BROADWOOD, ESQ. V. THE HON. T. COVENTRY.

MR. GARROW said, that this action was brought against a young gentleman, whom he was sorry to have to complain against. He was the son of a noble family, and inherited from a relation a large fortune, which he had dissipated in every kind of extravagance. He was now within the rules of the King's Bench, from whence he sallied by a day rule in term time, and trespassed all round the neighbourhood of Footscray. He was an excellent shot, and had a servant as good a shot as himself. They, with three or four companions of the same sort, with their double-barrelled guns, made such havoc with the game wherever they went, that it was now the only question, whether the proprietors of the manors, or strangers, should have the game upon them. In October last he was poaching upon the plaintiff's manor, and being warned off by his game-keeper, he told the man to tell his master "to string his fiddles, and not interrupt him, or he would knock him clean over," using a coarse expression, which he did not chuse to repeat. He would have this sprig of nobility know that a respectable mechanic who amassed a fortune by his ingenuity and economy, was a more respectable person than the dissipated man of fashion, who had squandered the inheritance of his ancestors.

Mr. Justice Heath said he supposed a shilling verdict would do.

Mr. Garrow replied, he would accept of a shilling. And Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Curwood, counsel for Mr. Coventry, agreed to it.

ANECDOTE OF CANINE SAGACITY AND AFFECTION.

A GAMEKEEPER of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant both night and day; whenever Old Daniel appeared, Dash was close behind him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in better style, or in a greater quantity; but if at night a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, Dash, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad, and many poachers have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connection, Old Daniel was seized with a disease which terminated in a consumption, and his death. Whilst the slow, but fatal progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his footsteps; and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay on the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he attempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room, in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last. Here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave. But at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shewn him, he died literally broken-hearted.

SUNDAY.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

AN able calculator estimates the number of persons belonging to the metropolis, who spend the Sunday in the adjacent villages, inns, tea-houses, gardens, &c. at two hundred thousand.

These, he calculates, will spend each half-a-crown, amounting in the whole to twenty-five thousand pounds. This sum, he thinks, cannot be thought exaggerated, when it is considered that he has taken the numbers so low as two hundred thousand, and the sum spent by each at half-a-crown.

Twenty-five thousand pounds, multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, give, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of one million three hundred thousand pounds.

Of these two hundred thousand persons, he calculates the returning situations as follow:—

| | |
|-----------------------|--------|
| Sober..... | 50,000 |
| In high glee..... | 90,000 |
| Drunkish..... | 30,000 |
| Staggering tipsy..... | 10,000 |
| Muzzy..... | 15,000 |
| Dead drunk,..... | 5,000 |

200,000

N. B. In the above calculation we think the numbers exaggerated, but the sum is, perhaps, under the truth. Much, however, will depend on weather.

LAMENTABLE DECAY OF RUDENESS.

MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW no more frequent cause of regret, than that the circumstances upon which we are apt to

value ourselves, are the most liable to abuse, and to be turned into inconveniencies. We naturally, for example, pride ourselves on living in an age of civilization, and on being more polished, and more civil, more qualified for the intercourse of social life, than our ancestors.

I can well remember how different the case was in my younger days. The roughness and rudeness of the people then was highly favourable to trade and passion. Then I could rate and scold a man, and he make me answers little short of the politeness of a fish-woman. I could touch his pride, and by a few well-timed and most abusive epithets, which are now become obsolete, get my business done in a trice. The man would grumble and growl out a few oaths, pretend that he did not understand such language, that he was a reputable housekeeper, paid scot and lot, and had served parish offices—but still the business was done, and a person in my situation never need carry out a quantity of fury and indignation without finding a vent for it. But now it is, “Dear Sir, I am so exceedingly sorry that little affair of yours—little affair, think of that!—is not quite ready, but really the materials are not come home—or my men have had a bowel complaint—or the weather has been so unfavourable to our business—and knowing, Sir, your goodness and indulgence; but you may depend on it—Here! John, Thomas, Richard! be sure Mr. Fidget’s job be done out of hand immediately, and put by that other—exceeding sorry, indeed, Mr. Fidget—but to-morrow or Thursday at farthest—am quite ashamed you had the trouble to call—give me leave, Sir—our passage is rather dark—take care of the step—am very much obliged to you,

you, I am sure, Mr. Fidget, for your orders at all times—you are one of my best friends—your most humble servant, Sir,—to-morrow, or Thursday, you may depend on having it home—give me leave—I'll open the door—Sir, your very humble servant!"

Now, Sir, what can a man say to all this? Can I write to my correspondent in the country, and tell him that I dare not scold the person employed on his business, because he is so civil? Yet I cannot avoid giving vent to my passion through the medium of your Magazine, and I hope some of your correspondents will take the matter in high dudgeon. I am not without some hope, that soon our tradesmen may have employment enough to make them saucy; in which case, a little impertinence now and then will greatly tend to make employers and customers understand one another, and afford much satisfaction to, Sir,

Your humble servant,
Ferdinando Fidget.

MARMADUKE MACE, AND HIS FORTUNE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IT is highly surprising that such exact analysts as you are, of all that passes in the sporting world, you should have passed me over in utter silence, though I have made more noise, and occasioned more talk within the period of your publication, than any gamester, black-leg, genius, buck, or blood, that ever made his appearance here. If I have not said so many good things below stairs, I have played for more money above, than all the wits put together; and though I

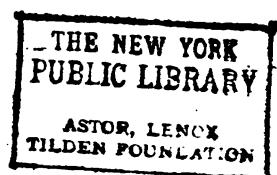
have not been so lucky at *double entendre* as some of the first rate punsters in the coffee-room, I have made some of the finest strokes that ever were seen in the billiard-room. It was me, gentlemen, that first reduced billiards to a science; found out that it was necessary to temper the body as well as the mind to arrive at any proficiency in it: to this end I fixed my regimen to water-gruel, to render my hand steady, and read the life of Socrates every morning, to endure me with patience. On the eve of a great match I took my sweats, and never drank a dram but at eleven-all, and the ball against me, to fortify the nerves and brace the tendons.

Many other rules I laid down, and practised, to bring this useful, elegant, and polite art to perfection; and the world allowed me to be the greatest adept at it that ever appeared. From what I have said you will readily conclude, that I soon amassed a great fortune: no, alas! my fate was like that of all great schemists—I ruined myself for the benefit of the public—with this difference from the common run of projectors, I had always my own personal interest in view; but, practising so many finesses to monopolize, all the gains, I frequently found myself the only loser.

I do not write this in expectation of any relief from you, or even those who have long since gained my hundreds; but that you make honourable mention, in your much and justly admired miscellany, of so respectable a character as, gentlemen, your humble servant,

MARMADUKE MACE.
Bedford Coffee-house.

THE Editors acknowledge they are not competent judges of the matter





Mallard & French Spaniel.

Pub. May 1. 1802. by J. Whells, Hornet's Square.

matter to give their opinion of the merits of this great performer; nor do they think any apology necessary to be made for having omitted to make honourable mention of him in this miscellany; but perhaps it may be a useful hint to Mr. Mace, to remind him, that as he has made billiards so much his study, it is imagined, if he were to follow the example of the great Hoyle, and write a treatise upon it, he might acquire fame, and recruit his finances.

STEALING AND MAIMING A MARE.

Warwick Spring Assizes..

WILLIAM ALLEN was indicted for stealing a black mare, the property of Thos. Turvey. The prisoner, upon his own confession, took the mare from a field in the parish of Aston, belonging to another person, with whom Turvey had intrusted the horse to grass. What made this case singular was, that the prisoner took the mare to the house of Turvey, who is a slaughterman, and said he wanted to sell her to be slaughtered; at this time she was bleeding very profusely, having been cut in the sinews of the near leg. Upon Turvey seeing the mare, he recognized her as his own, and took the prisoner into custody. He confessed to the constable, that he stole her; and having heard some navigators say, that if a man stole a horse, maimed him, and sold him to be killed, he could not be hurt for it, as nobody could swear to him then; that he had accordingly done. These facts being clearly proved, and offering nothing in defence, the jury found him guilty; but recommended him to mercy.

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THE MALLARD AND FRENCH SPANIEL.

An Engraving.

THE mallard is something larger than the domestic drake, the plumage infinitely more brilliant and variegated. It is a bold bird, and common to most parts of England bordering on large rivers, and the sea-coast; particularly where the covers are least frequented by the foot of man. All the winter, and in the spring, the fenny parts of Lincolnshire abound with them, where they continually mingle with the flocks of aquatic birds that feed the decoys. The sportsman delights greatly in the pursuit of the mallard, and the entertainment it affords is improved by the delicious flavour of the food it yields to his skill and industry. A long barrel, and a good sized round shot, with a brace of well-trained spaniels, are the necessary concomitants of this diversion. Caution and silence are also requisite, for the mallard possesses a keen eye, and a most acute hearing; yet he rises slow, and presents as fair a mark for the fowler as any bird selected for his pleasures. The rough French spaniel has been found the best companion on these occasions: he watches the conduct of the sportsman, and, with a velocity unequalled, darts on the wounded bird, and, having fastened on his prey, presents it with all possible speed at the feet of his master.

The picture from which the annexed engraving was taken, was painted by the ingenious Mr. Elmer of Farnham, and will no doubt be highly acceptable to our sporting readers.

F SYMPA-

SYMPATHETIC SENSIBILITY AT THE CARD-TABLE.

SO, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl! Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing—what's trumps?

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover.—Play a spade, Madam.

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow! Ah! how many indeed!—The odd trick is ours.

The Captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send a joint of meat to his family. That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, Sir.

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hopes that he will ever recover the use of his reason. Oh! I recollect that he rode against somebody—Play a spade if you please.

The prospect to the poor, this winter, is dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich. Yes—one really gives so much in charity—I will bet you a guinea on the game.

Pray, Lady ———, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. ———? What! her son drowned? O yes—Mind we are eight, partner.

George, Madam, George—I am sorry to say it—put an end to his life last Tuesday. You don't say so?—I had two honours in my own hand.

Yes; and as misfortunes never

come alone, his mother and sisters are in a state of distraction. Dear me, that's bad—Single, double, and the rub.

FINE TIMES.

BY A NOTED GRUMBLER.

FINE times, when generosity is shewn only to wh—s, waiters at taverns, and horse-jockies.

When drinking and wenching are the chief accomplishments of a man of spirit.

When gaming is a duty, distress of circumstances a pleasure, and gentlemen's servants are bailiffs in livery.

When tradesmen bet fifty or a hundred pounds on a horse, and pay a shilling in the pound to their creditors.

When all debts remain unpaid but debts of honour, and a prostitute and a gambler are the only creditors whom we would not affront by a composition.

When parents exhibit their children to titled seducers, and profligates of high rank, by which they gain a keeper, and lose a husband.

When, in order to ride in one's coach, it is necessary to deserve to ride in a cart.

When the maid and the mistress are so alike in dress, that there is no difference, except that the maid is the best dressed of the two.

When the follies of youth begin in infancy; when manhood is left out altogether, and old age begins at five and twenty.

When money is become the object of philosophic contempt, and a young man is never happy until he has nothing left, and gets credit for

for public spirit and virtue a few weeks before he shoots himself.

When one may repeat, again and again, truths like the above, and those who are concerned laugh at and disregard them; while men who know not the world can scarcely believe that such things are!

A RAMBLE

FROM

TAUNTON TO TIVERTON.

The Carrier—The Blind Sailor—Wellington—Reflections—Périsson and his Spider—The Hermitage of St. Hubert—Kainsbear Hills, and a set down at Tiverton.

By constant use the steel more brilliant glows,

No stain corrodes it, no defect it shews:
But laid neglected, falls a prey to rust,
Offends the sight, and moulders into dust.

So beams the active mind amidst its cares,

Smiles at affliction's rod, and danger dares:

So sinks the sluggard, so begloomed he lies,

Shunn'd and detested, as reflections rise;

While active virtue leaves a blameless name,

And mem'ry marks her tablet with its fame.

THE CARRIER.

ONE of those accidents which commonly occur through neglect or inattention, forced me to retrace—in no good humour—my way to Taunton. The carrier, as he pretended, had lost the direction off my pormanteau, which, in all probability, had been mine no more, but for this exertion. Having regained my property, and taken better care to avoid similar disap-

pointments, I left the town at an early hour, intending to reach Tiverton some time in the course of the day. To that end, and to remark on such things as might engage my notice, I gently pursued a pleasant path, and took my breakfast at a village called Upbishops, remarkable for nothing but a singular fashioned church, of great antiquity, and a good prospect of the windings of the silver Taun. After a walk of seven miles, I came in sight of Wellington. At a small space previous to the entrance of that town, my sight was agreeably attached by the industry and ingenuity of a poor, and, as I conceived, pitiable

BLIND SAILOR,

Who, as he informed me, in the younger part of his life, worked as a shipwright in the King's yard, at Plymouth, and that after serving his country seventeen years, lost his sight on a West India station. The man was sitting on a large stone before his cottage door, and singing merrily, while his fingers were busy in adjusting the sails and rigging of a man of war, wholly made by himself, though his eyes were without the smallest degree of vision; every thing appeared to me with such correctness, that I could not help expressing my admiration; and with a warmth that gave great satisfaction to the white-headed Hannibal. "It is my only amusement," said he, "and diverts away the terrors of my affliction. But I do not repine; for, since I have followed my old trade of ship building, my health has greatly improved: and I thank God," continued he, "my judgment makes me equal to the undertaking; and what with my pension, and the liberality of travellers, I make a pretty good shift to live comfortably.

comfortably. His Grace the Duke of Bedford, God bless him, was pleased to stop here on his way to Tavistock, and came to examine my labours, when he ordered me ten pounds, with which I was enabled to get through the last hard winter with a great deal of comfort and happiness."

I made a small sacrifice to humanity, and leaving the old navigator, with a wish for his future welfare, he thanked me, and continued his labour and his song. The singular economy of this fellow-creature prepared my mind for a strain of reflections, which, in another part of my letter, I shall fully communicate. Now let me enter the town of

WELLINGTON;

Or, Well-in-town, as I conceive it to have been originally called; for, at the entrance, in the centre of the street, is a well of some magnitude, apparently constructed for the general benefit of the inhabitants. Wellington is a very handsome town, one hundred and forty-seven miles from the metropolis, in the high road to the western extremities of England. Beside other places of worship, it has a majestic lofty stone church, of great capacity. The inns are few, but good; and the market place nearly in the centre, is conveniently constructed, and constantly supplied with every thing necessary for the pleasures of man; and at a rate so reasonable, that I was offered by a very respectable tradesman to be boarded and lodged for twelve shillings per week, the table to be covered every day with fish, flesh, and fowl; or with whatever was seasonable. The town is extensive, and on a flat gravel soil; free from impurities; within a few hours ride of both the British and

the Bristol channels. The inhabitants are remarkable for their civility, and in general look cheerful and healthy. The surrounding hills shelter them from the violence of tempests; the water is clear and tasteless, and the vegetation various and abundant. Society, as I am informed, is rather circumscribed; but, upon the whole, the man of little ambition, small fortune, attached to quietness, may find at Wellington, in Somersetshire, a paradise of comforts, and spend his summer months with as much felicity as in any part of Great Britain. After a necessary refreshment, I turned from this seat of variety, and took me again to the rural foot way, where the stillness of the scene, and a recollection of the poor blind sailor led me to follow up my but suspended

REFLECTIONS.

What is the human mind, said I—addressing myself to the brilliant heavens—repulsive to the operations of genius, and incompetent to the impression of rational amusement? It is the dark cold flint, upon the mountain's top, upon which the dews of fertility are shed in vain; on the contrary, the afflicted bosom, susceptible of their advantages, presently becomes a barrier against the approaches of despondency, and, in a great measure, beguiles those evils which would trench too deep into the space of our existence. Here we behold a blind old man soothing affliction by an ingenious attachment, and though dark as the log he sculptured, almost forgets his loss, even confesses happiness, and sings cheerfully beneath the severest of human deprivations; yes, in his own docility he finds the honey which endulcerates the bitterness of his misery.

sery. Surely such a disposition mounts almost to the highest degree on the scale of human felicity. This philosophy of the mind, for so I must call it, has in all ages been of the highest advantage to the world. The immortal Homer evinced it, and so did our divine Milton; in a poem not less in merit than that composed by the blind bard of Greece. Professor Saunderson, to divert his hours of darkness, fashioned, with his own fingers, a sphere to be a model for astronomers to the end of time. These are thy works, almighty Parent of Good! And here I shall conclude my reflections on the power of rational amusements, over the miseries of the body and the mind, with the story of the unfortunate

PELISSON AND HIS SPIDER.

Pelisson was a writer, who, having given offence to the ministers of his government, was cast by them into a cell in the Bastile, where, as was usual during the reign of Louis XIV. the prisoners were debarred the visits of their friends, and lived on bread and water, without the comfort of any book whatever; denied every kind of recreation, and forbid, on pain of greater severity, the pen and the inkstand. After a few months of confinement, life became insupportable to Pelisson, till at length he got acquainted with a spider, which he had rendered familiar by frequently giving crumbs of bread to the insect, which used to spin down as soon as Pelisson was at his scanty meal. From this period, of diverting his benevolent mind, Pelisson's sufferings were in a great degree softened; and, like the Indian slave to the dog, his constant companion—described by Burney—

“—— He found it happiness to give
A portion of his coarse and scanty meal.”

The care of this spider was to him both an employ and amusement. He considered that he was no longer alone, and found comfort in that thought. It happened, however, one day that the gaoler brought the bread and water later than usual, and he was still in the cell when the spider spun down to receive the prisoner's bounty, Pelisson threw it a few crumbs, but the sight highly offended the cruel gaoler, who, loading the poor man with execrations for so vile an amusement—as he termed it—with one stroke of his large key unmercifully killed the harmless creature; and this malicious conduct, for the first time, made Pelisson to shed tears.

The remembrance of this circumstance is yet preserved in the cabinets of the curious. Watteau, the celebrated French painter, made it the subject of a picture, in which the likeness of the suffering Pelisson is correctly preserved, and from which a very good engraving was taken, and frequently to be met with at our public sales.

Thus, by attachments reason smiles to
own,
We dissipate the sigh, and mock the
moan.

I had lost sight of Wellington; and the many pleasing objects that surround it, when, turning from the common way, about two miles to the southward, I strayed to visit the *Ferme Orné* of Mr. Percival, the gentleman who, some years back, was thrown from his horse, and broke a limb, in taking a leap with Mr. Portman's hounds; and who diverted his mind, till the return of convalescence, in laying out his ground *a la Shenstone*;

Whose

Whose scanty purse, once equal to his
taste,
Had made a paradise of ev'ry waste:

And decorating them with those beauties which speak the man of science. After a delightful walk through some of the charming inclosures, I arrived, and obtained, without difficulty, admission to

THE HERMITAGE.

At the bottom of the grounds stands a neat pretty building, dedicated to the sportsman's protector, St. Hubert, or the hunter of the forest of Ardennes. The whole is of an oblong form, about twenty-five feet in length, and fifteen broad, and as many high: the top is curiously covered with blue slates, faintly rising from cantilivers, after the Italian fashion; and in the centre of that part of the roof which faces the east, opens a cylindrical aperture, the only admission for light; the strong column of which, while brightened by the solar rays, has a very pleasing effect. Over a small altar, in which stands a crystal vase, the saint is painted, in good style, in an attitude of devotion: his side is adorned with a bugle horn, and his left hand on the head of a stag; and under the picture hangs this legend:

"St. Hubert the hunter, previous to his conversion, was so fond of the chase, that he pursued his game, as the legends relate, during divine service; and it was in the midst of his favourite pleasure that God won him to himself; for he was suddenly stopped in the forest of Ardennes by a voice, and immediately a stag stood before him, with a crucifix between his horns, while the same voice threatened him with eternal punishments if he

did not instantaneously alter his course of life; which accordingly took place, and St. Hubert was elevated to the Roman Rubric."

So much for the miracle. The floor is of singular beauty; the largest teeth of horses have been vertically cut asunder, and finely polished, and these disposed in tessellated forms, very pleasing to the sight; at the same time communicating a coolness grateful to the visitor, in the breathless moments of the dog-days. In the middle of the pavement is a small natural spring, running to waste through a narrow serpentine channel, and out at the door, which is always open, and looks towards a romantic dell, where the stream feeds a large pool, covered with moor-hens and water-cresses. The external part of this hermitage is perfectly Gothic, and the door bears a Greek inscription. Behind, and nearly three parts round it, are weeping willows, rose trees, and honey suckles.

KATNSBEAR HILLS.

As I was in the neighbourhood of the Kainsbear hills, I did not fail to visit their ample whetstone pits, exceedingly worthy the traveller's attention. From these vast excavations, all the grindery—a term well known to the gentle craft of England—is supplied. And now, warned by the declining torch of day, I thought of repose; and dashing through thatched Halberton and Sampford Paverall, two of the meanest villages I have ever seen, I took my way towards the distant winding of the river Ex, amidst hovels barely fit for swine, yet abundantly stocked with weavers of serge, spinners, and peasantry, partaking partly of the colour of their gloomy huts, composed of brickdust, coloured mud, chopped straw,

straw, and willow sticks; but these dull objects were soon forgot, and I tripped merrily up the bridge of the prattling Lowman; and, seven miles from Wellington, entered the lofty and famous cloathing town of Tiverton*.

T. N.

WHO WANTS A GUINEA?

Covent Garden, Theatre.

THIS new comedy is the avowed production of Mr. Colman. The dramatic celebrity of the author naturally raised very high expectations; and they were, we believe, disappointed only in a very few instances. The following were the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | |
|----------------------------------|---|----------------|
| Sir Lawrence Macmurragh | } | Mr. Lewis. |
| Mr. Barford, or Captain Delamere | | Mr. Kemble. |
| Mr. Torrent..... | | Mr. Munden. |
| The Prisoner from France | | Mr. C. Kemble. |
| Mr. Heartley..... | | Mr. Chapman. |
| Andrew Bang..... | | Mr. Emery. |
| Solomon Gundy..... | | Mr. Fawcett. |
| Skirts..... | | Mr. Simmons. |
| Fanny, | | Mrs. Gibbs. |
| Mrs. Glassenbury.... | | Mrs. Mattocks. |

Mr. Torrent, a principal character, and who has acquired an affluent fortune in trade, is resolved to retire to rural tranquillity, and to scenes that may open to him frequent opportunities of indulging a generous and humane disposition, which hurries him into acts of indiscriminate charity and Quixotic beneficence. For that purpose he purchases an

estate in Yorkshire, and relies on the judgment of his friend, Mr. Heartley, a gentleman critically sentimental, who occasionally chides the impetuosity of Mr. Torrent's beneficence, and points out to him artists of modest but real merits, by whom his estate may be improved and embellished.

Mr. Torrent, on his arrival at the village where his estate lies, finds the villagers in the utmost distress, from a fire which had just consumed many of their houses. Here his generous nature finds ample room to display itself. Among others, he hires for his footman Solomon Gundy, one of the sufferers, whose profession had been a rat-catcher, but who, being the son of the village schoolmaster, had acquired a smattering of French. Here also Mr. Barford falls in his way, and on hearing of his distress, and of the generous manner in which he rescued a young child from the flames, he offers to relieve him; but his offer being repulsed by the high pride and independent spirit of Mr. Barford, he attempts to relieve him secretly, by thrusting a pocket-book containing £150, into a bundle belonging to Mr. Barford. The pocket-book happened to contain also a letter and a few memorandums, which fully explained to Barford the condition and name of Mr. Torrent, who proves to be the brother of the man who had been the bosom friend of Barford, but who was also his bitterest enemy, by seducing his wife. Mr. Barford served in the army with the friend who betrayed him, and left his wife with an only daughter at Jamaica, where he served. His daughter was

* Tiverton, or Twisford town, the town built on two fords; one over the river Lowman, the other over the Ex. Tiverton near Bath, is so called from the same cause.

intrusted

intrusted to the care of another friend, who brought her to England; but who on his arrival being suddenly forced away by a press gang, was unable farther to protect the young lady, of whom he became enamoured. Her forlorn state led her to lodge at the house of Old Skirt, a remnant seller, who endeavoured to find her a situation through the means of an advertisement in the newspapers. Her piteous case caught the eye of Mr. Torrent, and he ordered his agent to hire her as his housekeeper. Her good friend Old Skirt accompanies her to Yorkshire, but quits her about a mile from her destination. She however mistakes the house for which she was destined, and goes to one intended for a Lord Alamoode, where she meets with an Irish Baronet, Sir Lawrence, who having lost his estate at play, comes down to Yorkshire to secrete himself from his creditors. Out of this mistake of Miss Fanny arise the principal incidents, the business, and the interest of the play. Her father, Captain Delamere, who discovers she is in the country, suspects Mr. Torrent of dishonourable intentions towards her, which the other resents, and joins with Captain Delamere in anxious search for his daughter, who is found by her father, and by the friend who conducted her home, and who is finally united to her.

Mr. Colman has constructed a very entertaining, interesting, and instructive drama, upon these slender materials. Perhaps scarcely any of the characters can altogether pretend to novelty; but many of them are distinguished by strong original features, and exhibit the human heart in a striking variety of lights. The character of Barford, or Captain Delamere, borders on misanthropy, but a misanthro-

py arising not from moroseness, but a high principled mind, indignant at the baseness and perfidy of his fellow-creatures. It exhibits the noblest sentiments of stern independence, and honourable pride, and by whom could such sentiments be better embodied and enforced than by Mr. Kemble. Lewis had every thing that was happily characteristic of the Irish Baronet; but there was nothing new in the character. The whole comic effect of the piece, which certainly contains a very rich vein of humour, was produced by the characters performed by Munden, Fawcett, Emery, and Simmons, who have done them every possible justice. The parts of Fawcett and Simmons were by far the most ludicrous, the one from a continual anxiety to display his knowledge of French, and of high sounding words, which he mars by frequent absurd misapplications; the other by a whimsical equivocation, arising from the double capacity in which he is placed with Mr. Torrent, who imagines him to be a surveyor sent from London to improve his estate, while he thinks he is only known in his trade of a remnant dealer. This equivocation proves an overflowing source of wit and punning, but loses perhaps much of its effect by being too long drawn out. The dialogue, in general, is very neat and appropriate, it abounds in curious comparisons, in pointed repartee, and felicitous puns. Some of the latter are, however, too far fetched. There is much to praise in the vigour and refinement of the sentiments, and in the purity of the moral—although attending to *double entendre*: here and there betrayed the author into some indelicate allusions and expressions, which were suddenly seized upon and loudly censured.

Indeed

Indeed they seemed to have drawn down the whole of what-censure was expressed by the house, but they can easily be suppressed. The first acts are evidently the best; the fourth and fifth languished too much; perhaps the incident of the child's relieving the forlorn wanderer, though interesting in itself, might be altogether omitted, and with other judicious curtailments, tend to shorten the performance, which is now much too long and tedious. It did not conclude till ten o'clock.

The Prologue and Epilogue contain some good points. They were well delivered by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Mattocks. When the piece was given out for a second representation, there was for a time a mixture of murmurs and applause; but the applause at length decidedly prevailed. The house was uncommonly full.

AGGRESSION;
OR,
THE HEROINE OF YUCATON.

Covent-Garden, Theatre.

AFTER the tragedy of George Barnwell, this new grand spectacle was represented.

CHARACTERS.

Admiral Mr. Taylor.
Capt. Britton Mr. Farley.
Cockswain Mr. King.
Capitania Sanguinosa .. Mr. Bologna, jun.
Olindus, American Chief Mr. Dubois.
Zalma, Son of Chief .. Master Horrebow
Neptune Mr. Cresswell.
Britannia Mrs. Humphries.
Fanny Miss Davies.
Captain's Lady Miss Searle.
Merida, Wife of Chief Mrs. St. Leger.

The piece opens with a view of the harbour of Ferrol, and wags
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gons are next seen passing with subsidies to France. English vessels, captured by the French, are suffered to come into the port of Ferrol by the Spanish Governor, and French troops are seen marching through Spain, which is considered as the act of Aggression. The scene next changes to a grotto, forming Neptune's palace. Neptune rises out of the waves, and, by his power, parts of the grotto open, and shew Britannia seated under Dover cliffs, looking towards Bologne.

NEPTUNE THEN ADDRESSES BRITANNIA.

Genius of Albion rise, and watch no more
The pent-up boasters of the Gallic shore;
Let them approach, and shou'd they dare the fight,
Each self-arm'd Briton will assert his right.
While thou to Spain shall turn thy vengeful eye,
Whose pompous Chiefs thy hardy sons defy;
The Spanish Prince has sworn thy fame's decrease,
And threatens slaughter in the name of Peace.

BRITANNIA REPLIES.

Britannia thanks thee, partner of her reign,
O'er commerce and the glories of the main;
Yes, on thy wave my gallant sons shall go,
And once more teach the often-baffled foe
(While France, by fraud and fear, may Spain subdue)
That Albion to her honour will be true;
Will ever on her native strength rely,
And to each threat, in thunders loud reply.

Neptune and Britannia disappear, and the scene changes to a chamber, with a portrait of his
G Majesty,

Majesty, and several renowned British heroes.

The next scene changes to the ocean; the Albion at anchor, Captain Britton and crew go on board, and the Admiral gives orders to the Captain. The first act concludes with a view of the Spanish coast at night—engagement between two Spanish frigates and one English—the Albion—which ends to the honour of the British flag.

The second act opens with a scene in South America, near the sea. Olindus and natives at their sports—the wreck of English and Spanish vessels—the unexpected meeting of Captain Britton, and the kindness of the natives to the English. Scene changes to the inside of a hut—Olindus' and Merida's continued kindness towards the Captain and his Lady. Zulma, son of the Chief, returns from his sports; the preservation of the Cockswain, and meeting with his Captain—they go in search of the Spaniards, who are wrecked.

The Spaniards are conducted to the dwellings of the natives—Spanish Captain's love for the English lady—his resolution to carry her away—the struggle with the Chief—his death by the hand of the Spaniard—Merida displays her heroism.

The combat next ensues between Merida and the Spaniard—the miraculous preservation of Zulma by an animal of South America called the Conguar.

The natives are led on to battle by Merida and the English Captain.

A general battle with the Spaniards, natives, &c. takes place—which terminates in the entire destruction of the Spaniards; and the piece, which was favourably received, concludes.

PUGILISM.

ON Monday April 1, a pitched battle was fought at Islington-bottom, between Mich. Brady and Mich. Ryan, pugilists of little note. Brady staked twenty guineas to ten, and at eleven o'clock in the morning the combatants, with their seconds, Tom Jones and Dick Weale for Brady, and R. Coady and Cely for Ryan, entered the ring. At setting to the bets were very much against Ryan, who appeared to have considerably the advantage in strength. Brady, before they had fought five minutes, left his opponent no hopes of success, but he received a hard blow in the fourth round, from which he laboured under a momentary disadvantage. He however fought with redoubled vigour after he had recovered his wind, and he beat Ryan completely out of the ring, in less than twenty minutes. The assemblage of spectators was unusually thin, for they had assembled at Kilburn, expecting the fight to have taken place there.

ON Saturday morning, April 13, a battle was fought in Paddington-fields, between George Wheeler, of some note, and Jeff. Harris, a wheelwright. They were well matched, and the first ten rounds were fought in a determined manner. George resigned the contest, after twenty minutes fighting. They left each other marks of very hard blows.

TUESDAY, April 16, two men, Warren and Allen, noted bruisers, having engaged to fight for a sum of money, were apprehended by the officers of Whitechapel Office, and held in recognizances to keep the peace; as were also Hazle and Kidman, in Shadwell district.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AN officer of one of the ships at Spithead having occasion to send to his country house in great haste, a few days since, despatched a sailor on horseback with a letter; who, after delivering it, and being refreshed and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return. A by-stander observing to him, that he was putting on the saddle the hind part before, the sailor replied, "*How do you know which way I am going to ride?*"

A LEARNED and witty dissenting minister, not many years deceased, married three wives; the first for her pecuniary advantages; the second on account of her personal charms; and the third, he married in his old age, for the sake of securing her attention and his own comfort: she, however, proved a very shrew.—"Well," said the Rev. divine, to a friend, "I have in my time had three wives—the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*!"

AN old batchelor, near the Stock Exchange, a few years back, became smitten with a widow in the neighbourhood, who had been left with three children. After some time devoted to the usual forms of courtship, the gentleman married the lady. It frequently happened, when a stranger called at his house, that some of the children were admired, with the addition of "Dear me, Sir, this is a fine child!" His constant reply was—"Yes, Sir, but it is not mine, it is my wife's child."

In about a twelvemonth after their marriage, the lady brought him a son, and whenever it chanced to be taken notice of by any gentleman or lady, which was not unfrequently the case, he always took care to remark, in contradiction to his former replies—"Yes, Sir, or Madam, it is a very fine boy, indeed, *but it is not one of my wife's children, this is my own child!*"

NOT long ago, a gentleman having occasion to see a neighbouring friend, called at his house, and was informed he was gone out: to save the trouble of calling again, he expressed a wish to see the mistress, but she also was gone out. That no time might be lost, he requested to see the young master, but he, likewise, was gone out. Wishing, however, not to go without accomplishing his business, on saying he would then walk in, and sit by the fire till one of them returned, was told by Pat, "Indeed, Sir, you *kan't*, for *that too* is gone out!"

THE following advertisement is copied from the Alexandria Daily Advertiser.—"Those persons who have been in the habit of stealing my fence for a considerable time past, are respectfully informed, if equally agreeable to them, it will be more convenient to me if they steal my wood, and leave the fence for the present—and, as it may be attended with some little inconvenience getting over the palings, the gate is left unfastened for their accommodation.

G 2

S. SWIFT.

A GENTLEMAN telling an auctioneer lately, that he wanted him to sell a considerable quantity of timber which he had cut down, the latter replied—"There was no occasion, Sir, for your *felling* the trees, I can *knock down* a whole forest by a *single stroke of my hammer*."

A HUMOROUS bookseller, at the west end of the town, being asked lately by a gentleman, if there was any new publication on the Continent, replied—"Bonaparte is publishing a *new edition of the invasion*."

ALTHOUGH Lord Melville was never addicted to the turf, he has had, for many years, one of the fastest *Trotters* in the kingdom.

THE horse-dealers at present traffic in nothing but *Gallopers*, as a fast-going *Trotter* is no longer a recommendation.

A SCOTCHMAN and Irishman, conversing in the street respecting the delinquency of a late Paymaster, the former said, "that his countryman stood on firm ground!" "Perhaps he may," replied Pat, simply, "for, thank Heaven! he is no *bog-trotter*."

TWO Mr. Moneys were recently married at Calcutta. In these cases, what promises in general so little of matrimonial happiness, was exactly what was the most desirable qualification of both the ladies—the love of *Money*.

A CORRESPONDENT, just arrived from Lilliput, desires us to announce, that a comic Roscius five years old, a young Orpheus, an infant Vestris, a second Jordan only eighteen inches high, and a sucking Melpomene, will appear in the

course of a few months. He adds that, according to the calculations in different nurseries, seven Garricks, fifteen Kembles, twelve Siddonses, nine-and-forty Cookes, three Brahams, and six Incedons, will be ready to start before the next winter.

SOME of our most respectable London four-pounders are a little alarmed at the accounts given in the French papers of the exploits of Parisian feasting, where the *ci-devant soup-maigre* swallows are represented as devouring a portico of the Temple of Ephesus, half Cleopatra's needle, the top of Trojan's column, and a leg of the Colossus of Rhodes, at one repast. One or two distinguished trencher-men have proposed a new system of table-luxury, and suggested to an eminent cook to give them an opportunity of manifesting their abilities at table, by devouring *Bread-street*, *Billings-gate*, and the *Poultry*, with a due proportion of *Green-tutuce-lane*, and *Garlick-hill*, as side-dishes.

SHIP news extraordinary!—Accounts have been recently received of the loss of the *Lovely Duchess*, valuably laden, on the *Faro di Messina*, owing to some *sunken rocks* and *shoals*, not laid down in the charts. The loss is estimated at several hundred thousand pounds.—She was *pillaged* on going on shore, principally by some *Greeks*, who composed part of the *crew*: As her loss was owing to her not steering the *proper course*, the *principal underwriter* means to dispute the payment,

CAPT. W— of the Royal Navy, lately contrived to cut out a fine rich frigate from her moorings in *Barnes Green Bay*, called the *Jewess*: she is expected to prove a rich prize to the dashing captor,

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the last Malton Shew, horses of *good age* were so scarce, that there were more dealers than horses; and the wants of the country are such, that the young stock is bought up before they are fit for use.

THE Brookside hounds lately un-kennelled a bitch fox in the Plashet Park, Sussex, and, after a short chase, killed her on Mount Caburn. The poor animal must have been very near her time of littering, as six cubs were taken alive from her that barked on being handled.

The dog fox in the same place has been twice hunted by the same hounds; but renard's wily course both times favoured his escape; and to avoid any further annoyance from this well-scented pack, his subtlety will probably lead him to shift his quarters, in the neighbourhood of which he is charged with many depredations.

At the Malton Craven Meeting, on the Wednesday immediately after the horses had started for the second heat of a fifty-pound race, Mr. Robson's colt, which was rode by J. Midgley, leaped over the cords, when, by the resolution of the boy's first attempt to bring him back, he broke down a post; and in the next attempt, the colt fell upon another post, which crushed his rider in so dreadful a manner, that he died the next day.

COCKING.—Lister, though beaten at York, is the favourite in London for the long main; and at York Mr. Mellish is the favourite against

Sir Francis Boynton for the main in the Spring Meeting.

Tuesday and Wednesday the main of cocks was fought near the George Inn, in Winchester, between the Gentlemen of Highbridge and Fareham, for twenty guineas the battle, and one hundred the odd, which was won by the latter. The ordinaries were well served and fully attended each day.

ON Tuesday the 16th, an otter that had been caught at Henfield, Sussex, was hunted by the Ditchling hounds, in a small pond of water, near this town, round which some hundreds of spectators were assembled in expectation of sport; but they were sadly disappointed, owing to the narrow limits to which the poor animal was confined. After being shockingly worried by bipeds and quadrupeds for about an hour, he was taken up alive, but so exhausted and bitten, that on being exhibited again for sport the next day, he made no effort to defend himself in the water, and was in consequence soon torn to pieces by the dogs.

ON Monday the 22d, a great concourse of people, including several gentlemen, assembled at nine o'clock, in Hyde Park, to witness a running match between Brown, the boot-closer, and the Earl of Dorchester's coachman. The distance was one hundred yards; and the sum staked, twenty guineas. Brown gave his competitor three yards, and the odds were at first seven to four, and latterly two to one in his favour. He was, however,

ever, beaten by the coachman, who ran it in thirty seconds, and won the race by nearly a yard and a half. This is the fifth race won by the coachman within a short time, and the first time Brown has been beaten. The coachman is a short clumsy figure, about forty years of age. He objects to run a greater distance than 100 yards.

Two stable-keepers, of the names of Heatherington and Packer, were indicted, by a man named King, who was by nature a black, and by profession a shoe-black, at Westminster Sessions, on Saturday, April 20, for an assault. It seems that the sooty prosecutor was a staunch partisan of Mr. Mainwaring, and frequently appeared at the door of his house in Swallow-street, indicating his partiality for that gentleman; in consequence of which the opposite party threw dead dogs and cats at him. The prosecutor insisted that the two defendants were not only active in this warfare, but personally assaulted him. It was proved, however, that King used to dress himself fantastically with the favours of the Court Candidate, and that he constantly created a mob, some of whom occasionally exploded a few catamarans against him. It appeared, also, that he had challenged a black man of his acquaintance to fight, for no other reason than his being a Burdettite; and that the seconds, who encouraged the joke, loaded the pistols with gunpowder and blood. The jury instantly acquitted the defendants.

FEMALE PLAY.—The whole fashionable world is absorbed in the discovery of the immense losses of the Duchess of——, at play, principally to gamblers of her own sex, and some of nearly her own rank

and distinction. Her Grace's whole loss, chiefly at faro, amounts to £176,000, of which a *private gentleman* and *bosom friend*, Mrs.—, is said to have won no less than £30,000. The discovery was made to the duke on Sunday last; the duchess rush'd into his library, and, in a flood of tears, told him she was ruined in fame and reputation, if these claims of honour were not instantly discharged. His grace was thunderstruck when he learned the extent of her requisition, and the names of the female friends who had contributed in so extraordinary a manner to such extreme embarrassments. Having soothed her in the best manner he was able, he sent for two confidential friends, imparted to them all the circumstances, and asked them how he should act—Their answer was promptly given—"Pay not one guinea of any such infamous demands!" and this advice, it is supposed, will be strictly adhered to by the duke. Her grace is said to have executed some bonds, to satisfy, for a moment, these gambling claimants; but, of course they can be of no avail.—Two gentlemen and five ladies formed the snug *flock* of *rooks*, that have so unmercifully stripped this *female* pidgeon of distinction.—*Morning Herald*.—After the above circumstantial account, our readers will not be a little surprised when told that the following, in direct contradiction to the above, appeared in the same paper, a few days afterwards—The *fiction* of the *female gamblers* of distinction in a house fitted up near St. James's-street, for their ruinous orgies, begin to die away: for it is now found out, that the supposed *pidgeoned duchess*, who thus sacrificed half a million sterling of her lord's fortune, never risked the smallest portion of it at any

any game, and that her *amiable* companion, who is a pattern of domestic propriety, instead of helping to *pluck* her grace, never played for a guinea in the course of her life!

EPPING HUNT.—At half after twelve on Easter Monday, a fine stag, that has been hunted for the last four seasons, was conveyed in a covered cart to a hollow place, about half a mile from the Ball-faced Stag, where he was let loose. The hounds were in waiting at a short distance off; and the stag was closely pursued as far as Woodford; when, finding himself pressed, he doubled, and nearly retraced his own steps. This afforded great entertainment to a very numerous set of spectators. The stag eluded the grasp of his pursuers for some time, by running through the close part of the wood, but was at length taken, after a chase of upwards of two hours, being then very much exhausted, with the hounds close at his haunches.

Very few were in at the death, as the deer traversed through such a thick part of the wood that the horsemen could not well follow; in consequence of this, perhaps, there were fewer horsemen dismounted than usually happens on that day.

ONE of our most celebrated whips, Charles Buxton, Esq. has lately concluded a bet of 500 guineas, with Mr. Thomas Hall, the dealer in horses. The object of the wager is to decide which of the two is the best driver of four unruly horses. The wager is to be decided by two friends of the parties; who are to pick out eight horses from Spencer's, Marsden's, and White's.—Lords Barrymore and Cranley are chosen as the umpires. The horses selected are only to be those which have not been broken in. The

friend of each charioteer is to pick the horses alternately, until the number agreed on is selected. The parties are then to mount the box, and proceed to decide the wager.—The bettings already are said to be considerable. Neither the scene of action, nor the day when the contest is to take place, are yet determined on. Mr. Buxton is said to be so certain of success, that he has offered to double the bet.

THE beginning of this month, a very serious loss was sustained by Mr. Giles, of Thrale Farm, Streatham. This gentleman has been for many years collecting the most beautiful of the foreign song birds, which he intermixed with the native songsters of the island, and kept the whole within an aviary fashioned for that purpose. This place, however, being occasionally warmed by flues, whenever any sudden change from heat to cold took place, the person whose business it was to attend to that circumstance by accident or negligence left the flues on Friday last unattended, and the whole collection was suffocated and destroyed. It is supposed that some thousands have been expended in procuring the birds. The collection was considered to be the finest in the kingdom.

MONDAY, April 15, a scientific pitched battle, for twenty-five guineas, was fought in Islington fields, between a copper-plate engraver, of the name of Willis, and Caleb Harding, a horse-dealer. The parties are men of property. A dispute arose respecting a horse sold to Willis by his antagonist. They at length agreed that the horse should be returned, and that the sum about to be given should be decided by the pugilistic art. Caleb is a known pugilist, and Willis a pupil

pupil of Tom Jones, but never before tried. They set to eagerly. After they had continued the contest with a determined spirit, for twenty minutes, Willis's strength failed him, and the odds were in favour of Harding, who, however, was severely beaten. The ring was at this time broken by the friends of Willis; in order, as it was supposed, to give him time to recover his strength. The expedient had the desired effect; for he met his man afterwards with redoubled vigour; when the horse-dealer, after the battle had lasted half an hour, was beaten nearly to a mummy, and, in the *kiddy* phrase, had both his eyes closed up.

On Saturday the 27th inst. three pitched battles were fought on Sheperton Common, near Chertsey, in the county of Surry. Notwithstanding the distance from town, an immense concourse of people were present, many of whom were distinguished amateurs. The first pair who entered the lists were the Game Chicken, and Cart, a noted Birmingham man. The combatants fought for a purse of 50 guineas: the battle lasted thirty minutes, during which twenty-five severe rounds were fought. The Chicken evinced, throughout the contest, the most consummate skill and science, and was declared the victor, without having experienced so much as a scratched face. Cart is a powerful and athletic man, but proved himself a complete novice in the art.—Tom Belcher and Jack O'Donnel were the next that set to, for a purse of twenty guineas. The former displayed great dexterity and knowledge in the pugilistic art, and gave many admirable proofs of his excellent bottom: the latter likewise fought in a most gallant manner for a few rounds; but, towards the termination of the battle, which

lasted fifteen rounds, he, according to the boxing phrase, shewed the *white feather* and *gave in*, when it was supposed he had the best of it. The business of the day concluded about three o'clock, with a battle between Dutch Sam and Brittain, a Bristol man, once an opponent of Belcher. A more gallant battle than this is not recorded in the annals of pugilism. The odds changed on each side alternately during the contest. Dutch Sam, however, was declared conqueror, after fighting thirty rounds, in such a style as had not been equalled since the fighting days of Dan Mendoza.

A GENTLEMAN, who not long since brought home with him from the East a sum of money amounting to two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, is stated to have lately lost the whole of it at the gaming-table. A friend remarking to him on the folly of his proceeding—he replied “d—n it, never mind, it is only another seven years voyage!”

A REPRIEVE was received by the Under Sheriff of Norfolk for six poachers, who were capitally convicted at the last Thetford Assizes, of firing at the gamekeepers of Lord Sheffield. All of them have wives, and among them 20 children.

A FELLOW who goes about the streets of the metropolis balancing a large pole, was lately entertaining the multitude in St. George's Fields, when, having lost the balance, while conveying the huge piece of wood from his forehead to his chin, it slipped off his hand into his mouth, and drove in several of his front teeth; at the same time falling among the crowd, laid a number of his admirers sprawling: others, thinking he had let the pole fall by design, attacked him in a body, and beat him most unmercifully.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MINTON,

*In the character of Goldfinch—Thespian
private Theatre—Mary-le-Bone.*

SINCE I've personify'd and play'd
the man,
'Tis your's to praise, or disapprove my
plan;
A love of pow'r, that female pride be-
witches,
I own, first tempted me to wear the
breeches:
And shew me any sprightly married dame,
That would not give the world to do the
same!
Such a gay spirit ev'ry wife enables
On her proud lordly inmate to turn the
tables.
Thus metamorphos'd, both in dress and
manners,
And fairly listed under freedom's ban-
ners,
We'll shew those heroes, who our rights
condemn,
That we can rule the reins, and govern
them;
For in gay Goldfinch, while I had my
sport,
I thought no modern beau was more the
sort;
Conceiv'd myself a charming dashing
blade,
A man of ton—eh, dam'me! who's afraid?
In public places, fit to shine and sport,
With beauty's charms to flirt and pay my
court;
Through the box-lobby, mellow, blythe,
and reeling,
I'll shew my wit and sentimental feeling;
VOL. XXVI. No. 151.

Out-rear the play'rs in dialogue and
singing,
And hear my voice through all the boxes
ringing:
A 'nt this delightful, frolicsome, and
smart,
Enough to conquer any woman's heart?
With cash and spirit for the world's career,
I'll have my name in all the clubs ap-
pear;
At whist, and faro, I'll my shiners stake,
And seven's the main shall through the
dice-box shake.
Then how I'll sport my curricule and po-
nies,
Drive out *ma chere amie*, or friendly cro-
nies;
I'll shake my noddle, and I'll crack my
lash,
Geeho my nags, through thick and thin to
dash.
In coat with seven-fold cape, and coach-
man's art,
'Gainst ev'ry driver in the town I'll start,
Taking the air through smoke and dirty
streets,
One is so happy at the crowd one meets;
Whirl'd here and there, nor posts nor
people heeding,
For that's your sort—and shews your
sense and breeding.
If such a life can give the men renown,
Women may rival every rake in town;
But, what a contrast to that warlike host,
Volunteer guardians of our threaten'd
coast,
Who, fondly tempted by Bellona's
charms,
For that gay mistress leave our peaceful
arms;
Yet, though like roving blades, they hug
brown Bess,
They'll never love their charming wives
the less.

H

Hail

Hail, glorious men, our champions,
and our pride,
In whom your country and our sex con-
fide;
Our love and friendship you shall ever
share,
None but the brave, you know, deserve
the fair.

"And you know I can read pretty well
off o' hand,
So I gap'd up and down before din-
ner;
But, Lord, there was one put me quite at
a stand,
'Twould have startled a much older
sinner.

THE YELLOW FEVER;

OR,

SAM SHAKESHANK'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

SAM SHAKESHANK set off, to see
London; 'tis said,
From the village where life at first
found him;
And as Sam was suppos'd to be cute in
the head,
When return'd, all the rustics flock'd
round him.

All the novelties new, and the rarities
rare,
Which Sam had in London been view-
ing,
They begg'd he'd describe, that his co-
ronies might share
In the tale of what Cocknies were
doing.

Sam Shakeshank replied, "Why you
see, as for that,
I can quickly explain the whole story;
For at my tongue's end I still have it
quite pat,
But there's nought about whig, or 'bout
tory.

"For, ecod, as I enter'd Whitechapel's
wide road,
I star'd first at this, then at t'other;
And I found myself swell with conceit,
like a toad,
Such a sight ne'er saw feather nor
mother.

"At the inn where I stopp'd, all the
gateway was stuck
Full of bills, of all sorts and all sizes;
Young Roscius in London—and lottery
luck—
And, i'faith, such a list of large prizes!

"In large letters behold—YELLOW FE-
VER—appear'd,
My hair at these words began rising;
NUMBER FORTY came next, CHARING
Cross closed the rear,
So you can't think my fright was sur-
prising.

"I thought of Gibraltar, and shudder'd
with fear,
And, as I am not a great glutton,
When I found such a catching disorder
so near,
Thinks I—I'll not wait for the mutton.

"So I turn'd on my heel, and came back
as I went,
Leaving town with more speed than I
enter'd.
This is all that I know—though I don't
much repent,
That to Whitechapel Church I have
ventur'd.

J. M. L.

LINES

*Supposed to be spoken by the President of
the Ugly Club, at Charlestown, in Ameri-
ca, on the occasion of two new Members
being proposed.*

PERMIT me, Gentlemen, to say,
As beauty here is scouted,
Whilst ugliness alone has sway,
And gracefulness is routed:

Two persons form'd to suit our plan,
Are now propos'd as members,
Whose noble faces, when you scan,
Will fan of mirth the embers.

Beneath his nose one seems to bend,
A handle great and glowing;
The other wants that useful friend;
No nose at all, Sirs, shewing.

You

Your votes for Mr. Snufflesnout,
And Mr. Nihilnosen,
Pray give—then sing, with merry shout,
Hail ugly brothers chosen.

SONG.

HUNTING, LOVE, AND WINE.

SAY, what is wealth without delight,
'Tis dross, 'tis dirt, 'tis useless quite,
Better be poor, and taste of joy,
Than thus your wasted time employ.

CHORUS.

Then let a humble son of song,
Repeat those pleasures most divine;
The joys that life's best hours prolong,
Are those of hunting, love, and wine.

For hunting gives us jocund health,
We envy not the miser's wealth,
But chase the fox, or timid hare,
And know delight he cannot share.

CHORUS.

Then home at eve we cheerily go,
Whilst round us brightest comforts
shine;

With joy shut in, we shut out woe,
And sing of hunting, love, and wine.

Mild love attunes the soul to peace,
And bids the toiling sportsman cease;
This softer passion's pleasing pow'rs,
With bliss ecstastic wings the hours.

CHORUS.

It soothes the mind to sweetest rest,
Or savage thoughts might there en-
twine;

Thus he alone is truly blest,
Whose joys are hunting, love and
wine.

'Tis wine exhilarates the heart,
When sinking under sorrow's smart;
'Tis that can ease the wretch's woe,
And heighten ev'ry bliss we know:

CHORUS.

But wine's abuse makes man a beast;
Be all with moderation mine:
Life will appear one endless feast,
While blest with hunting, love, and
wine.

J. M. L.

MR. PRINTER,

The following Verses were sent by a parish-clerk to a clergyman's lady of my acquaintance, in return for a Christmas entertainment which the clergyman always gives to his-clerks, and to some of their friends. The poet himself has the misfortune of being deaf, but is—for deafness is now no impediment—a very great musician. To gratify him in that, his second passion, the lady had made him sit down and fix his car-trumpet on the sound-board of the piano-forte. A farther illustration of this enchanting poem is unnecessary.

Yours, A. B. C.

HONNORED Madam I have send
These here few lines that I have
pend

To let you know what have been done
By Master ***** and you alone

We all did come I do protest
For to partake of your feast
And so we did its very true
On good rost beef and puding to

A Rib of beef waid twenty pound
A leg of motten round and sound
And there was than the nicest ham
As Ever I had in my han

Twass nice good puding I declare
And I believe I had my share
And I believe you did not lock it
For I had sum put in my pocket

And we had Beer and twas not Skenty
And Every thing was very plenty
And after I blow'd out my knoze
The Maidens put on their clean cloaths.

Then after we had sup'd and all
We was admitted into hall
And their I heard the sweetest sound
Then Madam ask me to sit down

Then Madam play'd a tune so Rare
Like Angels singing in the ayre
And sumtimes twas like little birds
And they did sing all with out words

So when the singing all was done
Back to the kichen we did come
And their we sate a little while
Till we at last begun to smile

For

For we had punch made piping hot
And we did drink till twelve o'clock
Now we must thank you all of us
For all must come from your purs

I do believe that your feast
Must cost 2 guineas at the least

WHO WANTS A GUINEA ?

WHO wants a Guinea ?—That's no
question at all !

But here's one would puzzle a ninny :
'Mong the high and the low, the great
and the small.

Who is it does *not* want a Guinea ?

NOBODY.

THE EAGLE.

WHERE gloomy Kilda rears her
craggy steep,
And frowns indignant on the angry deep,
High born aloft the beetling cliffs above,
Strong pinion'd soars th' imperial bird of
Jove ;

Or, from some hoary crag's aerial brow,
Broods on the biny flood that roars
below :

Lord of the desert rock he rules alone,
Nor beast, nor fowl disturb his sea-beat
throne ;

Ev'n man's superior pow'r's essay in vain
The foam-besilver'd eminence to gain.

C. L. C.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

From various Authors, on Hunting.

(Continued from page 356 of our last.)

1. **I** WAS with Hercules and Cadmus
once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the
bear
With hounds of Sparta ; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding : for beside the
groves,

The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region
near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never
heard

So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

2. My hounds are bred out of the
Spartan kind ;
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are
hung

With ears that sweep away the morning
dew ;

Crook-knee'd, and dewlapp'd, like Thes-
salian bulls ;

Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth
like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with
horn

In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.

Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream.

MAY a poor huntsman—who, with mer-
ry heart

And voice shall make the forest ring
about him—

Get leave to live among ye ? True as
steel, boys ;

That knows all chases, and can watch all
hours ;

And, with my quarter staff, though the
devil should bid stand,

Deal such an alms, shall make him roar
again :

Prick ye the fearful hare, through cross-
ways, sheep-walks ;

And force the crafty renard ; climb the
quick-sets ;

Rouse the lofty stag, and with my bell
horn

Ring him a knell, that all the woods
shall mourn him,

Till in his funeral tears, he fall before
me ;

The polecat, marten, and the rich-skin'd
lusern,

I know to chase ; the roe, the wind out-
stripping :

Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger

I can beat from the bay ; and the wild
sounder

Singly, and with my arm'd staff turn the
boar

Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike
him

Till he fall down my feast.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Bush.

(To be continued.)

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MAY, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. A fine Engraving of Woodcock Shooting.—II. An elegant
Engraving of the Duke of Bedford's Curious Pig.

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

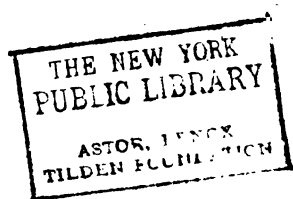
TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—The Proprietors of the *Sporting Magazine* are always ready to encourage merit, and to afford every opportunity for Genius to shew itself.—They are, nevertheless, free to state, that however disposed to accommodate their friends, they utterly dislike all attempts at *Smuggling* Articles into their Miscellany to answer interested purposes.—Veteran *Incurables* are always to be excused—Ignorance and Impertinence not quite so easily to be forgiven.

The Poetical Communications that J. M. L. inquires after, never came to hand.—A kind of Bacchanalian Composition, sent last Month is inadmissible.

If another Correspondent, who will be a Poet, in spite of nature, can convert his long vapid Hudibrastics into plain Prose, they may then, possibly, become the subjects of correction.

G. D. will perceive his Burlesque upon Collins's Ode to the Passions, in our Poetical Department for the present Month.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





Duck Shooting.

Published by J. W. Smith, New York.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1805.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING,

ONE of a series of Engravings,
by Mr. Scott, from Paintings
by Sartorius.

SPORTING SUBJECTS.

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1805.

GROUSING on the Rouabon
hills, with portraits of dogs,
&c, the property of Sir W. W.
Wynne, Bart.—J. Ward.

Portrait of a charger, the pro-
perty of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.—
J. Ward.

Portrait of another charger, the
property of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.
—J. Ward.

Sportsmen.—J. Ramsay.

Portrait of a pointer standing at
game.—P. Reinagle, A.

Partridge shooting.—J. N. Sar-
torius, jun.

Portrait of an Irish hackney.—
J. N. Sartorius.

The angler.—A. W. Callcott.

Eagle beating Eleanor; a match
run across the Flat, Newmarket
October Meeting, 1804.—J. Whes-
sel.

Portrait of Major, a celebrated
greyhound.—P. Reinagle, A.

Water-spaniel.—P. Reinagle, A.

Fox-hounds in pursuit.—P. Rein-
agle, A.

Spanish pointer.—P. Reinagle,
A.

Portrait of a hackney.—J. N.
Sartorius.

Portrait of His R. H. the Duke
of York's game-keeper, and dogs.—
H. B. Chalon.

Portraits of horses, the property
of His R. H. the Prince of Wales.
—S. Gilpin, R. A.

Portrait of a mare, the property
of Miss S. Thrale.—H. B. Chalon.

Boy playing with a dog.—T.
Clarke, A.

Portrait of a spaniel.—E. Ed-
wards, A.

Portrait of a cock.—W. Craig,
jun.

Giles, the property of W. Lake,
Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of an extraordinary mu-
sical dog.—P. Reinagle, A.

Portrait of Penelope, the prop-
erty of His Grace, the duke of Graf-
ton.—J. Whessel.

The horse-dealer.—J. L. Agassé.
A black cock: a drawing.—R.
P. Nodder.

The race-course, Brighton.—J. Nixon, Esq. H.

Stables at Titchfield House, Hants.—L. Francia.

The Epping Forest hunt.—D. Wolstenholme.

A little spaniel, the property of Miss Carr.—H. B. Chalon.

Portrait of a dog.—R. A. Watté.

Design for the stables, riding-house, and tennis-court, building for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at Brighton.—W. Porden.

Interior view of the circular area of the stables building for His R. H. the Prince of Wales, at Brighton.—W. Porden.

A BROOD MARE DESTROYED.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

EXPERIMENTALLY knowing how ready you are at all times to transmit to your numerous readers such singular facts as come well authenticated, I can entertain no doubt but you will give place to the following recent transaction, which, to the sporting world, well deserves to be known. The incessant variegations and vicissitudes of the turf are so perfectly understood, that, in the present instance, they stand in no need of minute elucidation; therefore suffice it to say, that a gentleman, whose name has been well known for some time upon the "Racing Calendar," is at length behind the continental curtain of obscurity; a great part of his property has fallen into the hands of "John Doe and Richard Roe," under an "Execution" from the laws, and, through their insatiate vortex, "scattered to all the winds of heaven." Amidst this

general wreck, was a mare (the well-known "Cowslip," by High-flyer), in foal to "Teddy the Grinder," a stallion of some eminence, who covers at the warren upon Epsom Downs. Here this mare had been placed by the already mentioned unfortunate owner, to be ready and convenient for the same horse, in the proper and usual time after having foaled; which in the opinion and practice of the most judicious and experienced breeders, is never held to be safe in less than nine days. Upon the abdication of the unlucky owner, and the subsequent seizure of his effects, the deposit of this mare, and her being in foal, with a match of 300 guineas dependent upon her produce, being made known to — A. Esq. of — Hall in Leicestershire, one of the assignees, he immediately discharged the bill due for the keep and covering the mare as intended before by the same horse, amounting to about two or three and forty pounds; stipulating, that, upon the mare's foaling, "they should give him a line or two by the post, descriptive of the produce (whether colt or filly, with its colour and marks), and gave an injunction to the stud and stallion groom, that she should be brought out to the horse, and be tried whether she would take him, in the usual number of days (nine) after foaling." Mr. A——, having left these injunctions, set off on his journey to his seat in Leicestershire, and soon received information from a friend who called to see the mare (upon the produce of whom so much money was depending), that she had foaled on Friday the 19th of April; the produce a filly, handsome, healthy; its colour, marks, &c. In a day or two after this had taken place, the managing

naging (or stud) groom had occasion to be absent at Newmarket, or elsewhere, leaving instructions with the subordinates, or understrappers, that the mare "Cow-slip" should have the horse offered to her, when the usual time was expired. Whether they were truly ignorant of the *nine days*, so universally the practice and custom, it may be difficult to discover; but certain it is, that one of the stable strappers procured a soldier to assist him, and on Wednesday the 24th, (only the fifth day from her foaling), brought out the mare, hobbled her, and produced the horse. What passed remains in a state of ambiguity, as no individual was present but the two bold adventurers; but the result demonstrated this fact, that during the time they were so zealously and erroneously endeavouring to bring the horse and mare together, she had both her thighs broken, which the parties present aver, were done by her own kicking, although it is the opinion of every man of breeding experience, as well as the most eminent veterinary practitioner (who has been repeatedly present at such ceremonies), that the injury was done by the horse, who, indignant and disappointed at the mare's refusal of him, might have turned rapidly, and furiously given the very kick attended with such dreadful consequences.

The mare survived the shock but two hours, and the poor little animal, only five days old, instantly became the object of pity and universal commiseration; and it will afford infinite pleasure to the humane heart of every sporting reader, to be well assured, that the little suffering orphan is going on, under the hands of a female superintendant, with every prospect of

increasing strength, and ultimate success. Upon the death of the dam, the surviving offspring was carefully conveyed, in a proper and convenient vehicle, to Mr. Stammers, the Cock Inn, at Sutton, where every possible means were kindly and instantaneously taken for its probable preservation. A woman, the wife of the horse-keeper to the stage coaches who change at that inn, and has four small children of her own, kindly undertook the office of nurse, and has, with cows milk warm from that animal—with the assistance of a bottle and artificial teat—and other little invigorants of gruel, malt wort, &c. brought it to such a state of strength, at only one month old, that it is upon the eve of setting off in a deer cart to its place of destination in Leicestershire, upwards of an hundred miles from the metropolis, there to grow into its proper state and age, to abide the decisive fiat of fortune in respect to the 300 guineas match for which, live or die, she stands engaged, and to whom every liberal minded sportsman will wish success. A suit at law is said to be in contemplation, to recover pecuniary compensation for the loss of the mare by an improper course of treatment. Your constant reader,

VETERINARIUS.

EXIT AND BURIAL OF THE CELEBRATED HORSE DEFIANCE.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THIS stallion, very high in note some years ago in this kingdom, from whose reins many justly celebrated

celebrated coursers boast their descent, must still be within the recollection of many of your readers: it may tend to the gratification of those who knew him to be made acquainted with the particulars of his end; and the following circumstances may be relied on—

In the month of February or March 1803, a cargo of horses was imported into the Dutch colony of Demarara, in South America, by Messrs. Benjamin and Barrell, American merchants there, from Norwich in the State of Connecticut—United States of America. It is usual for the captains of horse vessels to have the privilege of bringing one horse as their own private venture. Defiance chanced to be the one the captain of the cargo in question pitched on for his; being, at the time of his departure offered for sale, and, owing to his advanced age, and worn out constitution, the price demanded for him being within the compass of his ability to afford. Mr. Benjamin, who had known Defiance a few years before in North America, conceived that kind of affection towards him that many reasonable minds often feel for a valuable animal, and, with no other prospect than the pleasure of possessing him, gave the captain fifteen Johannes (£27 : 15s.) for his purchase. The favourite beast was removed into a cool stable, was well fed and attended, and, by extraordinary care, recovered very speedily from the effects of his long and tedious sea voyage. His reputation occasioned crowds of visitors to assemble daily, and they witnessed, with astonishment, the performances of the aged veteran, who,

when well mounted, felt a revival of his ancient fire, and in his gait and appearance eclipsed every thing ever witnessed in those regions before. The heat of the climate, together with his strain of exertion, co-operated, with his very advanced age, to bring on a debility which he could not overcome, and during the month of May this once celebrated animal, formerly the pride of its several possessors—among whom the most illustrious personages of this country are said to have ranked—breathed its last in the stables of Messrs. Benjamin and Barrell, in the town of Stabroek.

Through a respect to his memory, those gentlemen did not deposit his remains with the carcases of the deceased vulgar herd of horses, but attached to a ship then homeward bound to North America, gave directions that he should be entombed in the great ocean, twelve hours sail from the bar.

Thus closed the career of the once celebrated Defiance, who is supposed to have attained an age little short of thirty years; who after having, during a long term, contributed as much as horse ever did to the multiplication of his species, in transmitting a breed of highly famous and invaluable coursers to posterity, was sent from this kingdom, and, in the course of his travels, visited the East Indies, previous to his removal to North America. It is a remarkable fact, that, twice within the last six years of his life, a period when it might reasonably have been supposed he could not prove a source of much gain, he was purchased in Connecticut at the price of two thousand dollars*; and it was conjectured

* The last of these purchasers was — Brewster, a substantial dealer in horses in the State of Connecticut.

the purchasers did well with their bargain. It was observed in Demarara, that the propensity of his earlier days was not greatly diminished; but this may reasonably be ascribed, in some degree, to the influence of the climate—which, in this respect, is peculiarly animating—as well as to the remaining strength of his constitution. I am, Sir, your most obedient,

* * *

MAJOR AND CZARINA.

WE are informed it is the intention of Colonel Thornton to dispose of his two celebrated grey-hounds Major and Czarina. They are now at Mr. Tattersall's, who is appointed by the Colonel to dispose of them by private contract. Major has beat Major Topham's Snowball, Sir Francis Boynton's Dent, and many others; and has received forfeit for 1000 guineas of Mr. Durand. Major's produce are all very superior; he is the sire of Colonel Thornton's Honest John Smith, who won a handsome piece of plate on Ganton-Brow, beating easy Major Topham's Blacksmith at the same meeting, notwithstanding it has been asserted that Blacksmith never was beat. At this meeting Honest John Smith ran under the name of General Le Brune against Capt. Leslie's Blacksmith, who was entered under the name of the Duke of York. Indeed there were many who were very sanguine in favour of the Duke; but to the great mortification of those who backed him, he was completely beaten. Major is also the sire of those valuable dogs Schimmelpenninck and Blue Eliza, neither of

whom were ever beat; he was got by Colonel Thornton's Claret, out of a Berkshire bitch, the property of Mr. St. Quintin, lent to Major Topham. Claret was got by Jupiter, son of Colonel Thornton's Old Blue Jupiter, out of Blue Czarina (bred by Woodley of Eccles), sold to Lord Orford, who was got by Cublon, a cross of King George the Third's breed. Fawn-coloured Czarina was sister to Claret, and is justly esteemed the best bitch of her day. Claret has won about forty matches. The produce of Major and Fawn-coloured Czarina, Lydia and Czarina, are in London, and may be seen by applying to Mr. Tattersall. They are matched for 2000 guineas to kill a box hare within 500 yards, and the hare to have twenty yards law.

CURIOUS GRANT

Made by Edward the Confessor, of Chelmerford and Deering Hundreds, to Randolph Peperking, or Ralph Peverell.

ICH Edward Koning have given of my Forrest of Epping the kepen, of the Hundred of Chelmer and Dancing, to Randolph Peperking, and to his kindling, with hearte and hind, doe and bocke, hare and foxe, cat and brocke, patrich, pheasant hen, and pheasant cock, with green and wild-stub and stock; to kepen and to yemen with all his might, both by day, and eke by night; and hounds for to hold, good, swift, and bold; four grey-hounds, and six raches, for hare and foxe, and wild cattles: and therefore ich made him my book—Witness the Bishop of Woolston, and book yrede by many one; and Sweyne of Essex our brother, and by

by him taken, many other: with our Steward, Howelin, that besought me for him."

This same Ralph Peverell had a most beautiful wife, daughter to Ingelric, one of the Confessor's nobles. He had two sons by her, William Peverell, a famed soldier, and Governor of Dover Castle, which he surrendered to William the Conqueror. His mother then being still the most celebrated beauty of the age, the Conqueror fell in love with her: by her he had a son, named William after his father, and who still retained the name of Peverell, though he was created, by the Conqueror, Lord of Nottingham. Hatfield Peverell, probably a corruption of Hartfield, is still a village in Essex, and is supposed to have been originally a park, which they called a field in those days, and Hartfield may thus have signified a park for deer, as stags were then called harts: so that this place was neither more nor less than Randolph Peperkin's hart field, or park for deer.

OTTER HUNTING.

THE otter hounds of Andrew Corbet, Esq. being out a few days ago, hit upon a drag at the large pool on Muckleton Moss, and soon after found the otter; but being fresh and stout, he eluded his pursuers for a short time, and after putting down under a small covert opposite the middle of the pool, was quickly forced to take the water. Here the view became to the sportsman exceedingly animating—the hounds swimming in a cluster, all in full cry—the otter about

ten yards before them, somewhat fatigued. Massey, the huntsman, in the boat close in the rear, encouraging the dogs, and plying the oars with all his powers—keeping nearly at equal distance from each other over this prodigious sheet of water: the otter frequently heaving up in the water and shaking himself; stimulating the hounds with fresh ardour, and rendered this novel scene highly picturesque and interesting.

The otter, however, reached the land first, and was taken alive in a small recess, and carried to Shawbury Park. He measured in length four feet, and weighed near thirty pounds.

RACES TO COME.

| | | |
|----------------------------|-------|----|
| G UILDFORD..... | June | 4 |
| Manchester..... | | 5 |
| Maddington..... | | 5 |
| Newton..... | | 12 |
| Tenbury..... | | 13 |
| Ascot..... | | 18 |
| Bibury..... | | 25 |
| Stamford..... | July | 2 |
| Ipswich..... | | 2 |
| Cardiff..... | | 3 |
| Stockbridge..... | | 3 |
| Bridgenorth..... | | 4 |
| Newmarket July Meeting.... | | 8 |
| Totness..... | | 9 |
| Ludlow..... | | 11 |
| Winchester..... | | 16 |
| Preston..... | | 16 |
| Knutsford..... | | 30 |
| Huntingdon.,..... | Aug. | 6 |
| Taunton..... | | 6 |
| Exeter..... | | 12 |
| Newbury..... | | 20 |
| Egham..... | Sept. | 3 |
| Lincoln..... | | 11 |
| Kingscote..... | | 17 |

RULES

RULES FOR SHOOTING A LA GAMBADO.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS shooting is in itself, when properly pursued, one of the most delightful and healthy recreations that can be taken, but not without considerable danger and hazard, unless a man have some previous knowledge how to conduct himself during a day's sport, I have taken the liberty to point out a few of the most useful precepts, by the observance of which one may enjoy this most charming diversion with the smallest possible danger to himself and his company, and the greatest probability not only of finding, but of bringing down, no inconsiderable quantity of game. And it will, I am persuaded, be found, upon perusal, by every veteran sportsman, that these rules are not merely theoretical, but deduced from actual experience of their good effects.

Early rising has been often times particularly recommended to the sportsman, as being not only agreeable in the highest degree, but even absolutely necessary for good sport. Somerville, in other respects generally judicious, seems to have fallen into this vulgar prejudice, when he speaks, in the beginning of the second book of the Chase, that rapacious address to Morn:

"Hail gentle dawn! mild blushing goddess hail!

"Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread

"O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,

"And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend."

To attempt to prove the fallacy of this notion would be superfluous

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trouble, as no one can be so dull as not to admit, that the more ease and refreshment a man obtains before he enters upon a state of labour, the better will he be able to bear it when necessary. When at last you have arisen from your persuasive couch, be above all things particularly careful that you do not burden your stomach with devouring too large or substantial a breakfast: let no man persuade you inconsiderately to take eggs, cold meat, tea, coffee, or other of these kind of things: a small bason of water gruel, with a thin toast, will be found by experience to be the best possible thing you can take, but particularly if it is likely to be many hours before you touch meat again. This sits light upon the stomach, and will not in the least impede the activity of your motions. With regard to the dress I should advise you to shoot in, much depends upon the kind of country in which you are to walk: if this be deep and dirty, I should recommend strongly Spanish leather shoes, as thin as possible, and silk stockings, in order that, your steps being light, you may not sink too deep into the mire. Nankeen breeches are indispensable, particularly for cock-shooting in a thick cover; they are so thin and light, that they are no restraint upon the limbs; and if the day be raw and cold, by letting them fit close to your skin no air will be able to get between, and consequently you will be exceedingly warm and comfortable. Many people foolishly recommend strong fustian or waterproof cloth jackets for shooting; but this is a most useless and unnecessary incumbrance. I should recommend a broad-cloth as fine as can be got; the colour should properly be yellow, because the leaves

K. are

are then changing to this hue; and it is always a great advantage to be as little seen as possible. If the day is early in September, and very hot, put a great coat on by all means, lest, if you get warm by exercise, and then have occasion to stand still to load your piece, you catch cold, by cooling too suddenly. When you get into the fields at last, after having taken every precaution that you may not be in want of ammunition during the day, by carrying out with you ten or twelve pounds of shot, and three or four of powder, I should advise you to be especially careful, that your flint is not one of those that will give fire every time it is struck; because if you should, by any accident, catch the trigger of your gun in a hedge or thicket, the piece will not be so liable to go off, and do any mischief, if the flint is extremely bad.—If you are walking in company, be sure to carry your piece so, that the muzzle be always directed towards your companion; and on no account forget constantly to carry it cocked, that if any thing should get up unawares you may always be ready to let fly at it. Particularly observe this last piece of advice when getting over a fence, because the rustling you then make may very probably stir a hare, and then you will be prepared to shoot her.—Be sure that in the choice of your dogs you get the fleetest you possibly can, that will run over the ground in the smallest possible time; and always take two or three small spaniels out with your pointers, which will give tongue as soon as any thing is started; and thus you will have immediate notice of it, though your eyes may be turned another way.—Whenever any of your pointers stands, run straight up to him im-

mediately, as hard as you are able; and when you get close up, hit him a smart blow with the but end of your gun, to make him put the birds up: the moment they are in sight, you must let off your piece. Never mark out any particular bird, but shoot smack at the covey.—Should you be in such high luck as to bring a partridge down, let your dog run up to it, and bite it as much as he pleases: this will encourage him, and make him more eager afterwards.—It is not a bad plan to have a couple of bull dogs trained up, to accompany you on your excursions, in order that if a bull should attack you, these animals may be ready to pin him for you immediately. When he is in this state shoot him, that he may not offend in future. If you can train up the bull dogs to find your game, you will combine two advantages together.—The smaller your shot the greater is the range, and of course the chances are multiplied in your favour; therefore, by this rule, small sparrow shot will do much more execution than the size which many prejudiced sportsmen will use for partridge-shooting.—If you find any of your dogs shy, or afraid of the gun at all, the best thing is to give them a downright good flogging; and if this does not improve them, as they are running from you give them a few shot from your gun in flank: the trifling pain they will feel will soon teach them that there is nothing to be afraid of with regard to the gun.—If your dogs run sheep, never be foolishly persuaded to beat them for it, or tie them to an old ram, as some recommend; but be sure to feed them plentifully on nothing but mutton, and let them now and then kill a few sheep themselves; they will soon have a surfeit of it, for these

those things are seldom much sought after which are easily obtained.—I could say a great deal more on this interesting subject, but am obliged for the present to conclude by subscribing myself, your most obedient, and constant reader,
RURICOLA.

VARIETIES AMONG ANIMALS.

(Continued from page 24.)

IT is indeed true, that a bitch is often observed to produce a litter of puppies of an impure race, which differ widely from the parent stock of which she herself is descended; but this is infallibly the consequence of her having been contaminated by an alliance with a different breed. Every variety of the same species, it has been already stated, procreate with one another, and produce a fertile breed, which are capable of continuing the species; and each variety with such unerring certainty propagates its own kind, that wherever this intermixture takes place, the progeny is a mixed breed, which plainly participates of the qualities of both its parents, and of course possesses not, in perfection, the distinctive qualities of either. Like milk blended with water, you have neither of them pure, but a medium between the two. This is an invariable rule, admitting of no exception, and is so well understood and universally known, with regard to the dog-kind especially, that such a mixed breed has obtained an appropriate name by which it is distinguished in every language in Europe. In English, dogs of the mixed breed are called *mongrels*. Thus, if a male of the pure mastiff breed and a female greyhound be

put together, the progeny, with certainty, will be a large-boned clumsy greyhound mongrel: if a female of that mongrel kind be put again to breed with a pure mastiff, the progeny will approach nearer to the mastiff, and participate less of the greyhound. If this species of half mongrel be put to breed with a mastiff once more, their progeny will approach still nearer to the mastiff kind, while it departs farther from that of the greyhound. By proceeding after the same manner for several generations, the proportions of greyhound blood will be so far diminished as not to be perceptible, and the mongrel may be easily mistaken for one of the pure breed that never had suffered any degree of contamination. The reader is requested to advert to this circumstance, as it will serve to account for some phenomena that will be afterwards noticed, which might otherwise tend to occasion some kind of perplexity.

When animals are in a domesticated state, they lose many of their natural propensities, so much as to be in some measure an artificial creature, and in that state many intermixtures take place, and many effects are produced, that never would have been experienced had they still retained their native freedom. While they continue in a state of nature, each kind retains its distinctive qualities in such perfection, as to induce habits that powerfully tend to keep each variety aloof from every other, and thus to preserve them uncontaminated for a great length of time. We know of only three varieties of the dog kind that never have hitherto been domesticated; these are the wolf, the fox, and the hyena: and so strong is the aversion that domesticated dogs discover with respect to these,

these, that many of them—probably induced in some measure by the habits that man takes care to cherish for his own benefit—hunt out and destroy those wild varieties of their own species with nearly as much keenness as they would discover in hunting after the game that nature evidently intended for their own support. And although some instances have been observed of mongrels produced by domesticated females, which gave incontestible indications that the father had been of the wild species, yet these have been so rare, as to give no reason to suspect that any of the domestic breeds run a risk of being sensibly contaminated by these transient admixtures of blood: nay, so marked is that aversion between the wild and domesticated varieties of this species, that philosophers have long disputed whether they were not altogether of different species. To determine this point, M. de Buffon tried if he could by any means bring them to intercopulate, but all his efforts failed; he was therefore disposed to mark them as different species: but what M. de Buffon failed in, the late Mr. John Hunter, of London, succeeded in effecting. He obtained, by particular address, a mongrel breed between all the three wild varieties and some of the domesticated breeds, and found, as happens in regard to every other mongrel breed, that they participated of the external appearance and internal qualities of both parents, and that the progeny were capable of continuing their kind. Hence we are forced to conclude, that they are all of the same species, of which they are no more than distinct varieties. If ever a time shall come that these wild dogs shall be domesticated, there is no reason to think that they will not

intermix with each other as readily as the other tame dogs do among themselves at present.

In a state of nature each animal pursues its own instinctive propensities with so much steadiness, as often to interfere with others of the same species which have different propensities; and it is so necessary for their respective preservation, that each should persevere with an unceasing attention to the means which nature has put in its power for procuring a subsistence for itself, that this circumstance tends strongly to cement that union which ever naturally subsists between those of the same propensities, while it disjoins them from all other varieties of the same species. From a frequent clashing of interests they continually view each other with an eye of jealous hostility, which keeps them from the danger of intermixing, unless on very rare occasions, in the season of love. This kind of hostile rivalry being never felt in a domesticated state, the whole being alike provided for by the protecting care of man, that sentiment of hostile estrangement becomes gradually obliterated, and thus they intermix without the smallest difficulty or hesitation. These positions will be best illustrated by an example.

When a litter of puppies come into life, they feel themselves all alike depending upon the mother; their connection with her, therefore, is close and intimate. They grow up together in the same lair, and soon feel the comfort of nestling close together in the absence of the mother. Among the first sensations they can have then, is a perception of their individual wants, and the necessity of deriving mutual assistance and comfort from each other. As they grow-up, this sensation

sation is strengthened by having frequently occasion to feel that their united strength is able to repel many attacks which they could not singly have withstood, or to overcome difficulties that could not be accomplished without assistance: thus are they driven to associate together, and to form a natural unconcerted union, which keeps them from separating. As the necessity of providing their own food approaches, they must contrive some method of finding it for themselves. This can never be done but by associating with those of similar propensities. A beagle would never think of associating with a greyhound, but with other beagles; and why? because the beagle feels that she cannot run down her game by swiftness of foot, but by patient perseverance only. She therefore finds it necessary to shun the greyhound, and drive him away from her haunts, as the most destructive inmate she could ever meet with, because he would snap up all her game with ease, and leave her nothing to subsist upon. In like manner every other variety of dog is either unable to assist in her mode of chase, or frustrates her labour: each, therefore, naturally associates only with those of its own kind, and shuns all society with every other variety of the same species; thus keeping in distinct bands, even when they occupy the same district of country. It is by means of this sort that Nature in all cases effects her ends. Instinctive propensities furnish a barrier sufficiently strong for her purposes where physical impossibilities do not exist, and thus is preserved that unceasing equilibrium and harmony among jarring interests which continually check each other, and are productive of universal good.

COURTS MARTIAL.

SENTENCE of the General Court Martial on the trial of the Honourable Colonel Cochrane Johnstone, on charges preferred by Major John Gordon, both of the late 8th West India regiment. The Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington, President.

"The Court Martial, having weighed the whole of the evidence adduced by the prosecutor, Major Gordon, and that brought forward by the Honourable Colonel Andrew Cochrane Johnstone, in his defence, is of opinion, that the £500 bill mentioned in the first charge, was not clandestinely obtained by Colonel Johnstone, and that it doth not appear that his Majesty's service, or the good of the regiment, was in any degree injured by that transaction; and therefore the Court doth honourably acquit him of the former part of the first charge. With regard to the second part of the first charge, viz. directing £140 to be stopped from the Paymaster, out of the subsistence due to the regiment, the Court is of opinion, that no blame whatever attaches to Colonel Johnstone, in this transaction, and therefore also honourably acquit him of the same. With regard to the first part of the second charge, the Court is of opinion that it hath not been proved, and therefore acquits Colonel Johnstone of the same. And with regard to the second part of the second charge, viz. the having asserted a falsehood, unbecoming his rank and the character of an officer, the Court doth most honourably acquit him. With respect to the first part of the third charge, it appearing that the offence set forth therein took place—if at all—above three years prior to the date of his Majesty's

Majesty's warrant for holding this Court Martial, the Court is of opinion it hath no power to take cognizance of the same. With regard to the second part of the third charge, the Court sees no reason whatever to believe that Colonel Johnstone had any intention to derive individual benefit by the labour of the men, from working in the swamp; and they therefore acquit him of this charge, although they cannot approve his having ordered the work on the swamp, under all the circumstances of the case. With respect to the fourth charge, the Court is of opinion that it is not substantiated, and therefore acquits him accordingly."

*Copy—To Gen. Sir D. Dundas, K.B.
&c.*

"SIR,—I have had the honour of laying before the King the proceedings of a General Court Martial, holden at Ashford, on the 14th, and continued, by adjournments, till the 19th of March last, for the trial of Lieutenant and Paymaster Thomas Allison Marshall, of the 1st West York Regiment of Militia; the opinion and sentence of which Court Martial reciting the charge is as follows:

"The Court having maturely investigated the circumstances, and considered the evidence relating to the charge exhibited against the prisoner, are of opinion he is guilty of behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, such as is unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in fraudulently charging Government with considerable sums for greater quantities of meat than were actually delivered to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the said regiment, at sundry periods between the 1st of April

1803, and the 24th of December 1804; and as it appears to the Court, that the sum of seven hundred and sixty-nine pounds nine shillings and five pence halfpenny has been overcharged by him for meat, between the 1st of April, 1803, and the 24th of December, 1804—

"The Court directs, that he the said Lieutenant and Paymaster, T. A. Marshall, do make good the same; and doth also sentence him to be discharged his Majesty's service. And I am to acquaint you, that it is not without concern that his Majesty, having noticed the ingenuous and unreserved confession of the prisoner, and the extreme penitence now professed by him, deems it, however, indispensable for the sake of example, that the sentence of the Court Martial should take effect.

"You will be pleased to favour me with a communication of the day on which his Majesty's pleasure shall have been notified to Lieutenant and Paymaster Marshall, that I may acquaint the Secretary at War therewith, as from that day his pay will cease.

(Signed) C. MORGAN."
Judge Adv. Gen. Office, Ap. 8, 1805.

FORECAST EQUAL TO LABOUR.

A PARISH clerk in the north of England, not long ago hired a Scotchman for his servant, who was to go at the cart and plough, and do other occasional jobs when wanted. In the course of conversation at hiring, the clerk asked him, if he could submit to the unpleasant business of digging graves; to which he exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye, master, I could dig

dig down the kirk for that matter; our auld bellman at Jedburgh us'd to say, he never had better pay, nor better jobs, than howking holes for "fouk." It happened, soon after entering on his service, that there was a heavy fall of snow, which impeded all out-door labour. One morning he came to his master, and asked him what employment he was to go to that day. The employer hesitated for some moments, and at last told him he could find nothing for him to do. Sawney, with great gravity, replied, "I think, master, I'll away up to the kirk-yard, and howk * a few graves; we may as weel ha'e a wheen † ready, for they may come faster in when they ken we are ready for them."

* Dig.

† A few.

A RAMBLE

FROM

The Metropolis to the Western Parts of England.

Kensington—Town School—Holland House—Hammersmith—The Nunnery—Brentford—The Red Lion—Hounslow—Staines—Runamede—Ankerwick House, and a Set Down at Windsor.

THE SET OFF.

EARLY in the spring of the year, to renovate a constitution a little the worse for sedentary pursuits, I left my habitation with no other animal than my faithful dog Tray, whose origin for one moment I must digress to comment on. About two years previous, I found him a half-starved puppy in the high-way, and, placing him in my great-coat pocket, conveyed him home, where, after feeding

him for some time, with kindness and attention, the dog grew, and became so attached to me, that nothing.

"Not even sensual love that can draw all things from propriety,"

Could draw him, by day or by night, from the services of the master who reared him. I had also provided a tobacco-pipe, neatly turned from the tooth of an elephant, with two tubes of the same material, so contrived as to screw all together: in the front of the bowl was inscribed, on a piece of silver inlaid, "A help to meditation." All these were confined in a shagrin case, and occupied no more space in my pocket than an opera-glass, or one of those useless optics ridiculously dangling at the bosom of our modern mock-miopes. With this, and a fine piece of British oak, cut on the Ludsden hills, and presented me by a Kentish woodman, I cheerfully began my peregrinations; encountered the fog that overshadowed the great city, and presently got rid of the smoke and filthy effluence of that more than Newcastle colliery. The western breezes became salubrious, and as the hand of the turnpike clock pointed to the eighth hour of the morning, I entered the great gates of Hyde Park: the swans were just bending their silver bosoms to the waters of the Serpentine; nature had fully bestowed her new liveries on the vernal creation; and on all the forest-scenery of this divine spot, the sun was breaking through the clouds, and the feathered tribes greeting it with their sweetest minstrelsy, when I entered

KENSINGTON,

The first town west, and something less than two miles from the standard.

ard. It was given after the great survey, by William the Norman, to Alban de Vere, in whose family Kensington remained for many generations. It afterwards passed to Finch, Earl of Nottingham, of whom King William III. obtained it by purchase, and converted it into a royal palace, the gardens of which are still graciously opened for public gratification; the grounds are tastefully laid out, and the forest-scenery is no where surpassed in all England. Beyond this is the old ill-built church, and the

TOWN SCHOOL.

This singular clump of brick-work was raised from a design of Sir John Vanbrough, and at first sight reminds us of his Blenheim epitaph:

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

At the extremity of the town, a little to the northward, and at the top of a fine expansive lawn, stands

HOLLAND HOUSE,

The residence of the Right Hon. Lord Holland. The ground plan of this palace is shaped like the capital Roman letter E, a fashion begun in the reign of the sixth Edward, in compliment to that hopeful Prince, adopted principally by those whose better fortunes arose from the bounty of the sovereign. The same attachment to the letter E continued during the reign of his sister Elizabeth. The shaft of this letter forms the main part of the building, the parallels at the extremities, the wings; and the tongue of the E, the porch, or grand entrance. Holland House, as is evident from the armorial shields about it [a chevron between three crosses botony, O, a crescent. S.] was

raised by Richard Lord Rich, 1546, but could not be called Holland House till 1624, when Henry Rich, Lord Kensington, was created Earl of Holland. In this family the mansion continued till after the death of the celebrated Mr. Addison, who married the widow of the noble Earl, and to whose son he was tutor. Mr. Addison took much delight in this peaceable and seldom frequented situation: it was in Holland House that gentleman wrote the greater part of his valuable productions; and here is still his portrait, finely painted, by the hand of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The title of Lord Holland was revived in the late Henry Fox, grandfather of the present Lord and possessor.

Something better than a mile on the main road is

HAMMERSMITH,

A capacious and beautiful village, inhabited principally by families of fortune, titles, and great respectability. The church, though plain without, has within it several excellent monuments, and other beautiful adornments; and on the terrace, next the Thames, lives the much admired artist Mr. P. D. Louthembourg, whose works shall be considered a great honour to this country—particularly his Landing at Aboukir, and The Death of Abercromby—so long as the smallest trace remains on the canvas for our admiration, and a correct delineation of nature, is esteemed and taught in our upper schools. At the entrance of this town, the first building to attract the attention is

THE NUNNERY;

Of no modern institution: yet, from the silent and decorous behaviour
of

of the principal, the Nunnery has made so little noise in the world, as to be seldom noticed; and indeed there are but few willing to credit the existence of such a seminary, or religious sisterhood. The nuns here have their chapel, their burying-ground, and pleasure walks, all within their own walls, which are so lofty as to exclude the eye of impertinence and idle curiosity; but their gates never lock them from the magistracy; and during the hours of devotion, so precisely moral and inoffensive are the manners of these nuns, that every orderly person must return satisfied with the whole tenour of their conduct. How dissimilar to the nuns of the continent before the new order of things took place in France. Cardinal de Retz, in his memoirs, gives a singular proof of impropriety in these ladies: "The first function," says the Cardinal, "I had to discharge, was the visitation of the Nuns of the Conception. I knew that there were in that convent above eighty of these nuns, many of whom were handsome, and some were coquets, which made me very unwilling to expose my virtue with them: however, there was no avoiding it; but I behaved myself in that affair in an edifying manner, because I did not see the face of one of them; I would never speak to them but with their veils down, and that conduct gave a mighty lustre to my chastity." Young ladies of family and fortune are sent here for education, and, at a certain age, when competent to judge for themselves, and with the entire consent of their parents, they may renounce the world and the society of man for ever, and take upon them the veil, the curtain which is to hide them *in toto* from the ends of their creation.

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tion. At present there are not more than forty of these lady nuns. The habit of their order is exceedingly neat and simple. Since the French revolution, many ladies of distinction have joined this sisterhood: they are never seen abroad, but have lay-sisters to wait upon them, and to manage their affairs without the walls. It is but a short time since sister Willoughby, a lady of high distinction, died at this nunnery; the solemnities attending her funeral were equal to any thing of the Roman church in the height of its power, and yet managed with such decorum, as not to give offence to the most scrupulous in matters of religion. There is another nunnery at Acton, a small distance off, an appendage to this; but the sisters are aged, very few, and fit only for the last stage of mortality. From Hammersmith, through a brilliant arrangement of country-houses, I passed over Turnham-green, and, near the seven-mile stone and Kew-bridge, entered the town of

BRENTFORD,

Where once in seven years, or a less space,

Fraud, perjury, and corruption wait,
To try which first shall work the land disgrace,

And eat the loaves and fishes of the state.

Through a little aperture on the left, we behold, across the Thames, an extensive Gothic castle, called the New Palace at Kew, raised on the spot where once stood the Lodge—a summer retreat of Caroline, Queen of George the Second. This new building, particularly the front next the river, exhibits a gloomy mass of apparent impenetrable defence, where there is scarcely a window big enough to

L accommodate

accommodate the inmates of an apple-stall, without any thing about it to indicate an offspring of taste, or that in the least partakes of Gothic simplicity. For want of expansion, the towers appear like so many earthen flaggons, turned the bottoms upward; and the whole, at first sight, awakens in the beholder the idea of a building conceived amidst trembling fears, gestated in distrust, and brought forth by dreadful apprehensions. Could it be elevated on some ragged rock, we might fairly take it for a giant's castle in romance. To say the best of it, the new palace is but a melancholy clump, peering over the waters, on the flank of Brentford, unworthy the ability of Mr. Wyatt, who is said to be the projector. But, to a more cheerful subject—

THE RED LION OF BRENTFORD.

Without the powers of Prospero, there is no correcting the elements: the shower fell fast, and I was obliged to take shelter in the house that has for ages exhibited this savage monster in a brick-dust coloured skin, whose whimsical genealogy shall not be unpleasant for you to understand. In the year 1608, on the 7th of June, a very gallant ship was launched at Deptford, by Mr. Phineas Pette, which, by order of King James, then present with his Court, was named "The Red Lion of England." So highly favoured was this Red Lion, that scarce a sea-port in England omitted to hang out its resemblance; and this, in process of time, became the mother of more monsters than the wilds of Africa; for all the Red Lions from Brentford to Barnstable, and from Banf to Bantry, are descended of this aquatic parent, although no more

like their progenitor, than a cucumber resembles a crocodile.

John Barnes was the first person who hung up the Red Lion at Brentford, but dying soon after, the house was shut up, and the sign taken down. Some years had elapsed, when it was opened again to sell ale in the old way; and the new landlord applying to a painter for a sign to the old name, this ingenious Appelles metamorphosed the man of war into a terrible quadruped.

Perversions like these have been no uncommon thing with our learned sign-painters. The Bull and Man's Head, with a monstrous mouth, is the offspring of a glorious victory in the time of Henry VIII. when the French were defeated in the mouth of Boulogne harbour; and that of a Black Bull, rubbing himself against a field gate, was born of the signal victory the English troops obtained, under the command of Sir John Ardes, over the enemy at the entrance of Boulogne gate, where, in contempt of their threatened invasion, Sir John took away their town gates, and assured the magistrates, that when the French were hardy enough to come to Ardes-Court in Kent, he would let them have their gates again; which, although our blustering neighbours have often promised to do, they have not been able to accomplish.

Nor shall they ever dare to do,
If England to herself be true.

The breezes had once more dried the hasty shower, when, taking leave of old Brentford, I tripped the Brent bridge, passed the elegant entrance to Zion, the delightful mansion of his Grace of Northumberland, and in something more than half an hour, arrived at

HOUNSLOW,

HOUNSLOW,

A very handsome post town, twelve miles from the metropolis, full of good inns, and excellent accommodations. Here was formerly a friary of mendicants, whose institution was to beg alms of the passengers, not for themselves, but for the ransom of captives taken by the infidels; a practice discontinued by the Church ever since the reign of Charles the Second, when the Bishops, and other clerical dignitaries—as appears by Chamberlain's Present State of Britain—subscribed fifty thousand pounds towards the redemption of Englishmen, slaves in Barbary. Leaving the Windsor road on my right hand, at the west end of this town, I took to the southward, when that mother of ten thousand evils, the gun-powder mills, appeared to disturb my recollection, and I could not forbear to express myself thus at its gloomy aspect, and to the distant murmurs of its granulating works:—

Hark! 'tis the waters of the fall below,
 Aping the pace of grief, all sad and slow;
 The while they turn the cylinder around,
 That brays to dust a terrible compound:
 This granulated mass, deranging space,
 Shakes rocks and mountains to their
 firmest base;

Ignitable it flies, and with the lightning's force,

Transforms the hero to a harmless corpse:
 Nor age nor sex it spares—so fierce its fires,

That all within its dreadful rage expires.
 Yet, vagrant Muse, these sulph'rous stores esteem,

They bid our matchless navies ride supreme!

The mines of desolation were now lost to my sight, and a brighter object, the church of humble Bedford, saluted me, where, by permission of the ingenious incumbent, the church-yard yews have been

skilfully shaped into peacocks and partridges. Turning from these labours of the gardener's shears, after a walk of eighteen miles, I entered the town of

STAINES,

For its size one of the best inhabited in the whole county. 'Tis here the corporation of London finish their jurisdiction to the westward; to signify which, a stone is to be seen, still bearing an inscription, and the date 1280. From this boundary, or land-mark, the town takes its name. It is full of excellent inns, and has a good market every Friday; and lately to the great adornment of the place, a cast-iron bridge, of one arch, has been thrown over the river, from the top of which the eye is entertained with a charming landscape. The Thames eel is to be met with at Staines in the highest perfection, and of a very large size, which, when served up a *la mode de pitchcock*, becomes a dainty for the table of an emperor. Passing over the new bridge, I entered Egham, the first town this way in the county of Surry. In this manor, and near the town, is the famous

RUNAMESE,

Where King John was forced by his Barons to sign the GREAT CHARTER, as it is called, that gave security and protection to the church, the nobles, and the gentry, but left the less fortunate mass of the people a prey to slavery, and from which they knew no remission till ages after the completion of this event. However, the people were at length admitted to a participation; may it never be violated with impunity. Sir Walter Raleigh has described this act of the nobles in a manner particularly interesting,

in a dialogue between a justice and a counsellor.

JUSTICE.

"King John confirmed the charter after the death of his nephew Arthur, when he was *rex de jure*.

COUNSELLOR.

"It is true, for he durst do no other, standing accursed, whereby few or none obeyed him; for his nobility refused to follow him into Scotland; and he had so aggrieved the people, by pulling down all his park-pales before harvest, to the end his deer might spoil the corn, and by seizing the temporalities of many bishopricks into his hands, and chiefly for practising the death of the Duke of Britain, his nephew; as also for having lost Normandy to the French, as the hearts of all men were turned from him. Neither was this charter of Henry I. so published that all men might plead it for their advantage, but a charter left, *in deposito*, in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury at that time, and his successors. Stephen Langton, who was ever a traytor to the King, produced this charter to the Barons, whereby encouraging them to make war against the King. Neither was it the old charter simply which the Barons sought to have confirmed, but they presented to the King other articles, or orders, tending to the alteration of the whole estate of the common weal, which when the King refused to sign, the Barons presently put themselves into the field, and, in a rebellious and outrageous fashion, sent the King word, that except he confirmed them, they would not desist from making war against him, till he had satisfied them therein; and in conclusion, the

King, being betrayed by all his nobility, in effect was forced to grant the charter of *Magna Charta*, and *Charta de Forresta*, at such times as he was environed with an army in the meadows of Staines."

The obelisk that now stands in the mead, was lately erected to commemorate this part of English history, and to warn our countrymen to resort to similar expedients whenever their liberties are so far endangered as to claim vigorous exertions. Mr. Mortimer at the same time gave the public a very fine picture on the subject, which the unfortunate Mr. W. W. Ryland engraved, and the print is still treasured as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that celebrated artist. These consecrated meadows still serve as a race ground for Fgham, and it is no uncommon thing to behold the horses running up to their fetlocks in the waters that overflow them. Leaving this enchanting spot, I took up the towing-path by the river, when

ANKERWICK HOUSE

Stood full before me. I had heard much of its antiquities, and had been once entertained by its honourable possessor. In early times Ankerwick House was the habitation of a religious sisterhood; it was rebuilt by Sir John Denham, Surveyor of the Works to King Charles II. whose son was author of the poem called *Cooper's Hill*. Ankerwick House is now the residence of John Crickett, Esq. Marshal of the Admiralty; a gentleman whose liberality outstrips his honourable station. After tracing the windings of the stream,

"Strong without rage, without overflow-
ing, full—"

I left the pretty village of Datchet on my right, mounted the great stile,

stile, passed through the little park, and after a ramble of near thirty miles, entered the royal borough of Windsor,

Where with my friendly dog, repose I sought,
And puff'd the calumet that quickens thought."

You shall hear from me by the next post, with farther accounts of my peregrinations. T. N.

SPORTING PRINTS.

HAVING availed ourselves of the information communicated by our correspondent "Appelles," in a former number, announcing the then approaching appearance of the two representations of Hap-Hazard and Muly Moloch, it becomes peculiarly our province to give an impartial delineation of those elegant productions, now before the public. On the 22d ult. in conformity with the promise previously made by the proprietors, these efforts of art and patient perseverance, were publicly advertized, and offered for sale at the usual places appointed for such purposes. Looking at both, either collectively or individually, the effect instantly attracts the mind of every observer to general admiration. Far, very far beyond every thing of the sporting kind that has been brought before the eye of scientific investigation, they may be truly said to set at defiance every fear of graphic competition. It may be candidly recommended to recollection, that the greater number of prints which have hitherto appeared—somewhat similar in subjects to those before us—have been a sterile display of one single object, with a barrenness

of back ground, and little additional aid to attract the eye, or lay unsullied claim to approbation.

Not so here, in a combination of just, necessary, and interesting objects, the artist has never lost sight of a single *minutia* in the whole paraphernalia of the turf—one proof that he practically understands the task he had undertaken. In the accurate representation of that admirable and celebrated horse Hap-Hazard, no distinguishing trait of his figure or excellence has been omitted. The perspective is most critically preserved; and the imitated verdure of the turf beyond description: the horse is depicted as just stripped of his body clothes, saddled, and ready to be mounted for his match against Lord Strathmore's bay horse by Walnut, at York, for 500gs, which he won with the greatest ease. In the *tout en semble* of the figure, perfection seems to be completely attained; the symmetry of the frame, the depth of the chest, the natural distension of the nostril, the emulative expression of the eye, and the rich erection of the crest, are all so correct, that they constitute a *contour* of uniform and unprecedented excellence. Attendant upon the horse, are portraits of the three who personally officiate in the care and superintendence of the object in question, when in training, and during the race. Two of these well known characters—Samuel Wheatley, the training groom, who holds the horse, and William Peirce the jockey, who is in the act of stripping to mount—are certainly superior to every description that can be extracted from the pen; in addition to which the distant view of the grand stand, encircling a bevy of beauties, with the surrounding booths, carriages,

riages, and equestrian sportsmen; afford such a picturesque representation as has very seldom, if ever, been submitted to public analization.

The companion to which, twenty-four inches by eighteen, is the portrait of that famous horse Muly Moloch, whose performances are, as well as Hap-Hazard's, annexed to the plate. This most excellent production, if a preference is to be given to either, must be acknowledged one of the most admirable efforts of human genius. The horse is represented, immediately after his winning a sweepstake of 20gs each, ten subscribers, undergoing the ceremony of scraping, wisping, &c. &c. as is usual after a heat. In the back ground—as a specimen of the most beautiful and unprecedented perspective—is observed a natural and picturesque representation of the stands, booths, carriages in seeming action, sportsmen in all directions, and in all pleasing positions. The exact portraits of five appear in front with the horse, which is most admirably depicted in the emulative and playful attitudes for which the offspring of high blood is so remarkable when under the process of racing discipline. At some little distance behind the horse, who is seen displaying the utmost life and spirit, are three correct and most excellent portraits of Hardy the training groom, Trotter the farrier, and Thompson the gardener to Lord Darlington, whose property the horses are. The horse is well and judiciously held by a chubby-faced stable lad of the name of Tod; and they are said, by those who have seen the originals, to be the best and most highly finished likenesses ever produced from a plate. The three behind the horse form an earnest conversation piece, seldom if

ever equalled in either line, stroke, or mezzotinto engraving. So far as we are enabled to decide upon the merits of the execution, we presume to predict, that, when sufficiently seen by the sporting world, they will be universally admitted superior to all that ever appeared before them.

ANOTHER SAMPSON.

THE "Gazette de la Sante," a French publication, contains the following extraordinary particulars of a man named Lemaitre, born in Switzerland, but now residing in Chateaudun, aged 80 years:

This second Milo carried on his shoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horse belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a considerable distance. Like his rival of Crotona, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horses, advancing at a smart trot; he drew after him, with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained immovable, notwithstanding their united efforts, to throw him down. As active as he is strong and valiant, having been once called on to assist as one of the city guards, in the suppression of a riot at Versailles, he pursued one of the French guards, who was reputed the most active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him by merely laying his iron hand on him, for the purpose of stopping him.—It was this event which established him at Chateaudun, as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lazarus to Vendome, before he could obtain his pardon. During the revolution he was thrown into prison, when this modern Sampson obtained

ed his liberty, by carrying the doors of the prison to the revolutionary committee: ardent and generous in his friendship, he solicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentable at that time traversed the department of Eure and Loire, invested with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it, followed him post haste, and overtook him on the road; his carriage being stuck fast in a slough up to the axle-tree, he creeps under it, raises it up, frees it from the slough; and as a reward for his services, obtains the liberty of his fellow prisoners. A fire took place at Chateaudun, horses harnessed to graplings, tugged in vain in every direction; he unharnesses them, seizes the ropes himself, and immediately the wall gives way, and the fire is stopped. In an insurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to seize the municipality, of which body he was a member; he coolly stepped forward, and swimming through the tumultuous waves, he brought dozens of them to the ground. He was insulted at his own door by some national guards, who drew their sabres against him; he laid hold of one of the most impertinent among them, and wielding him as he would a club, he soon brought the whole party to their senses. About eight years ago he supported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arms length lifted up a grenadier by the waist. We should never end were we to recount all the instances of his strength; his athletic form bespeaks his extraordinary vigour; and when nature shall determine to break one of the noblest of her works, science may possibly claim possession of so fine a subject as a *chef-d'œuvre* for the study of miology.

STALLIONS.

To Cover this Season.

AARON (late Sacripant) at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 3gs.

Agonistes, at Mr Morland's, Sutton, Surry, at 6gs a mare, and 10s 6d the groom.

Alexander, at Figdale, near Chester, at 5gs, and 5s.

Alexander the Great, at Mr John Mayes, Bergh-Apton, near Norwich; thorough-bred mares that have won a Plate or Sweepstakes of fifty pounds or upwards, or have bred winners to that amount this season, *gratis*; other thorough-bred mares, at 5gs each, grooms fee included.

Ambrosio, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 10gs and a half.

Annecey Arabian, at Cooper's farm, Chinkford-green, Essex, at 3gs, and 10s 6d.

Arabian (a beautiful bay) sent by the Nabob of Arcot to Marquis Cornwallis, and by him presented to Lord Paget, at Kings, by Easton-Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, at 2gs, and a crown.

Arabian (a beautiful chesnut) from the first breed in that country, at Stanmore-house, Stanmore, Middlesex, at 3gs and a half.

Arabian Horse (a beautiful bay) at Wootton-house, near Bedford, at 3gs, and 2s 6d.

Arabian (a grey) at Cheshunt, Herts, at 5gs and a half.

Arabian (a chesnut) at Cheshunt, Herts, at 5gs and a half.

Arabian (Capt. Grey's chesnut) at Woburn, Beds, at 3gs and a half.

Bagman, at Middlethorpe, near York, blood mares at 3gs, and country mares at 1g, and 5s.

Bay

- Barnaby, at Catterick, near Richmond, in the county of York, at 4gs, and 5s.
- Bay Horse (a beautiful), at Joseph Newell's, Newmarket, at 2gs, and 2s 6d.
- Ben Devaynes, at Hammels-park, near Puckeridge, Herts, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Beningbrough, at Shipton, nr. York, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Brush, at Mr Stevens's, King's-head, Caldecot, near Biggleswade, Beds, at 1g, and 2s 6d.
- Cesario, at the Hare Park, near Newmarket, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Cheshire Cheese, at Knutsford, in Cheshire, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
- Cockfighter, at Brompton, near Catterick and Richmond, Yorkshire, at 3gs, blood mares; 1g and a half country mares; and 5s.
- Coriander, at Streatham-castle, near Barnard-castle, Richmond, and Catterick, at 8gs, and 10s 6d.
- Don Quixote, at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Dotterell, at Castle Coombe, Chippenham, Wiltshire, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Dungannon, at Cannons-park, near Stanmore and Edgware, Middlesex; thorough-bred mares at 10gs, and 10s 6d; all others at 5gs, and 5s.
- Espersykes, at Charwelton, near Daventry and Banbury, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Fidget, at Woburn, Beds, at 3gs and a half.
- Flageolet, at Swarkestone, near Derby, at 3gs, and 5s. Thorough-bred mares that have won a fifty pound prize against one or more reputed horses, gratis, paying the groom's fee only.
- Gamenut, at T. Dockeray's Stables, Sutton, Surry, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Gouty, at Oatlands, Surry, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
- Great Britain, at Ingestrie, near Stafford, at 2gs, and 6s.
- Grouse, at Pookesley, near Stony-Stratford, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
- Guildford, at Mr Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.
- Hambletonian, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Highland Fling, at Barrows-Brook, near Cirencester, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Johnny, at Broomsthorpe, nr. Rainham, Norfolk, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Kill Devil, at the Lodge, Barham Wood, near Elstree, Herts, at 10gs and a half.
- Lethe, at Mr Morland's, Sutton, Surry, at 5gs, and 5s; and half-bred mares 3l 8s.
- Mr Teazle, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Meteor, at Figdale, near Chester, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Moorcock, at Ranishaw, near Chesham, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Old Tat, at Whitley, near Warrington, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Osmyn Bey (a beautiful grey Arabian), at Shockerwick, near Bath, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Popinjay, at Haughley White Horse, near Stowmarket, Suffolk, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Shuttle, at Middlethorpe, near York, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Sir Solomon, at Rufford, Notts, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Skyscraper, at Tytherton, Wiltshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Slapbang, at Tenterden, Kent, at 2gs, and 5s.
- Sorcerer, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.
- Stamford, at Carr-house, near Doncaster, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Stickler, at Brampton-park, near Huntingdon, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Stride, at Carr-hill, near Corbridge, Northumberland, at 5gs, and 5s.
- Teddy-

Teddy-the-Grinder, at Mr Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Theodolite, at Thornville-Royal, in Yorkshire, at 2gs; all Col. Thornton's tenants *gratis*.

Totteridge, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Trumpator, at Rockingham-castle, Northamptonshire, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Vermin, at Shrewsbury, at 3gs, and 5s.

Volunteer, at Cannons-park, near Stanmore and Edgware, Middlesex; thorough-bred mares at 10gs, and 10s 6d; all others at 5gs, and 5s.

Waxy, at Newmarket, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Werter, at Lowther, Westmoreland, at 5gs.

Whiskey, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 10gs, and 10s 6d.

Whiskey (the brother to) at Foulstone's Livery-stables, Swallow-street, at 5gs, and 10s 6d.

Worthy, at Padnall's Farm, near Romford, Essex, at 10gs, and 10s 6d; mares not thorough bred, at 5gs, and 5s.

Young Justice, at Langham, near Bury St. Edmunds, at 3gs, and 5s; thorough-bred mares, winners of a Fifty-pound Plate, *gratis*, paying the groom's fee only.

Zecharia, at Shipton, near York, at 3gs, and 5s.

add, that if Mr. Snip be really what he professes, he will certainly *cut the skirts* of his brethren in that town and neighbourhood, in such a way as not only to deprive them of *cabbage*, but also to force them to appear in *thread-bare* garments and out at the *elbows*!

"To such as appearance and economy in dress are a consideration, or where ease and elegance in apparel are preferred to deformity and uncomfortableness, he deems it a duty he owes them, with an offer of his services, to point out some of his pretensions to public patronage. In paintings, the well-informed eye is attracted by masterly performances, which, when placed by those of less merit, shew them to a more conspicuous advantage; put his Habits and Coats to the comparison—not with Country, but London made—and if the language of his advertisement is not engraven on every feature of his work, return it, as he will not suffer any of his customers to wear any article got up by him, that can be exceeded, in the kingdom, as he regularly receives the very best information. He furnishes orders complete; or makes up with materials found him, every article in his branch, from the first measure, and sends to any part without the risk or inconvenience of misfitting; his first care is extended to the state and quality of the goods to be manufactured, and where he finds them improvable, he makes use of various processes before worked, which gives them particular advantage; in the next place, the grand and beneficial mode of cutting used by him, and which he has reduced to a science, gives his fittings a decided preference to every other: his Habits and Coats sit so completely to the shoulder, that they never fall from the neck, nor crease in any part,

EXTRAORDINARY EFFORTS OF THE NEEDLE.

A Copious Specimen of the Puff direct.

THIS is the effusion of a gentleman of the thimble resident at Newcastle; and we have only to

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M

part, and appear so light and pleasant to the wearer, that the more they are wore, the more approved, as they never vary in shape, the elasticity of the cloth being prevented by the proper stitch and form of cutting.—He makes very elegant and curious Coats without seams, which are much admired, and deemed a wonderful invention, as they sit equal to those with the usual seams. To mention the whole superiority of his performances, and the great approbation they are honoured with, would not have sufficient weight to influence any lady or gentleman to credit the authenticity, much more to make trial, the pomp of advertisements too often proving spurious; he therefore firmly relies on those ladies and gentlemen by whom he has had the good fortune to be already employed, to recommend him to a more extensive connection; he cannot pass unnoticed the many obligations of the kind he has already experienced from those who have employed him, and kindly mentioned and interested themselves in his establishment from their declared sentiments of being influenced only by justice to superior merit, and the hope of rewarding and giving encouragement where they find ability conspicuously deserving of general approbation: to these and all his employers he returns his sincere and heart-felt thanks, with fresh assurances of a steady perseverance, and punctual observance of their commands.

“He always attends on Monday for the reception of orders at his Manufactory, and two or three days each week indiscriminately for the convenience of inspecting the exe-

cution of his business; he devotes two days each week to the collecting of orders for the accommodation of his customers, which he divides with the utmost regularity for waiting on his friends, within the circle of twelve or thirteen miles in every direction.”

ANOTHER
SKETCH OF OLD FRAMPTON *;

AND
SIR R. FAGO'S MODE OF DISGUIISING
HORSES.

A GENTLEMAN who made a very extensive tour in the eastern parts of this island, in the reign of Queen Anne, and published his remarks in that of George I. speaking of Newmarket, says—“Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the horse races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharpening part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible; and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

“There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as some say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1000 guineas, the next he won 2000; and so alternately.

* For a portrait and some account of Old Tregonwell Frampton, see our Magazine, Vol. xviii. for April 1801.

He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1000 at a time, as other men do of their pocket money; and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost a thousand pounds as when he had won it.—On the other side, there was Sir R. Fagg, of Sussex, of whom fame says, he has the most in him, and the least to shew for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried the prize. His horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was; for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy and as dirty, and as much like a craft-horse, as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamblers in the field.

“I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all the arts and management of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference equally with their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity, that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first beat.

“Here I fancied myself in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and under this deception was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the

weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables, after the races were over. Pray take it with you, as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again.”

AMUSEMENTS AT LIMA, IN SOUTH AMERICA.

FIRST, it is observed of cock-fighting, that as this diversion was not under any regulations till 1762, the duties of society were not only neglected by many individuals, but there were continual disputes among the amateurs. At length the little square of St. Catherine, near the walls of the city, was fixed upon for this amusement only. It is observed that the brook running here, and the gardens which almost surround this spot, the goodness of air, &c. render the situation most delightful. The building in which the sport is carried on, forms a kind of amphitheatre: the seats naturally ascend, leaving nine open spaces between them for the spectators, who stand. On the outside of the amphitheatre is a very commodious stair-case, which leads to the upper galleries, twenty-nine in number, not including that of the judge, which is distinguished by its decorations and its magnitude. Here this amusement is permitted not only two days in the week, but on Saint's days and on Sundays; the seats in the corridors are let at different prices, but the spectators who stand in the nine open spaces between the area and the galleries, are admitted gratis. Notwithstanding the

the crowd is often immense, no disorders occur, as the judge, who decrees the prizes to the winners, has always a guard with him to enforce his authority.

Tennis is a game which is free to every one, and is also a very wholesome recreation: the players are under no other restriction, excepting that of confining the sums they play for within four piastres.

The bull-fights here, are regulated both as to time and place; and when the combatants want an occasion to shew their valour, they excite admiration by their activity. The cruel custom of ham-stringing the animals that are backward in resenting all other provocation, is extremely blameable, and growing much out of repute. During the whole time, however, the spectators are perpetually teased by the sellers of a kind of punch, which the Spaniards call *ague de berros*; but so strongly impregnated with brandy, that it would be fatal to drink it in a country less temperate than Peru; in fine, the bull fights are attended with much less cruelty than they were, only six years ago.

The most fashionable walk, or promenade, is that of *Alameda*, which is most frequented on Sundays, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Day, (when the Judges, or Alcaldes are elected,) and the 2d of August. The horse-races between the mountains in the environs of Lima, commence on St. John's Day, June 24th, and continue till the end of September. The dew that falls during those months, covering the shrubs and flowers in the sandy plains which terminate the valley, render the season truly delightful; but nothing is so fatal in this climate, as for Europeans to remain out late at night, exposed to the air, or, as they sometimes do, when they

sleep in the slender huts belonging to the native Indians.

Here the number of carriages of all descriptions, the variety of their forms and colours, the elegance of the liveries and the persons of rank that frequent the course, with the magnificent dress of the ladies who grace the scene, render the spectacle undescribably pleasing: however, there is a stiffness and formality among people of fashion, in their manner of saluting each other, which, as it has been long looked upon as ridiculous, is now beginning to wear off apace.

The promenade of *La Piedra Lisa*, is formed for the lovers of tranquillity and meditation. The foliage of the trees by which it is circumscribed, the agreeable umbrage, and the proximity of the river, with the extensive view of the valley of *Lurigancho*, the cultivated state of the country, and the beautiful landscape which it offers to the eye, fill the mind with the most grateful conceptions. In every other respect, the amusements of the city are daily, as it were, approximating nearer to the taste of the great cities of Europe, if we make allowance for some customs, manners, and peculiarities, which in all countries, like the idioms of a language, are untransferrable.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

[The manner of celebrating the Christmas Holidays in the Inner Temple, in the time of Queen Elizabeth; extracted from Ireland's History of the Inns of Court, and by him taken from Gerard Leigh's *Accidence of Memory*.]

THIS day the sewer, carver, and cupbearer are to serve as afore. After the first course served in, the Constable

Constable Marshall cometh into the hall, arrayed with a fair, rich, complete harness, white, and bright, and gilt, with a nest of feathers of all colours upon his crest or helm, and a gilt pole-axe in his hand; and with him sixteen trumpeters, four drums and fifes, going in rank before him: and with them attendeth four men in white harness, from the middle upwards, and halberts in their hands, bearing on their shoulders, the tower: which persons with the drums and musick go three times about the fire. Then the Constable Marshall, after two or three curtesies made, kneeleth down before the Lord Chancellor, behind him the Lieutenant and they kneeling, the Constable Marshall pronounceth an oration of a quarter of an hour's length, thereby declaring the purpose of his coming, and that his purpose is to be admitted into his lordship's service.

Then the Constable Marshall standing up, in submissive manner, delivereth his naked sword to the Steward, who giveth it to the Lord Chancellor, and thereupon the Lord Chancellor willet the Marshall to place the Constable Marshall in his seat; and so he doth, with the Lieutenant also in his seat or place. During this ceremony, the tower is placed beneath the fire.

Then cometh in the Master of the Game, apparelled in green velvet, and the Ranger of the Forest also, in a green suit of satin, bearing in his hand a green bow and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks; blowing together three blasts of venery, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the Master of the Game maketh three curtesies as aforesaid, and desireth to be admitted into his service, &c. All this time the Ranger of the Forest

standeth directly behind him. Then the Master of the Game standeth up.

This ceremony also performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox and a purse net, with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the Marshall placed them in their several appointed places.

Then proceedeth the second course; which done, and served out, the Common Serjeant delivereth a plausible speech to the Lord Chancellor, and his company at the highest table, how necessary a thing it is to have officers at this present, the Constable Marshall, and Master of the Game, for the better honour and reputation of the commonwealth, and wisheth them to be received, &c.

Then the King's Serjeant at Law declareth and inferreth the necessity; which heard, the Lord Chancellor desireth respite of further advice. Then the antientest of the Revels singeth a song, with assistance of others here present.

At supper the hall is to be served in all solemnity as upon Christmas day, both the first and second course to the highest table. Supper ended, the Constable Marshall presented himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold borne by four men, and goeth three times round about the harthe; crying out aloud, A Lord! a lord! &c. Then he descendeth and goeth to dance, &c. And after he calleth his court, every one by name, one by one, in this manner.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlehurst, in the county of Buckingham.

Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascall-hall, in the county of Rake-hell.

Sir

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Muchmonkery, in the county of Madmapery.

Sir Bartholomew Baldbreach, of Buttocksbury, in the county of Brekenneck.

This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the banquet : which ended, with some minstrelsy, mirth, and dancing, every man departeth to rest.

The remaining days of Christmas were celebrated in a similar manner.

Such were the ridiculous amusements of some of the most distinguished characters in the kingdom in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The modern sportsman will view with disgust, the cruelty and folly of a fox chase in so confined a place as the hall of the Inner Temple; and the wit will not feel much gratification in the gross and senseless allusions of the Constable Marshall. To the antiquary, however, this recital of the customs and manners of old times may afford some degree of delight; and the rigid moralist, who is daily complaining against a deterioration in the conduct of mankind, will, upon the perusal of this account, be at least compelled to confess, that the present age surpasses that of which we have been speaking, in those essential points of national improvement, delicacy, and humanity.

This mummery was exhibited in the 4th of Elizabeth. The Lord Robert Dudley (afterwards Earl of Leicester), was the principal actor; his title on the occasion was Palaphilos, being Constable Marshall: his officers were as follows:

Mr. Onslow, Lord Chancellor.
Anthony Stapleton, Lord Treasurer.
Robert Kilway, Lord Privy Seal.
John Fuller, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

William Pole, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Roger Manwood, Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

Mr. Bashe, Steward of the Household.

Mr. Copley, Marshal of the Household.

Mr. Paten, Chief Butler.

Christopher Hatton, Master of the Game, (he was afterwards Lord Chancellor.)

Mr. Blaston, }
Mr. Yorke, } Masters of the
Mr. Peuston, } Revels.

Mr. Jervise, }
Mr. Parker, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mr. Kendall, Carver.

Mr. Martyn, Ranger of the Forests.

Mr. Stradling, Sewer.

There were besides these several others, and upwards of fourscore of the guard.

We cannot avoid concluding this account with some very appropriate lines from the long story of our poet, Gray :—

“ My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
And seals and maces danc'd before him;
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's
Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not
trouble it.”

DEAN SWIFT OUTWITTED BY THE COBLER.

AN English gentleman having some occasion to see the Dean, went over to Ireland for the purpose of waiting on him; but, being an entire stranger to the country, he made many ineffectual inquiries after his place of residence,

dence, till at length he found out a cobbler's stall in the vicinity of his mansion, where, seeing the man at work, he inquired of him where the Dean lived. The cobbler, pursuing his business, and unmindful of the inquirer, replied, "I knows nothing at all at all about him." In the interim a woman passing by, and hearing the conversation, asked the cobbler if he was not ashamed to say he did not know the Dean, when he lived but a few doors from him? The cobbler still persisting in his answer, the woman directed the gentleman to the Dean, who, it would be unnecessary to mention, received him with that politeness and hospitality distinguishable to himself and the country. After the Dean and his guest had completed the business they had been investigating, they went into general topics of conversation; in the course of which the gentleman told the Dean he was astonished that a man of his public character should be so little known; "So little known," replied the Dean, "I am known from one end of Ireland to the other! Not a shoeblack, nor a chandler's shop, but could direct you!" "How happens it, then," says the gentleman, "that the cobbler opposite, now at work in his stall, says he does not know you?" "Not know me!" replies the Dean in warmth, "Not know me! I'll send for him directly, and know the cause of this insult." He sent for the cobbler, who attended forthwith, when, inquiring of him "how he dared to say he did not know him?" the cobbler (scratching his head) said, "Your honour I never knows a man I never drank with, and I never drank with your honour." The Dean conceiving him to be one of his sort in eccentricity said, "Well, cobbler, we will be better acquainted;" and ordering up a

bottle of wine, bid him sit down and drink with him; which while they were doing check by jole, as the saying is, the Dean inquired after his pursuits in life—as, how he lived, what family he had, &c. The cobbler told him he had a wife and six children, and nothing but his labour to depend on. The Dean then asked him if it would do him a service was he to lend him £5, and to take it by instalments at 2s per week; to which the cobbler answered, he should consider him the best friend he ever had. The Dean immediately gave him the money, with a positive injunction that he should come on that day week, and every succeeding day on the weeks following, till the whole of the money should be paid; which the cobbler agreeing to, they had recourse to their conversation and the bottle. When the cobbler found the bottle nearly exhausted, he asked the Dean if he would grant him a favour. The Dean, after some hesitation, said he could not grant a favour, unless he knew the conditions. The other said he could not propose it unless he unconditionally agreed to comply with it, stating there was nothing improper in it. The Dean, conceiving the cobbler an oddity like himself, agreed to grant it. The cobbler then said, "Will you agree to cobbler's law?" "Cobbler's law?" said the Dean; "but I have promised, and will agree to it." Then said the cobbler, "the cobbler's law is this, that he who is the receiver, treats; and, as I have received five pounds of you this night, here is my two shillings for the bottle of wine." The Dean took his money, and at parting desired him to be punctual, which the cobbler promised. On the first day of payment the cobbler went to fulfil his engagement, and paid the Dean

Dean his first instalment, which after having received he was leaving the room; when the cobbler told him he was the receiver, and of course he must treat him. "Pox take you," said the Dean, "if cobbler's law obliges me to treat you with a bottle of wine every time you pay me two-shillings, I'd better be without your custom. Keep the money, and don't trouble me any more."

HORSE-CHASE UPON THE FROZEN SEA.

THAT very judicious and entertaining traveller, Mr. Joseph Acerbi, speaking of his passage over the Gulf of Bosnia, is highly curious and interesting.

"When a traveller is going to cross over the Gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arrival at Grioleham. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, though being only three in company, and two servants. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice, without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea is, doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land, over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison, and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more

rugged and unequal. It assumed, as we proceeded, an undulating appearance resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seemed as if suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole, they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprised the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form, and embellished by superb stalactites, of a blue green colour.

Amidst this chaos, it was not without much fatigue and trouble that our horses were able to find, and pursue their way; it was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the left, and frequently the legs of one or the other of the company raised perpendicularly in the air, served as a signal for the whole of the caravan to halt. The inconvenience and the danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstances. Our horses were made wild and furious both by the sight and smell of our great pelisses, manufactured of the skins of Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges were overturned, the horses that belonged to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear, rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop, to the great terror of both passenger and driver.

driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of his bridle, and suffered the horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which the sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal at last, wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blinded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited horses in our train, having taken fright, and completely made his escape, the peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the fatigue and pain of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse, relieved from his weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment; the sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added wings to his flight. When he had fled a considerable distance from us, he appeared, from time to time, as a dark spot, which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. And now the peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves, we made the best of our way to one of the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could, in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of losing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey on the ice, we did not meet with so much

as a man, a beast, a bird, or any living creature. These vast solitudes present a desert abandoned, as it were, by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse: pieces thus forcibly broken off, are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures, you may see the watery abyss below; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across these rents, as bridges, for the sledges to pass over.

After considerable fatigue, and having refreshed our horses, about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar, about thirty-five English miles distant from where we started; but from the turnings we were obliged to make, not less than ten miles might be added. All this while, however, we were kept in anxious suspense about the fugitive horse, supposing him lost in the abyss; we had even prepared to continue our journey, and had put on new horses to the sledges, when with inexpressible pleasure we espied the two sledges that went in pursuit, returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was still enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelisses as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the

peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed the sight, and sense of our pelisses. From Signilskar we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland, where you meet with post houses, that is to say, places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land, and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands is not less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have had the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route for the guidance of travellers in the night time, or directing them how to find out the right way after the falls of snow."

THE VENETIAN OUTLAW.

Drury-lane Theatre.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Count Vivaldi..... | Mr. Elliston. |
| Alfieri..... | Mr. Powell. |
| Orsano..... | Mr. Barrymore. |
| Doge of Venice... | Mr. Raymond. |
| Rozara..... | Mrs. H. Johnston. |

THE fable of this piece is chiefly founded on one of the numerous conspiracies produced by struggles for power in the republic of Venice, and many of the situations seem to be taken from Mr. Lewis's novel called "The Bravo of Venice."

The Count Vivaldi and his son, Venetian nobles, having been unjustly accused of treason, and banished from the states of Venice, the father dies in exile, the son assumes the name of Walstein, and serves in the armies of Charles V.

and on the Venetians requesting the Emperor to send them a general to command their troops, he appoints Vivaldi, under his assumed character of Walstein. Vivaldi, eager to serve his country, and also to see again the daughter of the Doge, to whom he is secretly married, hazards his return, trusting that long absence, and other causes, would prevent his being recognized, except by his friend Alfieri, with whom he appoints an interview, and who consents to aid his views. On Vivaldi's way to Venice, he obtains information of a conspiracy formed against the state by Count Orsano, who was at once his rival with Rozara, and his political enemy. He intercepts one of Orsano's agents or freebooters, called Abelino, who being slain, Vivaldi resolves to personate him, for the purpose of discovering the whole of the conspiracy. Out of these circumstances arises the interests of the piece; and after many difficulties, Vivaldi succeeds in his patriotic views, and is re-united to his wife.

The plot is extremely interesting, and some of the parts are truly dramatic; but there is not enough of the nerve or terseness of the stage in the dialogue, which was unconnected, and, in many places, abounded with common-place moral declamation. Notwithstanding this, it has merit of a very superior order; and, with the aid of music, as a Melo-Drama, or the relief of comic characters, as an Opera, would be crowned with no common success. The author has an excellent notion of the stage.

Rozara was performed by Mrs. H. Johnston; the daring features of Vivaldi were delineated with admirable energy by Mr. Elliston; and Mr. Barrymore was no less successful

successful in the principal conspirator: the concluding line of his part was honoured with three distinct rounds of applause. Neither the poetry nor the sentiment had any extraordinary claim to excellence or originality; it was simply this—

"I am not bound to answer interrogatories."

And yet, whether from the emphatic manner of the performer, or the application of the audience to a recent political event, it shook the house with applause.

Mr. Elliston is said to be the author or translator of this drama.

The stile in general seldom rises above mediocrity, but in a few passages there was considerable strength and happiness of expression discoverable. The *situations*, as they are theatrically termed, were more diversified and striking than are to be found in any regular dramatic exhibition. It was a second time received by a numerous audience with very great applause; and is certainly highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Elliston, whether considered as an author or performer.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

OR,
WHAT CAN BEAUTY DO?

Drury-lane Theatre.

A NEW AFTER-PIECE.

THOUGH this little drama bears some resemblance to the Maid of the Oaks in its opening, the fable, in its progress, is differently constructed, and is above the common order of those mere vehicles for music.

Lord Broomville is about to marry Miss Belcour, who gives her reluctant assent, as her heart is fixed on Henry, who it is supposed died in Egypt. The mirth of the earlier scenes is well kept up by Miss Dashaway and Mr. Racket (Miss De Camp and Mr. Bannister) from London. Johnstone and Mrs. Bland, as a gardener and a *soubrette*, furnish no small share of pleasantry. In the end, Captain Manly, mourned under the name of Henry, returns, and sends a challenge to his father, whom he did not know under his new title. Being recognized, the transfer is not difficult, and he is made the husband of Belinda Belcour.

In the dialogue there are some very palpable hits at what is called fashionable life. The music, by Hook, will advance even his established reputation. The glee, the duet, and the *polacca*, in the first act, which were all *encored*, will no doubt be favourites with the public. The following *bravura*, in the second act, was given by Mrs. Mountain with very considerable effect:

BRAVURA.—BELINDA.

Strike the harp, sweep the strings like the
Druids of old,

The Genius of Britain inspires the lay,
Let the strain be majestic, mighty, and
bold,

While the banners of Britain her heroes display.

Strike! strike the bold strain!

Rise, Britons, rise, thy foes advance,

The din of war like waters roars,

Arise, and meet the powers of France,

Like rocks that guard your native
shores;

Till British fame to Heaven shall rise,

And shouts of victory rend the skies:

Thus Britain's Genius speaks in me,

Fight, conquer, and be free.

This piece continues to be received with considerable applause.

THE DRAMA.

THE Thespian Dictionary, or Dramatic Biography of the Present Age, containing Sketches of the Lives, Lists of the Productions, various Merits, &c. &c. of all the principal Dramatists, Composers, Commentators, Managers, Actors, and Actresses, of the United Kingdom; interspersed with numerous original Anecdotes; forming a Complete Modern History of the English Stage.

From the very comprehensive title-page of this interesting work, our readers will be enabled to form some idea of its contents; nor will they be disappointed in the perusal of it. We have experienced much satisfaction ourselves; and can with confidence recommend it to the notice of our friends. Here the amateur, as well as the professional man, will probably find much entertainment, and some useful lessons. The typography is peculiarly neat, and extends to near 500 pages, which are illustrated by twenty-two engravings of the most popular performers.

We shall here introduce the advertisement prefixed to the work, and conclude our notice of it with a sketch of the life of Master Betty, the theatrical phenomenon of the present day.

"The very flattering success of the first edition of the Thespian Dictionary has induced the Editor to revise the work with peculiar attention, and, availing himself of those emendations which have been kindly pointed out by Correspondents and Reviewers, it is humbly presumed, that the present edition will be found as correct as a volume of this nature can possibly be. The additions chiefly consist

of authentic memoirs of several performers, who, since the former edition, have appeared on the London boards. The works of the dramatists are also brought down to the present period; further particulars are given of remarkable characters; and several country managers, actors, &c. hitherto unnoticed, are now included. It must however be observed, that in the following alphabetical collection of dramatic biography, names, particularly of the inferior performers now living, are purposely omitted, as unworthy notice, especially as nothing could with justice be said of them to interest the public, or redound to their own advantage. Nor, indeed, could the bare mention of such names, which would have occupied too much space in these our limited pages, and which might seldom or never be looked for, be of any utility either to themselves or the public; it was necessary to show that *some* persons *have been*, or *are*; this plan has been adopted: but the most insignificant are, in justice to their demerits, consigned to oblivion. It may also be necessary to add, that a few names, particularly of the deceased, though not to be met with according to the alphabetical arrangement, are, notwithstanding, mentioned in the course of this work, which is intended more for a pocket remembrancer of the most principal managers, dramatists, &c. of all the theatres of the united kingdom, than a worthless record of family anecdote and green-room scandal.

As the diminutive type of the former edition was not agreeable to the generality of readers, this complaint is removed in the present; and additional engravings are also given, as a farther improvement, particularly

of the Young Roscius, whose recent fame justly entitles him to notice. Thus the Editor, as was his duty for the encouragement already received, has endeavoured to render the Thespian Dictionary doubly worthy the continuance of public favour. But so various are the changes which continually and suddenly take place in the theatrical world, owing to "Management," "Matrimony," "The Doctor and the Apothecary," &c. that it would be absolute presumption in him to announce even this revised edition truly perfect. Soon after the first part was committed to the press, some alterations happened; on account of which it was deemed necessary to conclude the work with a supplementary page, which the reader is requested to consult."

MASTER W. H. W. BETTY.

Actor, and styled The Young Roscius, is the only son of Mr. William Henry West Betty, formerly of Hopton Wafers in Shropshire, and lately of Ballynahinch, in the county of Down, and within a few miles of Belfast, Ireland, and was born September 13, 1791, at St. Chad's, Shrewsbury. His father is of Irish birth, and son of Dr. Betty, a respectable physician at Lisburn in Ireland: for some time he has been engaged in a farm at Ballynahinch, where he also had a concern in a linen manufactory. Here young Betty received the rudiments of his education, and imbibed a fondness for recitation from the peculiar taste of his mother, who was a Miss Stanton of Worcestershire, a lady of superior accomplishments, and possessed of a handsome fortune, which, according to report, is settled upon the son. She is said to have been an

eminent performer in private theatrical parties, and consequently capable of instructing her boy. Master Betty having accidentally accompanied his father to the theatre, Belfast, where Mrs. Siddons was engaged to play a few nights in 1802, was so suddenly charmed with the representation of "Pizarro," that on his return home he not only surprised his parents, by reciting several of Elvira's speeches, which he had committed to memory, in imitation of Mrs. Siddons, but emphatically declared his resolution of becoming an actor; and this disposition continuing with increased ardour, he was at length introduced by his father to Mr. Atkins, manager of the Belfast theatre, before whom, and his prompter, Mr. Hough, Master Betty rehearsed those passages, which he had thus learned, to their mutual satisfaction. An intimacy now took place between Mr. Betty and Mr. Hough, when the latter—disengaged from theatrical business in consequence of the then rebellion, which obliged all the theatres throughout Ireland to shut—accepted an invitation from the former, and spent a few days at Ballynahinch. During his stay, Master Betty cheerfully availed himself of his instructions, and now perfected himself in several first rate characters, particularly Osman, (Zara); Rolla, (Pizarro); Douglas, &c. On Mr. Hough's return to Belfast, Mr. Atkins, induced by his favourable report of the boy's surprising talents, engaged him for four nights, and his first public appearance was in Osman, August 16, 1803, when but a month short of twelve years old. The bills set forth the character *by a young gentleman, only ELEVEN years of age*, which naturally attracted a crowded house. His

His performance was received with universal admiration. His next character was Young Norval in Douglas, which was succeeded by Rolla, and his engagement concluded with Romeo. His reputation having increased with each attempt, his father wisely resolved to indulge his son's inclination; we say wisely, for there is a false pride which generally characterizes the Irish nation, and holds the profession of an actor in contempt; notwithstanding Ireland has to boast of having given birth to, or bringing forward, some of our most eminent performers. On an invitation from Mr. Jones, manager of the Theatre Royal Dublin, an engagement was made for nine nights. Here Master Betty made his appearance in Young Norval, and he performed his number of nights to overflowing houses with continued applause. It was in this city he was first publicly known by the name of The Infant Roscius, upon which we shall make some remarks hereafter. His next engagement was at Cork, where his career was equally brilliant. Such was now his fame, that Mr. Jackson invited him to Scotland. Accordingly he visited Glasgow, accompanied by his preceptor Mr. Hough, where his first appearance was on May 21, 1804, in Young Norval. Here he performed fourteen nights to overflowing houses, and "with the greatest bursts of applause" says the manager "that was ever witnessed by any audience." Such was also his success at Edinburgh, that the veteran manager, Mr. Jackson, mentions the following singular occurrence in a well-written pamphlet, which seems to have been published principally with a view of castigating an anonymous defamer of the boy and of

himself: "Mr. Home," author of Douglas, &c. "came, according to his word, and I had the pleasure of seating him at the side of the first wing, where I had enjoyed the same honour, at the very play, forty-three years before. And I presume no one ever received higher gratification than he did from the performance of the Young Roscius that evening. I speak it from conviction. I read his looks, and saw the undisguised workings of his frame. The play concluded with reiterated applauses; which had scarcely ceased when the author of Douglas, in the plenitude of rapturous enthusiasm, from the unexpected gratification he had received, stepped forward before the curtain, and bowed respectfully to the audience, retiring amidst the convulsed and tumultuous acclamations of the house. I asked him how he had been entertained? He answered, 'Never better, Sir; this is the first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played—that is, according to my ideas of the character, as at that time I conceived it, and as I wrote it. This child is a wonderful being; his endowments are great beyond conception; and I pronounce him at present, or at least that he soon will be, one of the first actors of the British stage.' Mr. Jackson also states, that, like other boys, he indulges himself in juvenile amusements off the boards: and he who perhaps has been playing marbles an hour before with some of his playfellows, has, without any previous preparation, except dressing, and without that timidity natural to youth, entered, and acted boldly, as Richard the Third, before a crowded audience. At Edinburgh he also played fourteen nights, and repeated the characters of Douglas, Hamlet, Rolla, Tancred,

Tancred, and Richard. His next visit was to Birmingham, on the advantageous terms of dividing with the manager, Mr. M'Cready, the receipts—after deducting the nightly charges—and a benefit. Here he performed the first week, Douglas, Hamlet, Rolla, Richard; the second week, Hamlet, Osman, Douglas, Romeo, and Achmet (Barbarossa); and the third week, Frederick (Lovers Vows), Hamlet, Octavian (Mountaineers), and Richard, with considerable fame and emolument. Here Mr. Justice Graham, one of the managers of Drury-lane, saw his performance, and made him an offer of half a clear benefit for seven nights; a proposal naturally rejected, when he was making upwards of £60 per night in the country. As the friends of the boy now demanded 50 guineas per night, and a whole clear benefit, the Drury-lane managers began to deliberate, and Mr. Harris, in the interim, engaged him on the terms proposed. This roused the Drury-lane managers, who immediately sent their deputy, Mr. Wroughton, to Liverpool, where our young hero was now adding to his fame—having also gathered laurels at Sheffield—to outbid their rival, and to remind his friends that they had made a prior proposal. His friends, however, swayed by honour, observed that Mr. Harris, had made a prior engagement; however, as the agreement between them did not forbid Master Betty from performing elsewhere in London during the intervening nights or weeks, the managers of Drury-lane availed themselves of this opportunity, and engaged him for the intervals between the Covent Garden nights. His first appearance in London accordingly took place at Covent Garden on Saturday De-

cember 1, 1804, in Achmet (Barbarossa), which character he repeated the following Monday, and the same week appeared in Douglas and Frederick. On Monday, December 10, he appeared at Drury-lane in Douglas, which character he also repeated at that theatre, and likewise performed Achmet; but having been suddenly taken ill on the day intended for a repetition of the latter character, many hundreds were disappointed of witnessing that night his extraordinary abilities. Great have been the eucoriums bestowed upon this young gentleman, which, though they have raised high expectations, and created universal curiosity, have not, like the generality of puffs, been productive of disappointment. That a boy could perform such arduous characters in a style superior to many of our veteran actors, was seemingly an exaggerated account; consequently many prejudiced and incredulous critics attended his performances in London, to point out all his defects; among these were several performers, who chiefly occupied the best seats. Prejudice however vanished, and incredulity recanted! The most fastidious saw his beauties, and could not deny his merit; while the performers, who were only spectators that night, beheld in him a faithful mirror, which pointed out to them their own defects. Mr. Knight, the comedian, we are told, would not credit the accounts of his merit, till ocular demonstration satisfied him: and Mr. Stephen Kemble, deriding the idea of his excellence, gave it as his opinion that it must be "a Tom Thumb exhibition." However, this Lilliputian actor certainly brings more money in a few nights to the theatrical treasures, than Falstaff Kemble will in a whole

a whole season. The writer of this confesses, that he disbelieved all the reports in his favour, but he owns he was agreeably surprised, and highly entertained, by his performance; still he must think that Master Betty would perform to greater advantage, if playing with gentlemen and ladies of his own age; for, notwithstanding the characters he has played in London, except Octavian, are really juvenile, yet, when on the boards with Mr. Barrymore, &c. the disparity of stature, as well as years, greatly diminishes his worth. Merit, indeed, made Garrick "six feet high," but then he spoke like an adult—he acted like a man: this Master Betty, on account of his puerile voice and appearance, cannot do; and therefore when a tall, masculine Lord Randolph becomes jealous of our Young Norval, or an Irene, old enough to be Zaphira the mother, falls in love with a Selim thirteen years old, we cannot overlook his age and stature. This remark is not made to detract from the young gentleman's merit, but merely to point out to how much greater advantage it might have been displayed: and surely, as Mr. Colman lately produced a piece—*Fairies' Revels*—chiefly performed by children, the managers of the winter theatres might, on this occasion, have provided a juvenile company. There is an impropriety in calling him the Young Roscius. Roscius was the best Roman actor of whom we have any account; and the public were so justly dazzled by the splendour of Mr. Garrick's talents, that having no person, in the memory of man, to compare him to, but having some indistinct ideas of transcendent merit in Roscius, they borrowed that name as the only compliment they

had to bestow. Now as the English Roscius is still in memory, the compliment to Master Betty should have been the Young Garrick—not the Young Roscius: and even this compliment should not have been presumptuously paid him by the managers or his friends, till a London audience had, by their approbation, conferred it on him. At Covent Garden he was properly announced as Master Betty, but the Drury-lane managers copied the title which was given him in the country bills; not considering that what may be allowed in the country, by way of attraction, is quite unnecessary in London. A report that this young gentleman was a ward in Chancery originated from his having been introduced to the Lord Chancellor, who desired to see him: the proprietors of Drury-lane, however, for the laudable purpose of insuring to him hereafter his present earnings, generously endeavoured, but without effect, to confirm this report. He is about four feet six inches in height; his features are handsome, but not peculiarly marked; his eye is quick and brilliant; his habits and observations are puerile, unless questions are put to him in order to try the force and provoke the exercise of his mind: then his answers are so appropriate as to excite surprise. His heart is excellent, as the following anecdote will prove:—While at Birmingham a proposal was made to him to perform for the benefit of one of the minor performers, who was in a state of indigence: he immediately assented; but the manager, who very naturally consulted the interest of his own engagement, interfered, and his benevolent purpose was of course defeated. Upon being informed of this prohibition, he was angry and dejected.

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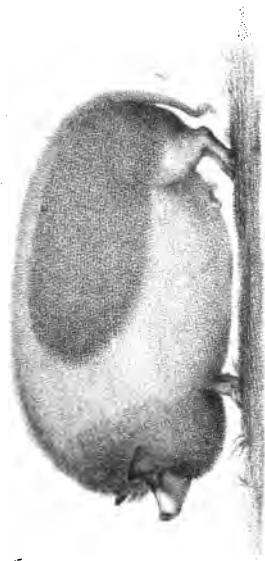


Fig 8 Months Old, between a Chinese & Leicester, bred by Mr. Tisdal, Fed by a Duke of Bedford.

Published by J. W. Apple, Worcester, Mass.

dejected. He shed tears, declaring he would do his utmost to serve the poor man. As it was the custom then at Birmingham to invite him to every fashionable party, he took a number of his tickets with him, the night he was informed of the manager's resistance to his wish, to a large company, and succeeded in selling about six dozen. We have been told, that during the rehearsals in London, he refused to be instructed by any of the performers, and even directed the business of the stage himself, pointing out some improprieties in those who were acting with him. It is, however, an idle opinion, that nature has been his only mistress; he has been well tutored by his mother, and by Mr. Hough; and is not only to be admired for his docility and retentive memory, but for the able manner in which he executes those instructions.

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S CURIOUS PIG.

An Engraving.

ALTHOUGH pigs are not sporting animals, except in the case of that belonging to Sir William Mildmay's game-keeper, of which we gave an account in a former volume, yet, in compliment to the very respectable gentleman who sent us the drawing from which this is taken, we cheerfully give it a place, under a persuasion, that it will meet the approbation of our friends.

This pig was exhibited at Lord Somerville's cattle-shew, in Dixon's Yard, Barbican, March 4, 1805. It was then nine months old, between Chinese and Leicester, bred

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by Mr. Isted, and fed by the Duke of Bedford. It measures, in height, one foot eleven inches; in length, from rump to snout, three feet nine inches; and in girth, across the shoulders, four feet nine inches.

SPORTSMAN'S CABINET;

OR

A Correct Delineation of the various Dogs used in the Sports of the Field; including the Canine Race in general: consisting of a Series of rich and masterly Engravings of every distinct Breed, from original Paintings taken from Life, purposely for the Work, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. engraved in the Line Manner, by Mr. John Scott, by whom the Plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed; and interspersed with beautiful Vignettes, engraved on Wood. Forming a Collection of Superb Sporting Subjects, worthy the Attention of Amateurs of Field Sports, and Admirers of the Arts in general.

THIS elegant work, we are happy to say, is at length completed in twenty-five numbers, super-royal quarto, which have been published monthly. The regularity with which the Sportsman's Cabinet has been conducted, from the first number to the last, reflects considerable credit on its proprietors.

The work is already so well known, that it would be a waste of time to go into further particulars on its peculiar merits, than just to observe, that we have received much gratification in the perusal of the whole; and for that of our readers, who may not have had the same opportunity with ourselves, nothing but want of room prevents us from making a copious extract, which must be deferred till our next publication.

O, PUGILISM.

PUGILISM.

AT the fight which was lately at Shepperton—see our Magazine for last month, page 56—the Chicken challenged any Jew in England to fight him within the space of a month from that time; but the Jews thought it more prudent to match their champion against another man. A man, who is better known amongst the Jews by the nick-name of *Iky Pig* than by his real name, was introduced to the pugilistic world as the Jewish Ajax, and it was agreed that he should contest the palm with Tom Crib, who may not improperly be styled the Ulysses of the Christians. A purse of forty guineas was made up for the purpose, and the battle was fought, Tuesday the 21st instant, at Blackheath. The Jew is a great deal the stronger man of the two: he stood up well, and faced his man with the utmost spirit for several rounds. Crib, on the other hand, was so wary, that he kept him constantly on the alert for upwards of a quarter of an hour, during which time, though Crib was tumbled to the ground seven times successively, he did not receive, comparatively speaking, any injury, but stopped the other frequently with his fist, when he was following him up with the utmost impetuosity. Superficial observers thought that the frequency of the falls must exhaust Crib, and the bets, which in the beginning were considerably in his favour, now became even. Those who watched more attentively, however, saw that, notwithstanding Crib had each time received a blow, which apparently knocked him down, he might be said to be nearly off his centre, at the time of his being hit, so that, in fact, he was only pushed

down. The eighth and ninth rounds were very severe, and very closely contested; but, though Crib was down at the end of each, even the friends of the Jew saw that he had the worst of it, owing particularly to two desperate blows he received on the left side. At the tenth round the Jew hung his head, and seemed very much troubled; at the close of this he got a severe blow on the side of his head, which knocked him down. He fought two rounds afterwards, apparently in great distress; and, though he knocked Crib down at the end of the twelfth round, he said that he had sprained his wrist, and gave in, after having fought about twenty-five minutes. Those who had laid money on the Jew were very much dissatisfied at his giving in at a time when he had knocked down his antagonist, and was able to walk in a strong, upright manner, out of the ring. Will Wood, the coachman, seconded the Jew, and Tom Jones picked up Crib. Belcher, Jackson, and Mendoza, and some other pugilists, besides Mr. Fletcher Read, and some other amateurs, were in the ring.

When the above match was finished, a purse of ten guineas was made up for a second fight, between another Jew and another Christian. The former was one Youssof—probably a corruption of Joseph—who is well known as a fighting man among the Jews; the latter is George Richmond, an American Black. This battle lasted only about a quarter of an hour; but the blows were by far more numerous, and of more serious consequence, than the former. Though the fight was very fairly and impartially managed by those who had the management of it, the crowd, both Jew and Gentile, were very clamorous

clamorous against the Black. The Jew sparr'd very neatly, and stopp'd a great many blows; but neither fell without being fairly knocked down, except once that the Black's foot slipped. In the third round the Black was almost beat out of the ring; but, between that and the fourth, he received some instructions from one of the most expert and lively pugilists of the present day. He made good use of the advice he got, and followed the other up so close, that with repeated desperate blows he totally disfigured his opponent, and compelled him to yield, after a brave resistance, at the end of the sixth round.

Two American Judges, fought in the Hall of the Legislative Body, and in the presence of the Chief Justice!!

"New York, April 16.—On Wednesday last the Legislature of this State adjourned *sine die*. A *fracas* occurred on this occasion, disgraceful at least to the hero of the piece. Some observations from Judge Purdy, relative to the affair of the Merchants' Bank, had, in the course of the day, given offence to Judge Taylor.

"Immediately after the adjournment, (says the Albany Centinel received last evening), Judge Taylor walked round the table to Judge Purdy, and told him, in something of a low voice, that the Senate being adjourned, he met him as a private citizen, and wished to know what he meant by his observation? alluding to the above. Judge Purdy replied, that he meant to tell the truth. Upon this, Judge Taylor called him a lying old scoundrel. Judge Purdy retorted by calling him a rascal, or scoundrel, in return. Upon this, Judge Taylor,

sans ceremonie, struck him a violent blow with his fist just under the ribs, which staggered him considerably. Judge Purdy paused an instant, as if to collect himself—then seized a chair, and aimed a blow at the head of his antagonist, but was prevented effecting it by the interference of their brother Senators. Judge Taylor then left the room; and as he went out of the bar, he said to Judge Purdy, "You know where I live, Sir. If you wish for satisfaction, you'll find me at home." The affray took place in the presence of about 100 witnesses. Within the bar were, besides the Senators, the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Spencer, and one or more clergymen.

New pugilism is practised by Judges, who can for a moment contend, that the science is *unlawful*?

GAME LAWS.

Surry Sessions—Ryegate.

Appeal of the Officers of the 14th Dragoons, against a Conviction of the Guildford Bench of Magistrates.

TWO cases of considerable interest, and which occupied much time, came on to be heard at this Session. They were motions on the part of Captain Villebois and Lieutenant Knightley, of the 14th Dragoons, to enter appeals on convictions pronounced against them, on the 8th of January last, by the Magistrates of the Guildford Bench, for refusing to give their names and places of abode, when demanded by a certificated man, who met them sporting in that neighbourhood, shortly after

their being stationed in the Barracks near Guildford.

The circumstances of the case are nearly as follow:—

These convictions had been pronounced on the 8th of January (which was previous to the commencement of the Session holden in that month), but had not been lodged with the Clerk of the Peace till after the January Session had elapsed.

It appeared by the testimony of the appellants, Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker, and other witnesses, that the persons employed to serve the summonses had merely read the contents, without leaving copies; that he had been asked by Lieutenant Knightley to leave a copy, and refused it; and had summoned Captain Villebois only whilst attending the Bench as a witness for the Lieutenant-Colonel, after which the Captain's testimony was rejected, as a party implicated in the same transaction.

Both the Captain and Lieutenant were convicted, one of them in a mitigated penalty of £30, the other in the full penalty of £50, and paid down the money, under an impression, that they had no power of appeal, nor means of redress.

At this time the Officers had not any legal assistance, Lieutenant Knightley having applied in vain to all the solicitors at Guildford, and even sent over to Godalming, for the purpose of procuring some professional gentleman at the hearing. This circumstance, however, was not communicated to the Bench, nor was any application made for an adjournment on that account.

A few days afterwards, the Officers applied to the Clerk of the Bench, and to one of the Justices who had been present, and who ultimately signed the convictions, for

copies of the proceedings: each declined giving the required copies, without the concurrence of the Magistrates composing the Bench, who, being consulted at their Meeting, refused them; and in the mean time the January Session had expired.

The application being afterwards repeated by the Solicitor for the Officers, with an avowed intention of appealing, the convicting Magistrates furnished the names of the parties whom it might be necessary to serve with notices, drew up the convictions in form, and returned them before the present Session. It was insisted, in support of the motions, that, under these circumstances, the present Session was the next possible one to which the Officers could appeal, especially as, from the want of a regular summons, they had no opportunity of knowing, till after the last Session, who the informer was, or which, of about eight Magistrates present at the hearing, had individually received the complaints, and put his name to the convictions, so as to have served them with the requisite notices of appeal.

In the course of the inquiry at the Session it appeared, that the information had been laid in the name of an opulent farmer, on which account the convictions were insupportable in point of law, as, by a clause in an Act of the last Session of Parliament, the prosecution of offences against any Stamp Act was confined to the Officers of the Crown or of the Stamp Duties. It also came out, towards the close of the evidence, that each of the Officers had regularly taken out his Game Certificate before the last sporting season commenced; so that there could have been no intention of evading the tax; and that

that the alleged refusal to produce the Certificates was, in effect, an altercation between them and some qualified farmers, who interrupted the Officers' sport, and threatened to take up the game they might kill. On the ascertainment of these latter circumstances, the Counsel for the convicting Magistrate and the prosecutor said, they were authorized by their clients (who were present) to state, that it was not the wish of either of them to retain convictions or penalties which had been awarded under a repealed jurisdiction, and under a misconceived idea that the Officers had no Certificates to produce; they would therefore no further resist the entry of the appeals, and if the Court thought itself competent, to receive them, would consent to their being entered. The Court admitted the appeals, and directed the convictions to be quashed.

UNPARALLELED CRUELTY TO A HORSE.

A COAL higgler of Bonsall, in Derbyshire, has for some time been in the habit of buying what are called dog horses, and working out their remaining existence in his cart. Having one of those miserable animals, which from starvation and disease was frequently drawn back by his burden, undertook in the following manner to cure him, as he said, of that vice; after putting the horse in the shafts, he led him into a field, and backed the wheels against a wall: having secured him in this position, he fetched from his stable six bundles of straw, all of which this wretch deliberately lighted one after the other, and burnt to ashes under the

body of his horse, whose agonizing groans tended only to increase the thirst of revenge in the barbarian; after having burnt out all his straw, he drove his miserable half-roasted animal to Cromford and back with a load of coals—a distance of three miles—on his return he with difficulty got the poor creature into his stable, where, after lingering ten days in most excruciating tortures, he expired.

COCKINGS.

DURING the Race-week at Chester, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Peter Warburton, Bart. and Sir Windsor Hunlake, Bart. which was won by the former, as follows.

| | Cheshire, M. B. | | Derbyshire, M. B. | |
|------------------|-----------------|---|-------------------|---|
| Monday, | 3 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Tuesday, | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Wednesday, . . | 1 | 0 | 5 | 1 |
| Thursday, . . . | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Friday, | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| | 14 5 | | 13 4 | |

Cock Pit Royal, south side of St. James's Park, London.—On Monday, April 22; the third year of the five great mains, for 20gs a battle, and 500gs the main, commenced fighting, between the Gentlemen of Suffolk, Lister feeder, and the Gentlemen of Bedfordshire, Potter feeder, which consists of 19 main, and 12 bye battles.

| | Lister, M. B. | | Potter, M. B. | |
|------------------|---------------|---|---------------|---|
| Monday, | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Tuesday, | 2 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Wednesday, . . | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Thursday, . . . | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Friday, | 0 | 1 | 3 | 1 |
| Saturday, . . . | 2 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| | 6 7 | | 13 5 | |

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ONE of the new Members, the other night, in the warmth of debate, exclaim'd, and now, "My dear Mr. Speaker!" which naturally provoked a general laugh; when Mr. Jekyll quaintly remarked, that he did not see why the honourable gentleman was not perfectly in order, as every thing, now-a-days, had confessedly become dear!

A PAINTER having lately painted the portrait of a very exorbitant Inn-keeper, wrote under it.—"Portrait of a *Charger*."

If nobody has been *injured* by some late speculations, it is, however, clear, that some people have been greatly *benefited*.

So great has been the pairing business at Gretna Green, that, on a fair calculation, Joe Paisley, the coupler—who still persists in denying that he is or ever was a blacksmith—is supposed to have swallowed between the first day of this year and the 4th of May, no less than thirty-five gallons of brandy! Joe says he likes that liquor best; "it takes the best grip of the mouth;" and that "it was South Country fules that first caw'd him a blacksmith."

THE gazette lately contained the mention of a dissolution of partnership between Adam and Eve,

APPROPRIATE appointments in two successive Gazettes—Hamilton *Locke*, to be ensign in the 71st Foot; vice *Keys*. William *Bakewell* is appointed an ensign in the *Bread-fall* Company of Volunteer Infantry.

THE power of orthography and punctuation.—The husband of a pious woman, having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the Parson of the Parish; which, instead of spelling and pointing properly;—

"A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation;"

She spelt and pointed as follows:—

"A person having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

The Parson—who had not examined the contents of the paper—gave it out accordingly.

EPIGRAM.

As a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each
side

Alternately turning, and thinking to
charm,

Exclaim'd in these words, of which Quin
was the giver—

"You're my gizzard, my dear; and my
love, you're my liver!"

"Alas!" cried the fair on his left, "to
what use?

For you never saw either serv'd up with
a goose!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

GAME LAWS.

ON Thursday the 9th instant a Writ of Inquiry was executed at the Castle of York, on the game laws, before S. W. Nicoll, Esq. assessor for the High-Sheriff of Yorkshire, in a cause between John Smith of Ampleforth, plaintiff; and John Thackray, gamekeeper to Sir Martin Stapylton, of Myton, Bart. defendant.—The action was brought for recovering damages from the defendant, acting by his master's express orders, for shooting a greyhound dog, the property of Mr. Smith; who, on the 19th of November last, being qualified both by estate and certificate, was, on an invitation from a friend—also qualified—taking a day's diversion in the manor of Helperby, which adjoins the manor of Myton. The defendant seeing the plaintiff and his party, told them he had his master's express directions to shoot all their dogs, if they got into the manor of Myton; being cautioned not to do so, the plaintiff and his party pursued their range in the manor of Helperby; and on a shout being given by some person, the plaintiff's dog passed into the manor of Myton, and the defendant, waiting there for that purpose, shot him. The plaintiff laid his damages at £20; and on a full hearing of the merits, a jury of respectable freeholders expressed their abhorrence of such an arbitrary, illegal, and wanton act, by giving the plaintiff a verdict for the whole sum claimed; which it is hoped may be a means of preventing similar stretches of imagined power, arising

from property, against the protecting laws of this kingdom.

LORD REAY and Mr. Baillie.—In the Court of King's Bench, on Friday the 24th inst. Mr. Wigley moved to exhibit articles of the peace against Lord Reay, at the instance of Mr. Baillie. The affidavit upon which the motion was grounded, stated, that Mr. Baillie, in the year 1793, entered into partnership with a Mr. M'Kay, with whom Lord Reay was connected; and the consequence was, that disputes arose, in which his Lordship acted with great heat. He stated also particularly, that some time back, at the opera, his Lordship had insulted Mr. Baillie, and thrust his cane against him; and on several other occasions he had insulted Mr. Baillie. A few days back, both parties being at Mrs. Dupré's masquerade, in Hanover-square, his Lordship annoyed Mr. Baillie while he was at cards, and at last proceeded to the length of attempting to pull his nose. Mr. Baillie endeavoured to strike him in return, but the company parted them. After this fracas, Mr. Baillie was informed that his Lordship waited for him last Sunday in Hyde Park, with the design of further insulting him; and he added that in fact he was there, and Lord Reay was restrained from violence only by the interference of friends. On these grounds he prayed that his Lordship should be bound to find sureties for keeping the peace.

On a subsequent day his Lordship appeared in Court and gave security to keep the peace.

It was generally understood at Mrs. Dupré's masquerade, that the nose pulling was nothing more than a comic scene *en caractère*—but the principal actors talk of it seriously: the friends of Mr. B. contend that his unfortunate nose was not fairly between Lord R's fingers, and therefore was not profaned! His Lordship's partizan's argue *e. contra* that it was pulled *ipso facto*, and therefore entitles him to a *drawback* when his own *broken head* comes to be estimated *ad valorem*, a mode likely to be adopted, on these gentlemen—who were in business together—winding up their mercantile accounts, after so whimsical a dissolution of their partnership!

Mr. Mellish and Lord Darlington have a match for 5000 guineas, to be run the next Lewes Races, between Sancho and Pavilion, half forfeit. Lord Darlington offered 1200 guineas to be off, but Mr. Mellish wanted 1800. Sancho was afterwards beat easy by Bobtail, which has occasioned such a reverse of opinion, that now Mr. Mellish has tendered 1000 guineas to be off, which Lord Darlington has refused.—Mr Mellish has publickly declared, that when his present engagements are fulfilled, he will never enter another horse to run at Newmarket, under a forfeiture of 5000 guineas.

HORSE stealing is reduced into a complete system in this country:—After being stolen and sold at fairs, the animals are re-stolen, conveyed to the sea coast, and exported by smugglers to the German markets, where they generally fetch good prices. A very short time ago, Mr. Bings, of Norfolk, while at Hamburgh, beheld his own hunter sold for ninety guineas, in the public market, by a notorious horse stealer; he applied to the magistrates,

but without effect, and had the additional mortification of being insulted by the thief.

ON Saturday April 13, at the Office in Whitechapel, a man named Gilbert was committed for trial, for a ludicrous kind of felony. He had bargained in Rosemary-lane for a pair of breeches of a very large size, and in trying them on, he contrived to conceal three waistcoats within them. He was in the 67th year of his age, and lately held a situation under government.

THE following match was made at York a few days since: Sir H. T. Vane's br c Master Betty, by Sir Peter, agst Lord Foley's b c Hippocampus, by Coriander, 8st 7lb each, to run the Beacon Course at Newmarket, on Easter Monday, 1806, for 1000 guineas each, half forfeit.

ONE hundred and ten valuable horses, many of them stallions of the first breed and celebrity, selected in various parts of this country; some English cōws, a few dogs, and a number of game cocks and hens, were sent out to Russia, in the fleet which sailed last from Hull.

IN one of the ships of the fleet that sailed last week from Falmouth, for the West Indies, went passengers a lady and her seven lap-dogs, for the passage of each of which she paid thirty pounds, on the express condition that they were to dine at the cabin-table, and lap their wine afterwards! Yet these happy dogs do not engross the whole of their good lady's affection: she has also, in Jamaica, forty cats and a husband! ! !

A STURGEON of immense size was caught on Tuesday, May 17, in the river Severn, near Highgrove, a few miles from Gloucester. It measured nine feet in length, and weighed 1cwt. 3qrs.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

COLLINS'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

A Burlesque.

WHEN Music, stiff-rump'd witch,
 was young,
 The Passions, frisky dogs, for fun,
 To hear her sing to country boors,
 Would darken oft her dirty doors;
 Dancing, swearing, drinking, cursing—
 The devil surely had her nursing.
 But once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 And ev'ry soul with drink inspir'd,
 From wooden pegs, that stuck around,
 Each snatch'd an instrument of sound;
 And as they oft had heard her squalling
 Their ear-drums crack, so hoarse her
 bawling,
 Each Passion now, who was not too-sick,
 Would prove he had a soul for music.
 First, staggering Fear jumpt in the middle,
 Arm'd with an old Cremona fiddle,
 But soon recoil'd—for you must know,
 He seiz'd the stick direct,
 And stepping back to give it more effect,
 He trod on Music's toe.
 Quick to revenge the lady's corn,
 Pale Anger rush'd—in dreadful ire,
 His eyeballs red, his nose on fire—
 He seiz'd from off its peg, the brazen
 horn;
 "Scoundrel, thy time is come," he said,
 And lifting, high, his arm in air,
 To teach poor Fear, in future, care,
 He broke the clumsy rascal's head.
 'Twas wan Despair first saw him sinking,
 And would have lent a helping hand,
 But, while they squabbled, she'd been
 drinking,
 And got so drunk, she could'nt stand.
 When Hope arose, the frumpish gipsy,
 And seeing ev'ry soul was tipsy,
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Quickly call'd on Echo to assist her,
 Her voice awoke the tim'rous Fear,
 Who saw there was no Passion near,
 So caught her round the neck, and kiss'd
 her:
 She squall'd as loud, and like, an Indian
 yell,
 Poor Echo answering in amazement,
 Pok'd her head in, through the case-
 ment,
 And down the broken glass on Music fell.
 Revenge, disturb'd, impatient rose,
 And seeing Miss Echo's lamentable case,
 Had not been taught politeness, I sup-
 pose,
 For he seiz'd the lady by the nose,
 And dabb'd a pot of porter in her face,
 Then with a look,
 That ev'ry Passion shook,
 To drown her noise, the trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Like mountains at Olympus hurl'd,
 It shook—the world,
 And Music's next door neighbour, out of
 bed;
 And though soft Pity, now and then,
 To stop so vile a noise again,
 Look'd in his face, and kindly took his
 button,
 "My dear Revenge," she said,
 He blew again—it crack'd her head,
 And down she fell, as dead as mutton.
 Thy rage O Jealousy, I sing,
 Ah! was the strain to merrier ditty,
 When at Revenge you made a spring,
 You should have fled his nervous swing,
 Which whirl'd you, neck and crop, on
 Pity.
 With eyes turn'd up, alas! in doleful
 dumps,
 Pale Melancholy, by the parlour door,
 While other Passions sat upon their
 rump,
 Lay stretch'd, but not at ease, along
 the floor.

For ever and anon,
In plaintive tones escap'd a word,
But still so soft—'tis gone,
And nothing but a rumbling sound is heard:

When in a style, quite out of fashion,
That quite astonish'd ev'ry Passion,
A rascal pale-fac'd dog, call'd Hate,
Look'd at his watch, and found it late,

Briefly rous'd her with a thund'ring kick—

"Get up you jade—prepare to wag to market,

For whether you have drank your fill,

Or whether you are really ill,
'Tis very clear you're cursed sick,
And spoilt completely Music's Turkey carpet."

When Cheerfulness, a playful hussy,
Suspecting strongly Melancholy,
To've been guilty of the folly—

Of getting muzzy,

And hearing such a horrid din,
Advanc'd; but soon was seen retiring,
Lucky, indeed, she 'scap'd expiring,
So strong alas! the smell of Holland gin.

Last of this precious drunken crew,
Brisk Joy arose, and briefly said,
Let those who've nothing else to do,
Adjoin to bed;

But ere we go, from songs before us,
Let's one select that all can sing,

He then being rather mellow,

Began to bellow,
God save the king,

While ev'ry bawling Passion join'd in chorus.

O Music, manly, nervous maid,
I sing, how with a broomstick's aid,
You made your noisy inmates cease,
With only that and elbow grease;

How, as they finish'd their last stanza,
You ope'd your eyes, like Sancho Panza,
Like him, in Stentor's voice, exclaim'd,
While at their heads your broomstick aim'd,

"What's all this cursed noise about,
You knaves, you rascal-dogs, get out,
Retreat ye thieves, out, out, ye bobtail crew,

Or ev'ry scoundrel's head is black and blue:

How could I make so curs'd a blunder,
What will the neighbours say, I wonder,

To let you stay till now, God bless me,
The devil surely must possess me;"

Thus having said, she whirl'd around
Her massy club, but quickly found,
That now she thought to make them stare,
Th' Devil a rascal was th' there,
The time that she'd employ'd in bleating,
The Passions had employ'd—retreating.

G. DOWNES,

EVERLASTING LOVE.

NEDDY Needle was a taylor,
All so flashy, fine, and gay,
He fell in love with Nelly Nailer,
Who liv'd on t'other side the way.

Nelly had a constant lover,
Neddy was a faithful swain;
"Ah!" said she, "should you turn roves
It would cut my heart in twain."

"No," cried Ned, "dear Nelly, never
Will I to you inconstant be,
Nothing shall our true love sever,
I loves you, and you loves me.

"By these breeches I'm repairing,
By this bodkin, blazing new,
See your true love, Neddy, swearing
Everlasting love to you.

"By these shears, which stitches sever,
Never, never will I rove;
Come then, let us prove for ever,
Ever, everlasting love."

Kingsland. J. M.

EPITAPH UPON A FLEA.

Supposed to have plagued Alexander the Great.

HERE rests one, who by many a leap,
Could well contrive his blood to keep;

While Alexander has been sung,
For blood which he from others wrung.
Still, as a hero, be it known,
The flea's preferr'd, beneath this stone;
Who from that Tyrant blood could draw,
And bid defiance to his law.

THE

THE
IRISH HOUND'S COMPLAINT.

THE moonbeam with silver tipt night's
sombre car—

The air was unruffled—the landscape
was still;
Unclouded the aspect of ev'ry clear
star,
And dew-gems bespangled the valley
and hill—

When a hound, more sagacious than
most of his train;
Whom, next morn, his stern keeper
had destin'd to die;

To the chase's bright Goddess was heard
to complain,

As she journey'd along the smooth
brow of the sky—

O, Diana! if still to thy bosom be dear
Those sports that enliven the wood-
lands at morn—
If still thou presid'st over hunting's ca-
reer,
And delight'st in the music of hound
and of horn—

Interpose, gentle Goddess! thy power-
ful aid,
From utter extinction thy fav'rites to
save;
Dire taxation on us has his harpy claw
laid,
And avarice doom'd half our race to
the grave!

Already the work of destruction's be-
gun:

It would thrill thy chaste bosom with
horror, to see

What havoc amongst us is made by the
gun—

What numbers are strangled each day
on a tree!

Even he, whose faint voice howls this pi-
tiful pray'r

Is to-morrow condemn'd to the hemp's
fatal knot;

No remonstrance prevails the sad victim
to spare,

Past merit, past services, all are for-
got!

Prowling hares their full liberty now may
enjoy,

To maraud in the garden, consume the
young crop;

Fell foxes securely the poultry destroy,
For no hound will be left soon their
progress to stop!

O! short-sighted policy, cruel as vain!
That sought, by our ruin, the rev'nue
to raise:

But Statesmen are callous, and heed not
the pain,
Of unfortunate dogs, in these tax-lay-
ing days!

Dromore.

HAFIZ.

THE LAMENTATION OF A LEG OF
PORK.

By Timothy Tagg.

FLAT in a pickling dish was laid,
Its fatling form, at length, display'd,
A youthful leg of Pork;
Floating in its own briny tears,
It sorrowing thus exprest its fears
Of 'scaping knife and fork!

"Since sever'd from my native swine,
What hope-inspiring joys were mine:
How did frail fortune flatter;
That for the Graces' mouths reserv'd,
To them I should be warmly serv'd,
With pudding pea, not batter!

"High-plac'd, the Grace's chosen dish,
I'd look with scorn on fowl and fish,
On jelly, tart, or custard:
In gravid state with garnish neat,
I'd still been deem'd the 'sav'ry meat,'
Sauc'd with attendant mustard!

"Then slic'd in shreds of fat and lean;
Next, prest their ivories between,
Fork-carried non-resistant;
Swift in concoction's magic pow'r,
Had past my transmigrating hour,
From their good hearts not distant!

"Till, of themselves a part become,
For Ind, I'd left my British home,
And riches found, and pleasure;
There mid bright nature's gayest scene,
Snug seated in a palanquin.

Been worship'd as earth's treasure.

There

"There, shar'd the triumph's of their
eyes,
And call'd my own each dawning prize,
Of suppliant lovers wooing;
Their charms, my own, I'd boldly nam'd,
Each new nerv'd dimple I had claim'd,
Each conquest thought my doing!

"But ah! who can control his fate?
My sequel'd tale, I'll brief relate,
If sorrow's throbs will let me!
On an edg'd card denial came,
Which damp'd my master's—dinner—
flame,
Who hop'd—you would have eat me!"

Thus sobb'd the hapless leg of pig,
And vented thus its woes so big,
In sounds 'twixt sigh and chuckle:
Then in its rhet'ric making halt,
Deep-plunging in its bed of salt,
Dropt the despairing knuckle!

Graces to you this tale I send,
Peruse the squib with eyes of friend,
Nor blame, 'cause given tamely;
For truly lopp'd at heel and thigh,
Like this poor joint, we, scribbling fry,
Should like this too—sing lamely!
Portsmouth. R.

INSCRIPTION,

*Placed in Mr. Phillips's dining parlour,
under the portrait of his dog.*

WITHIN this frame behold a dog
display'd,
By Morland's faithful pencil well por-
tray'd.
Bred of the race Newfoundland's forests
lend;
Tyger he first was call'd, but after,
Friend!
A name not giv'n, like most, by idle
guess,
But meant his actual service to express.
Nor let suspicion here o'er truth prevail,
Or think poetic fiction feigns a tale;
For first the master of yon friendly board,
From instant risk of drowning he re-
stor'd,

When bathing once within the ebbing
tide,
Where Portsmouth's banks th' unequal
shore divide,
The waves, resistless, bore him off his
feet,
And mock'd his utmost efforts to retreat;
Worn out at last, unknowing how to swim,
Bereft of sense, and palsied ev'ry limb,
This dog, till then a stranger, saw, and
flew
To save from sinking one he never knew:
Forth by the hair he dragg'd him breath-
less o'er,
And laid the half-dead body on the shore.
At length by arts the boast of modern
days,
Life's latent spark rekindles to a blaze;
With vital warmth again his bosom glows,
And through each vein the purple cur-
rent flows.
To Heav'n then first his grateful vows
ascend,
The dog he purchas'd next, and call'd
him Friend:
His fondness since, and constant service
too,
Have prov'd the faithful title was his due.
—Not he alone shall bless the happy
hour,
That sav'd him from the sea's o'erwhelm-
ing pow'r:
Children and relatives of ev'ry name,
With gratitude unfeign'd will do the
same;
For had he perish'd in life's early bloom,
And gone a prey untimely to the tomb,
His course of usefulness but just begun,
How many lives had then been lost in
one!

C.

POETICAL SELECTIONS ON HUNTING.

From various Authors.

THE forest music is to hear the
hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled
sound.

Day's Isle of Gulls.

(To be continued.)

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JUNE, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. A fine Engraving of The Head of Old Eclipse, from a Painting by the Younger Sartorius.

II. An elegant Engraving of The Stoat and Peacock.

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Journal from an Excursion to the Hartz Mountains is received; whether it be a translation or an original, it seems to possess a considerable share of neatness and animation, and will probably appear in our next.

PISCATOR's Rules for Angling a la Gambado in our next.

To the Poetical Writer who wishes for a return of his unapproved pieces, and who complains of a mistake on a similar occasion, we have only to say, that as nothing of his can now be found but his Inexpressible Adieu, it is left at the Publisher's till called for. It is surprising that a writer for the Public eye should not perceive the ungrammatical construction of the following stanza, concluding his piece—

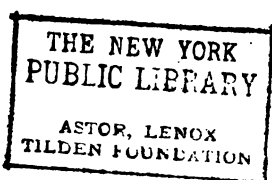
" No, no faithful friends and warm fellows,
" Thy age shall in ease find repose ;
" Lay down on this old pair of bellows,
" Here the scene of thy service shall close."

This is indeed verse, but of that description which sets all the rules of concord and syntax at defiance. We would recommend Louth, or Murray, upon these subjects. When gentlemen wish for a return of their M. SS. if not approved, they should always mention that condition when their communications are sent, as otherwise, a compliance with their requests—being mostly impracticable—is of course vexatious.

THE Person who sends a monthly packet and cannot divest himself of the slovenly custom of writing different subjects on both sides of his paper, is informed, that on this account the greater part of his last communication must become perfectly useless. Different subjects at least, require that the paper should not be backed: backing the paper even in the continuation of one subject, is barely admissible; and if the matter be long, it is often very inconvenient to the Printer.

A Moral Essay on Hunting, by Humanitas—The Gamekeeper's Return at Night, &c. &c. if possible in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





Al. & Co. N. Y.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1805.

HEAD OF OLD ECLIPSE.

From a Painting by the Younger Sartorius.

NO man ever painted so many portraits of Old Eclipse as the grand-father of him who furnished the painting from which this print is taken.—Engravings executed in this manner are of late become very fashionable, and hence we embrace the opportunity of giving the above.

ASTLEY'S ANNUAL WHERRY.

June 18, 1805:

BEING the fifteenth anniversary in honour of His Majesty's Birth-day, was this day rowed for by the following six free watermen:

Daniel Mallet, of Cuper's Bridge, in green.

Thomas Duffin, of Lambeth, in blue.

Alexander Ashley, of Iron Gate, in purple.

George Hutchings, of Rotherhithe, in crimson.

John Rider, of Iron Gate, in yellow.

Charles Gingel, Temple, in scarlet.

Each candidate wore a cap and sash, of the colour annexed to his name, to distinguish him. At three o'clock they cast lots for the stations they were to take at starting. The candidates started precisely a quarter before six o'clock, and there was no material difference till they got to the Nine Elms, when Mallet shot a-head; Duffin followed close; Rider was the third boat, when they rowed round the boat stationed off Vauxhall, leaving the other three at some small distance behind, but was passed by Alexander Ashley, facing Lambeth Palace, on their return; and in this order they kept during the first heat. The three boats which were first started, resumed the second time the contest for the Prize Wherry. It was won by Daniel Mallet, a waterman, who plies at Cuper's Bridge. He was escorted by a numerous cavalcade to the Royal Amphitheatre, and presented with the Prize Wherry on the stage, the whole performers joining in an appropriate chorus.—Thomas Duffin, being the second, received two guineas; and Alexander Ashley, the third, one guinea.

There was a very serious fight and riot among the boats' crews on the river. Among these, a press-gally was

was conspicuous in its efforts to serve Ashley. Some tumult and confusion followed of course, upon the landing of the parties at Standgate.—Pittoon, the famous Jew pugilist, anxious to see the fun, leaped out of a boat upon some planks close to the shore, but he slipped and went down. Three men, who leaped in to save him, narrowly escaped drowning as he dragged them under the water. They were, however all extricated, and brought on shore

Of 15 bye battles, Thompson won nine, and Sunley six.—Betting, after Tuesday's fight, 8 to 1 on Thompson.

By the above fighting, it is somewhat remarkable, that of the first eight battles, Thompson won six, and of the twelve following, Sunley got 10.—Sunley, and many of his party, took the odds.

NEWTON.

In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, Goodhall feeder, and R. Crosse, Esq. Gilliver feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main.

| | Goodhall, M. B. | Gilliver, M. B. |
|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Tuesday, | 3 0 | 5 1 |
| Wednesday, | 5 1 | 3 0 |
| Thursday, | 6 1 | 8 1 |
| Friday, | 2 0 | 6 1 |
| | 16 2 | 22 3 |

YORK.

In the Race-week, a long main of cocks was fought between Sir F. Boynton, Bart. Thompson feeder, and H. F. Mellish, Esq. Sunley feeder, which was won by the former, as follows;

| | Thompson, M. B. | Sunley, M. B. |
|----------------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Monday, | 3 2 | 3 1 |
| Tuesday, | 5 2 | 1 1 |
| Wednesday, | 2 2 | 4 1 |
| Thursday, | 3 2 | 3 1 |
| Friday, | 3 1 | 3 2 |
| Saturday, | 3 2 | 3 2 |

19 11 17 8

COCKINGS.

MANCHESTER.

IN the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Sir Wind-sor Hunloke, Bart. Harrison, feeder, and R. G. Hopwood, Esq. Potter feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 100gs the main.

| | Harrison, M. | Potter, M. |
|----------------------|--------------|------------|
| Tuesday, | 2 | 3 |
| Wednesday, | 3 | 2 |
| Thursday, | 2 | 3 |
| Friday, | 2 | 3 |
| Saturday, | 3 | 3 |

12 14

Before fighting, 2 to 1 on Potter. In fighting the last three battles on Saturday, 4 to 1 on Harrison, who won the first three out of six.

BEVERLEY.

In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Richard Watt, Esq. Sunley feeder, and R. C. Burton, Esq. Thompson feeder, for 20gs a battle, and 200gs the main.

| | Sunley, M. | Thompson, M. |
|----------------------|------------|--------------|
| Monday, | 1 | 3 |
| Tuesday, | 1 | 3 |
| Wednesday, | 7 | 1 |
| Thursday, | 3 | 1 |

12 8

ANECDOTES OF COCKING.

MR. William Chippendale, of York, in fighting fifteen cocks of his own breed, in 1804-5, won five Welsh mains of 20l. each; four ditto of 25l. each; two of 50l. each—sixteen cocks; two Welsh mains of

of eight cocks, in which he was first and second; one cock was second for a main of 100l. at Durham; and out of the whole only one cock lost his first match for two of the 25l. mains, fought at York Spring Meeting, 1804. The cocks were set by F. Buckle, the noted horse jockey.

A LONG main of cocks is to be fought at Newcastle, in the Race-week, at Mr. Loftus's pit, between Charles Brandling, Esq. T. Sunley feeder, and H. F. Mellish, Esq. Small feeder, for 20gs a battle, and 100gs the main, which consists of 39 battles, and 19 byes.—Probin sets for Mr. Brandling, and George Sunley for Mr. Mellish.

BESIDES the above, there are eleven 50l. mains, of 16 cocks; three of 24gs, of 8 cocks; and two of 22gs, of 4 cocks each; to be fought at Mr. Coates's pit. The fighting continues the whole of the week, and the Monday following.

WE have just heard that in the long main of cocks between Mr. Brandling, and Mr. Mellish, after Monday's fight Mr. Brandling was five a-head.

PONEY RACE AT MANCHESTER.

THE betting on the poney race at Manchester, on the 6th instant, was 8 and 10 to 1 against Mr. Harris's chesnut poney, named by Mr. E. Hanson, who was the winner, at two heats. Mr. Harris took the odds, and pocketed 600gs. and a friend of his 400gs. Mr. Seddon's Louisa, Mr. Boardman's Forest Lady, and Mr. Hamer's Fortune, started against it, and the

latter was distanced the second heat. Forest Lady carrying 7st, has since been beat by Little Coiner, carrying a feather, at Ascot heath, on the 18th inst. Forest Lady bolted in running.

COURSING.

MR. CORSELLIS has become the possessor of Young Snowball, by purchase from Mr. Swinfen. At the last Marlborough Meeting, he was started against the swiftest dog in Wiltshire. The first turn, after two courses, could not be decided, but the whole of the course was given to Young Snowball, who is now kept in Wiltshire for his breed.

Mr. Mellish's dog, which beat all Newmarket with so much ease, is matched to run at the next Malton Meeting, for 100 guineas. He has also offered to start a whelp, got by the above dog, which is a son of Old Snowball, from a bitch the property of Mr. Lovelace, against any whelp of the same age in England.

Mr. Lovelace is now supposed to have the best greyhounds at the Swaffham Meeting, though his care of them is not thought equal to that of Mr. Moseley, Sir John Seabright, or Mr. Hammond.

Buckle, and some other of the Newmarket Jockies, are now become professed trainers of greyhounds, preparatory to their matches.

Mr. Corsellis is mentioned in the Newspapers as, "the great Wiltshire courser." Mr. C. may have changed his residence, but we are inclined to think that the gentleman still lives in Essex.

MR.

MR. JOHNSTONE'S PONEY.

AT Mould Fair in Flintshire, held on the 12th of May 1800, Mr. Johnstone, near that place, purchased a horse poney, about twelve hands and a half high, supposed to be got by Welsh Taffy, for three guineas; and in 1802, he raced it for 10l. 18l. and 20l. prizes, which with some betting he cleared, free of every expence, the sum of 400gs. This poney afterwards beat Mr. W. Westlakes famous Copperbottom, over Winchester course, when there was more money sported than was ever known on a similar occasion, each party being confident of Winning. Whilst in Mr. Johnstone's possession it was only once beat. Mr. Pardy of the Bee-hive, Leadenhall market, London, sold it to Lord Strathmore for 48gs, and received another horse in exchange. His Lordship afterwards raced it in Ireland, with great success. We hope to be enabled to give a more particular account in a future number.

SPORTING AWARD.

GARRAWAY v. BUTTERFONT.

THIS award was made at the Stratford Coffee-house in Oxford-street, on Wednesday last, the 26th inst. under an arbitration bond of £200 each, between the parties concerned; who having mutually acquiesced in the proposal of finally concluding their legal litigation by the more equitable and less expensive mode of arbitration, than by the tardy process of the law. And the arbitrators having been previously nominated, one by the plaintiff and the other by the defendant, and apprized of their appointments, they were ready at the time for

which their order was made, and they took their seats precisely at two.

ARBITRATORS.

Wm. Taplin, Veterinary Surgeon, for the Plaintiff. And John Richards, of Oxford-street, for the Defendant.

SOLICITORS.

Farrer for Plaintiff—Fielder & Co. for Defendant.

This case, singular in itself from its origin to its termination, was opened with the information or evidence of the plaintiff, who was ordered by the arbitrators into their presence, having been previously sworn at a judge's chambers for that purpose; the tenour and purport of whose evidence went directly to prove, that having sometimes a horse or two to dispose of, upon commission, for gentlemen of fortune to whom he is known, particularly such as may be disposed to sell or exchange. This circumstance being well known to many of the horse-dealing fraternity, it was no uncommon thing for one or another of that fry to look into the plaintiff's stable to see and be convinced what he had to sell.

On Thursday the 7th of May last, the defendant called at the stable, and, asking for the plaintiff, was immediately introduced to him, and said, "he had been told, and had just seen a bay gelding in his possession, that he was almost certain would match one of his own; and if he was a good match, and proved sound, he had no doubt but they should strike a bargain, as he could then advertise them as a pair, and sell them to his satisfaction."

Upon a proposition so exceedingly reasonable, the plaintiff consented, and readily took the horse up to the premises of the defendant. Here they went through the ceremony of being placed side by side,

to

to ascertain their colours, their height, their bone, strength, and uniformity. Upon the most minute investigation, every thing was right—the match was perfect.—They were now put into harness, when the very zenith of expectation was attained; and the unison of the whole had afforded general satisfaction.

Conversation then began between the parties, respecting the purchase of the horse in question by the defendant; to which the plaintiff replied, that “considering the horse at the money he gave for him, it was impossible he could part from him under five-and-forty guineas.” Some few observations of no importance now took place, and the defendant took the horse—*bona fide* bought—at five-and-forty pounds.

The horse was put instantly into the stable of the defendant, he saying at the same moment, “the horses made an excellent match, and he did not fear doing well with them.” The horse being thus sold, the plaintiff returned home with his bridle; and nothing was said about the payment at the time, as a little credit of two or three weeks is sometimes reciprocally given among the brotherhood.

The horse, thus fixed, was occasionally exercised with his new associate, and frequently seen in harness through the streets. Nothing appearing in message or money for a fortnight, or near three weeks, from the defendant, the plaintiff—having a friend in accidental conversation with him—set off to inquire for the money in payment; as well as to ask the luck or fate of the horse. Upon their arrival at the premises, and making that inquiry, they were told by Archer, the acknowledged partner of Butterfont, “that the horses were sold.” The plaintiff, naturally concluding they

had made a good bargain, supposed his £45 was safe, and continued undisquieted; till, on Saturday, June 8, when he was standing at his stable door, he observed the horse, which was the subject of this cause, bringing to the plaintiff's stables, by the defendant's servant, with a blunt message, that “he had received an order from his master to return him.” The plaintiff refused to take him into his possession, and he was absolutely left to a ring, fixed in a post, in that neighbourhood, to breathe his last, if in the great volume of vicissitudes, the humanity of the plaintiff had not induced him to order the inoffensive and rejected animal to a livery stable, that he might receive both food and protection, till equity and candid investigation should decide to whom the unoffending sufferer belonged.

Thus far was confirmed by other clear, respectable, and incontrovertible evidence, from whom the following facts came out; that the horses had been sold to a minor, who, by the name of Sm. Barnet, drew a note at “One month after date,” upon a gentleman who he said “was his father;” but upon its being presented for acceptance, the person replied, “he was not of age; and he was not justified in making himself liable for the payment.”

The decision of this point turned solely upon the hinge of proving that the horse was *bona fide* sold by the plaintiff, or whether, as the only defence set up by the agent of the defendant, who did not appear, that the horse was entrusted to them upon “sale or return;” it was admitted he was positively sold.

This equivocal evasion being fully detected, and most energetically exposed by the cross-examinations of the arbitrator for the plaintiff, the witnesses called on the part of

of the defendant, were constrained to acknowledge, that an offer was made to pay the plaintiff £45 for the horse, even after it had been returned, if he would have given them the balance of a bill, nominally given of the specific value of £126, though it was known not to be worth a single farthing.

Under a review of the circumstances, and a recital of the evidence on both sides, the arbitrators, for the strict execution of the powers with which they were entrusted, and the unsullied preservation of justice, equity, and honour, awarded that the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict of £45 damages; the defendant to pay the keep of the horse from the day of abdication, June 8, and each to pay costs to his own solicitor.

NEWCASTLE RACES.

A Valuable Correspondent has sent us the following Articles.

THE races, which commenced on Monday, the 24th inst. is likely to be the largest meeting which has been there for some years past; nearly the whole of the horses, &c. named for the Cup and other Stakes having arrived there; amongst whom, are Marcia, Helen, Saxoni, Firelock, Priscilla, Lady Ann, Brandon, Honest Starling, Susan, &c.

By a subsequent Post we received as under.

NEWCASTLE Races.—Monday, May 24, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four yr old colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st.—4 miles.—Ten Subscribers.
Sir H. Williamson's b c Firelock, by Beningbrough..... 1
Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Chariot, by Chariot..... 2

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr f Priscilla, by Delpini..... 3
Sir T. Gascoigne's b c by Sir Peter..... 4
Mr Riddell's b c by Beningbrough 5
Mr Garforth's gr f Helen, by Delpini..... 6

Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with £25 added, for three year old fillies 8st.—One mile—Six Subscribers.
Sir T. Gascoigne's bay, by Precipitate, out of Goldenlocks... 1
Lord Montgomerie's bay, by Screveton, out of Cockfeeder's dam..... 2

RACES TO COME.

STAMFORD.....July 2
Ipswich..... 2
Cardiff..... 3
Newcastle under Lyme..... 3
Stockbridge..... 3
Bridgenorth..... 4
Newmarket July Meeting.... 8
Totness..... 9
Nantwich..... 10
Ludlow..... 11
Swansea..... 15
Winchester..... 16
Preston..... 16
Blandford..... 23
Brightelmstone..... 26
Haverford West..... 29
Southampton..... 30
Knutsford..... 30
Huntingdon..... Aug. 6
Nottingham..... 6
Taunton..... 6
Exeter..... 12
Worcester..... 13
York..... 19
Newbury..... 20
Reading..... 27
Egham..... Sept. 3
Warwick..... 4
Lincoln..... 11
Kingscote..... 17

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

WITHIN THE WALLS OF
WINDSOR CASTLE.

Windsor Castle—St. George for England—Queen Elizabeth's Gallery—The Show-Man—The Meeting of Two kings—The Audience Chamber—Blenheim Charter—The Round Tower—The Catch Club.

Hail, happy fabric! whose majestic view

First sees the sun, and bids him last adieu;

Seated in majesty, your eye commands

A royal prospect of the richest lands:

The under lying vale shews, with delight,
A thousand beauties at one charming sight;

No pencil's art can such a landscape feign,

And Nature's self scarce yields the like again.

Few situations may with this compare;

A fertile soil, and a salubrious air.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

I AM now in the royal borough of Windsor, surrounded, like a painter of the first eminence, with a bevy of beauties, each of them at the same time soliciting my regard; and so importunate and deserving are they all of my attention, that I scarce know where first to exercise the pencil of my art. The castle, however, and the appendages, have so great a claim to distinction, that I shall enter the gates, and, where William of Wickham superintended the works for one shilling a day, begin to speak of those things most worthy your attention. To delineate the whole mass of beauty before me, would be to swell my letter to a volume; brevity, then, is all you have to expect. Suffice it then that the castle is built all of stone, that it stands on a lofty mound, the foot of which is kissed by the silent Thames; it is of great strength

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and capacity, and ornamented with all that the liberal arts have in their power to bestow. To accomplish the building of this royal residence with the greater celerity, Edward III. caused, by press-warrants, the most able and expert workmen throughout his dominions to be brought together, and having completed the grand object of his heart, the king revived, and fully established, in his new castle the noble order of the Garter. I say revived, for, if we may credit the historian Rastal, Edward was not the founder, as the following paragraph, written by that author, goes to explain.

"About the 19 yere of this kinge he made a solymne feest at Wynd-sore, and a great juste and turnament, where he devysed and perfected the order of the knyghtes of the garter: how-be-it some affirme that this order began fyrst by King Rycharde Cour de Lyon, at the siege of the city of Acres; where, in his great necessitye, there were 26 knyghtes that fyrmly and surely abode by the kinge, where he caused all them to were thonges of blew leyther about theyr legges and after warde they were called the knyghtes of the blew thonge."

However, the patron of this splendid association was of Edward's selecting, and named

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND;

And such a choice certainly partakes more of the king's piety than of his wisdom; for notwithstanding all the romantic writers tell singular stories of our renowned dragon-killer, all of them too gross and ridiculous even for credulity, George was a being, as it will appear, very unlike a saint, or a man of common honesty. One of these dreamers says, "Edward selected St. George

R from

from the rubric, to be the head of his new college, and the protector of his order, because George appeared to his great predecessor Richard Cour de Lion when marching at the head of the Christian armies in Palestine, and assured him of victory, and of the fall of Ascalon." If this be true, it was certainly very friendly in St. George to do so, and as grateful in the king; but as I have little faith in legendary tales, and none at all in apparitions, I shall briefly set down what the luminous Gibbon has written of our Cappadocian hero, which I conceive comes nearer the truth than all the poetical fancies of our ancient minstrels.

"George, from his parents or his education, surnamed the Cappadocian, was born at Epiphania in Cilicia, in a Fuller's shop. From this obscure and servile origin he raised himself by the talents of a parasite; and the patrons, whom he assiduously flattered, procured for their worthless dependent a lucrative commission, or contract, to supply the army with bacon. His employment was mean: he rendered it infamous. He accumulated wealth by the basest arts of fraud and corruption, but his malversations were so notorious, that George was compelled to escape from the pursuits of justice. After this disgrace, in which he appeared to have saved his fortune at the expence of his honour, he embraced, with real or affected zeal, the profession of Arianism. From the love of the ostentation of learning, he collected a valuable library of history, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology; and the choice of the prevailing faction promoted George of Cappadocia to the throne of Athanasius. The entrance of the new archbishop was that of a barbarian conqueror,

and each moment of his reign was polluted by cruelty and avarice. The Catholics of Alexandria and Egypt were abandoned to a tyrant qualified by nature and education to exercise the office of persecution; but he oppressed, with an impartial hand, the various inhabitants of his extensive diocese. The primate of Egypt assumed the pomp and insolence of his lofty station, but he still betrayed the vices of his base and servile extraction. The merchants of Alexandria were impoverished by the unjust and almost universal monopoly which he acquired of nitre, salt, paper, funerals, &c. and the spiritual father of a great people condescended to practise the vile and pernicious arts of an informer. The Alexandrians could never forget nor forgive the tax which he suggested on all the houses of the city under an obsolete claim, that the royal founder had conveyed to his successors, the Ptolemies and Cæsars, the perpetual property of the soil. The Pagans, who had been scattered with the hopes of freedom and toleration, excited his devout avarice; and the rich temples of Alexandria were either pillaged or insulted by the haughty prelate, who exclaimed in a loud and threatening tone, "How long will these sepulchres be permitted to stand?"

Under the reign of Constantius, he was expelled by the fury, or rather the justice of the people; and it was not without a violent struggle, that the civil and military powers of the state could restore his authority, and gratify his revenge. The messenger who proclaimed at Alexandria the accession of Julian, announced the downfall of the Archbishop George, who with two of his obsequious ministers, Count Diodorus, and Dracontius, master

master of the mint, were ignominiously dragged in chains to the public prison. At the end of twenty-four days, the prison was forced open by the rage of a superstitious multitude, impatient of the tedious forms of judicial proceedings. The enemies of God and men expired under their cruel insults; the lifeless bodies of the archbishop and his associates were carried in triumph through the streets on the back of a camel; and the inactivity of the Athanasian party was esteemed a shining example of evangelical patience. The remains of those guilty wretches were thrown into the sea, and the popular leaders of the tumult declared their resolution to disappoint the devotion of the christians, and to intercept the future honours of those martyrs, who had been punished like their predecessors, by the enemies of their religion. The fears of the pagans were just, and their precautions effectual. The meritorious death of the archbishop obliterated the memory of his life. The rival of Athanasius was dear and sacred to the Arians, and the seeming conversion of those sectaries, introduced his worship into the bosom of the Catholic church. The odious stranger disguising every circumstance of time and place, assumed the mask of martyr, a saint, and a christian here; and the infamous George of Cappadocia, has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter. Edward having perfected the institution, was no way sparing of treasure for the aggrandizement, and almost every sovereign his successor has followed his example. The hall for the entertainment of the knights, the chapel and stalls for their devotion, are all glorious

beyond description, and the various apartments and offices perfectly adapted to the greatness of the noble personages who have had the honour to compose so magnificent a brotherhood.

Quitting these scenes of the highest brilliancy, I was introduced to

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S PICTURE GALLERY,

Where, beside the historical works of Raphael, Titian, and other great masters, are a number of portraits of such illustrious persons as have from time to time adorned the courts of Europe; here is also a picture of great notoriety, called the two misers, painted by Quintine Matsia, a blacksmith, of Antwerp. The young man, it appears, was in love with a painter's daughter; the father disliking him, on account of his profession, forbid him his house, swearing his child should never marry but with a painter. Quintine finding no other way to obtain the girl of his affection, wholly bent his attention to study the art, and in a very short space of time produced this picture, which so delighted the father, that he bestowed his daughter on him for a wife, expressing his surprise at the progress he had made, and promising Quintine his friendship for life. To mention the remainder would be too tedious; I shall therefore break off abruptly to tell you the conduct of the person who attends the visitor, commonly called

THE SHOW MAN.

In England we have many valuable picture galleries, to most of which I have had the high gratification of being admitted, and it has frequently struck me with wonder, that

that the greater part of those persons appointed to conduct, and to instruct the visitor, is without necessary qualifications for the undertaking. What a pity, for his own credit, that the party so employed does not accurately make himself acquainted with every rarity under his superintendency; I am sure the profits might be equal to the trouble, because attention, and a communicative disposition, have always fair claims upon liberality; while we constantly return disgusted with the manners of uniform stupidity; but when we meet these *tigeneous automatons* in the palaces of princes, our disappointments are doubled. It is in such situations we expect the highest gratifications; and the falling off converts our wonder into unpleasant reflections. I am led to these observations by the conduct of the Cicero of the Castle, from whom I collected no greater information than an inquisitive traveller may derive from the rattle of a bird-clapper. I requested this gentleman to explain to me the Battle of the Spurs; he answered, that he knew no more than it was called so. I next solicited to know the story of the two kings meeting on the plain of golden cloth, to which he forgot to reply, but skipped into the next room, and cried aloud, "Over the door is the portrait of the famous Dunfestus; Dunfestus is over the door." I turned my head to follow my swift-footed mercury, but he had fled to the next apartment, where, like a parrot, he was running over his ridiculous monotony to the old portraits and the heedless air, rendering himself of much less utility than a showman in the area for wild beasts at a country fair. However, I was better acquainted with these things than himself, and that one of the

finest historital pictures in Europe may not be unknown to some of your readers, I proceed to give some account of

THE MEETING OF TWO KINGS.

Or, the celebrated embracement of our eighth Henry and Francis I. of France, previous to the union with the Princess Mary of England, and his son the dauphin, on the plain between Guines and Ardres, in 1520, where, to make the scene the more glorious, no expence was spared by all the parties; and where there appeared such profusion of treasures, and so much cloth of gold, that the place of meeting was distinguished by the appellation of "*Le Camp de Drap d'or.*" Bellai, the French historian, writing of this meeting, observes, "that many of the French nobility carried their mills, their forests, and their meadows on their backs," and our own Shakespear, to render the circumstance more notorious, has introduced it in his play of Henry the Eighth, where the dialogue between the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham are sufficiently explanatory of this admirable performance, and of the grandeur the scene exhibited.

BUCKINGHAM.

————— O many
Have broke their backs with laying ma-
nors on 'em
For this great journey.

NORFOLK.

————— Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now
married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the
last
Made former wonders its. To day the
French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen
gods,

Shone

Shone down the English; and to-morrow
 they
 Made Britain, India; every man that
 stood,
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish
 pages were
 As cherubims, all gilt. The madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them; that their very la-
 bour
 Was to them as painting. Now this
 mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and th' ensuing
 night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two
 kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now
 worst,
 As presence did present them; him in
 eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present
 both
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no
 discern
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When
 these suns,
 For so they phrase 'em, by their he-
 ralds challenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did per-
 form
 Beyond thought's compass; that old fa-
 bulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got
 credit;
 That Bevis was believ'd.

NORFOLK (in the same scene.)

'Twixt Guines and Ardres,
 I was then present, saw 'em salute on
 horseback;
 Beheld them when they lighted, how
 they clung
 In their embracement; as they grew to-
 gether;
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones
 could have weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

This divine picture is not only
 in fine preservation, but full of
 chaste portraits of the principal
 performers at the interview. It had
 been lost to England for ever but
 for a laudable piece of cunning in
 one who knew full well its value.
 After the death of Charles I, a

French agent expressed his desire
 of purchasing it from the Commis-
 sioners appointed by the Parlia-
 ment for the sale of the then late
 King's goods. Philip Earl of Pem-
 broke, who was a great admirer
 and most excellent judge of paint-
 ing, and considered this as an ho-
 nourable piece of furniture in an
 English palace, came privately into
 the royal apartments, cut out that
 part of the picture where King
 Henry's head was painted, and
 putting it in his pocket-book, re-
 tired unnoticed. The French agent
 finding the picture mutilated, and
 that in so material a part, declined
 all future thoughts of purchasing
 it. By this means it remained in
 the palace till Cromwell became
 possessed of the sole power, and
 put a stop to any farther disper-
 sion of the royal collection. Af-
 ter the restoration, the then Earl of
 Pembroke delivered the mutilated
 piece to King Charles II. who im-
 mediately ordered it to be restored.
 By looking sideways against the
 light, the insertion is perfectly vi-
 sible. Mr. Bassire, by order of
 the Society of Antiquaries, has en-
 graved the subject in a bold man-
 ner, and the size of the picture is
 five feet six inches high, by eleven
 feet three inches in width. The
 artist is uncertain, though by some
 attributed to be Hans Holbin.

THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER

Has also much to recommend it to
 public notice: the room is adorned
 with a series of pictures, all paint-
 ed by Mr. West, historical painter
 to his Majesty, celebrating some of
 the most glorious exploits of the
 renowned Edward. Although these
 adornments have a high claim up-
 on our admiration, yet the critical
 eye of the man of judgment is too
 often offended with a part of these
 performances:

performances: the horses, in general, are beneath the merit of the painter; they are really stone horses, not copied from unerring nature, but from plaster-cast figures, exhibiting all the coldness and inanimation of their palid originals.

It certainly had been no disgrace to his Majesty's painter, if, in the exercise of his profession, he had followed the example of a greater artist, when employed on a similar occasion, who, modestly conceiving himself inadequate to make all parts equal, called in the assistance of other great men; one to give a spirit to his animals, the other to his armour; by which he was able to produce a work worthy the cabinet of an emperor.

O, Master West! to all who see, 'tis clear,
Or STUBBS or GILPIN had been better here.

BLenheim CHARTER.

In her Majesty's dressing-room is deposited, annually, the standard of unrevolutionized France: it is of white sarcenet, about a foot square, deeply fringed with gold lace, and embroidered with three flowers de lis of the same quality. By this the charter of Blenheim is held—a magnificent palace at Woodstock park in Oxfordshire, built in the reign of Queen Anne, and presented to John, the great Duke of Marlborough, as a national reward and acknowledgement for his many glorious victories over the enemies of his country, in the course of ten successive years.

This banner is placed on a table once a year, on the day of the battle of Blenheim; and it is asserted, should the offering be omitted by the existing duke, that the whole of the grant would revert to the Crown, &c.

From these beauties I ascended to

THE KEEP, OR ROUND TOWER.

From which the mind, that delights in extensive prospects, may be fully gratified; for the eye is directed to discriminate twelve of the surrounding counties, Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Bucks, Berks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Sussex, Surry, Kent, and Bedford: in which circumambient survey, the abundant display of churches, palaces, winding waters, and remarkable places, is no where to be equalled in the whole island of Great Britain. The next beauty for our admiration is the wide and extensive terrace, erected by Queen Elizabeth, eight yards broad, and in length, from east to west, three hundred. This charming walk is continually frequented, particularly by the royal family. The view of Eaton College from this extensive platform, has an uncommon brilliant effect, and calls to our recollection the great goodness of the pious founder, Henry the Sixth; and at the same time the many valuable characters that have instructed the world from its sacred shades; the bands of noble statesmen that have, by their councils, directed the helm of the state to glory; and of those divines and poets whose tuneful lessons shall be the praise and pride of the most distant generations.

To describe the whole of this wonderful repository, would engage too much of your patience; therefore, in a brief way, I once more assure you, that to behold its glorious chapel, the magnificent hall, the venerable tombs, painted windows, historical pictures, the statues, the altar-piece, and other adornments, is an entertainment hardly to be equalled in any part of Europe. To add to those gratifications,

fications, I was conducted by our Windsor friend from the Castle to

THE CATCH CLUB.

Where, to sing with Milton, I was

"Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' masses running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

In a short space you shall hear again from me, when I will endeavour to make you acquainted with the beauties without the Castle walls, which, I can assure you, have their charms, if not equal to those within, greatly to be admired by all lovers of the sublime and the beautiful. If you should not be satisfied with my humble shadow of description, fly to the spot, and be delighted like me with their substances, which can never fail to divert the mind alive to rational gratifications.

T. N.

POUNDING A PONEY, &c.

Cheshamford Spring Assizes.

KEMP V. FILEWOOD.

THIS was an action by the plaintiff, a farmer, against the Rev. Mr. Filewood, the parson of Hedingham, for not taking off his tythes, by which the plaintiff's pasture was injured, and he was obliged to send his cattle to depasture elsewhere.

Mr. Garrow, in addressing the jury, told them, that in this case they must put their hands into the pockets of the reverend gentleman who was the defendant, and trans-

fer some of the money to be found there into the pocket of his client; and he was sure the reverend gentleman would himself be dissatisfied unless they did it, because he was quite certain that Mr. Filewood was known to be a lover of strict justice, and would certainly wish the same measure meted against him as for him. He had not the happiness of being one of Mr. Filewood's parishioners, or it would have been great pleasure to hear him descant upon the text, which he certainly sometimes did, of "Do unto another as you would another should do unto you." And if there was any validity in this old maxim, Mr. F. certainly must wish that the jury should behave liberally to his client, as they would see by a story or two he would tell them. The jury, as farmers, very well knew, that if they did not set out their tythes, they were liable to an action for treble the value; and if, while the tythes were on the ground, they put in their cattle to graze, they were liable to an action of trespass. Thus far the law guarded the parson, and justly so, and in return the farmer must have a like protection; and if, by the obstinacy of the parson, his crop was spoiled, he must also have a little redress. To be sure, it sometimes happened that the clergyman was annoyed in the gathering of his tythes.—There was a case recorded in the law books, where a farmer gave notice to the parson to attend, and take the tythe of turnips: this parson and his deputy accordingly attended, with the cart. When he came, the farmer said, "I don't much like the weather to day, master parson; I shall only pull ten turnips, and there is one for your tythe." The parson, angry, would not take it away, but left it upon the

ant or his servant, after which he sent her back to the plaintiff, complaining that the original agreement was not adhered to, and that the mare was by no means in the condition as to flesh, prowess, or spirits, in which he saw her, and with which indispensable qualities he bought her.

A great number of witnesses were adduced with a view to prove this principle, from whose separate testimonies much technical jargon in the veterinary science, blended with the cant of the turf, had resulted. The unfortunate mare was critically anatomized, and every ounce of flesh, which a ragged groom, who lost five guineas on her October exploit at the Curragh, nearly weighed, with equal accuracy, and all upon oath.

After a clear and unaffected charge by the learned Judge, who summed up the essential parts of the evidence, the jury, in the course of one hour, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

CURIOUS CASE OF A STAKE HOLDER.

York Spring Assizes.

CHIFFENDALE v. DARBYSHIRE.

THIS case was a very singular one, and its decision will, we think, in future, make people a little cautious, before they become stake holders.

Both the plaintiff and defendant live in the city of York. The circumstances of the case are these: The plaintiff betted a wager of about 5 or £6 with a person of the name of James Watson, as to the sale of coals, and both parties put their stakes into the defendant's hands. A short time afterwards,

the plaintiff and Watson agreed to withdraw their money, and Watson waited upon the defendant, and required that his should be given up, but the defendant said, he should not do so until he had the plaintiff's consent; but being afterwards thoroughly satisfied that the money had been agreed to be withdrawn, he called at the plaintiff's house for the purpose of giving him his money; but he being from home, and not expected till late in the evening, he offered it to the plaintiff's wife two or three different times, who persisted in the refusal of it, saying that she would have nothing at all to do with it. In a day or two afterwards, the defendant was served with a copy of a writ.

It must here be observed, that no evidence was given on the part of the plaintiff that both him and Watson had, together, demanded their money of the defendant, or that the plaintiff had made any demand of the defendant for his stake.

Mr. Raine, for the defendant, said he should not address the jury; contending that the plaintiff had made no case to entitle him to a verdict, and that the defendant had used all the diligence that was necessary on his part as stake holder, by going to the plaintiff's house, as soon as he was satisfied that the parties had agreed to withdraw their wager, and offering the money to the plaintiff's wife; which Mr. Raine contended, in this case was a good tender. But the judge said, there could be no doubt but that the defendant had got the man's money, and he saw no reason why he should pretend to have kept it; the parties lived, it appeared, not far distant neighbours, and it was easy enough for the defendant to have found the plaintiff out. As to the tender to the

the wife, his Lordship said he did not consider that as a sufficient tender, and therefore directed the jury to find a verdict for the plaintiff.

VIOLENT ASSAULT AND RIOT.

King's Bench, May 8.

(See our Magazine for June 1804, p. 135.)

THE KING v. BROWNE.

THE defendant in this case had been convicted of a riot and assault upon Dr. Tatham, a magistrate in the county of Bucks; and was this day brought up for judgment.

On the morning of the 23d of May last, the prosecutor, Doctor Tatham, was informed that a parcel of mountebanks were going to exhibit in the evening, in a close belonging to the defendant; he accordingly went to the place where these gentry were lodged, and expostulated with them upon the impropriety of such an assembly: they treated him with much civility, and then conducted themselves in a very peaceable and decorous manner. From thence he proceeded to the defendant's, and expostulated likewise with him; but he behaved in a most rude and outrageous manner, hissed, hooted, and groaned at him, and told a parcel of boys who were present, that he would give them a penny a piece if they would hiss the Doctor out of the town.

In the evening, notwithstanding the Doctor's remonstrance, the mountebanks assembled in the field belonging to the defendant, with a mob of upwards of one thousand people along with them: their amusement was raffling for hand-

kerchiefs, &c. &c. at one shilling per ticket, at which diversion they were employed when the Doctor arrived with a constable and some of his own servants. He again expostulated with the defendant, who, in return, called him a dirty beggar, a lunatic, and an old fool, and various other opprobrious epithets. Upon his attempting to enter the field with his servants, the defendant hissed and hooted him as before, and endeavoured to get him and his horse into a corner of the field where there was a horse-pond filled with dirty muddy water, and had nearly succeeded in his purpose, when the Doctor's horse, which was rather unruly, started, and ran away, by which he saved his master from a ducking. When in the high road the defendant followed him, and shook a chain, which he had in a handkerchief, at the horse's head, who, in the sequel, threw his rider and ran away, and the Doctor was considerably bruised by the fall. He was again proceeding to the field on foot, when the defendant met him at the gate, and struck him several violent blows, with both fists, upon his breast, shoulders, &c. He then forcibly took the Constable's staff from him, and beat the latter several times with it. In his retreat, the Doctor was pursued by the defendant, hissing, hooting, and groaning at him; and one of the mob, of the name of Seer, endeavoured repeatedly to strike the Doctor's horse with a spade which he carried.

The defendant was a very respectable person in that part of the country; he kept a pack of hounds, and had an income of about £500 *per annum*.

The Constable, in his affidavit, swore, that had he and the Doctor attempted to take one man into

custody, he was certain they would both have been killed.

Serjeant Sellon, for the defendant, said, he knew it was always the wish of their Lordships to lean towards the side of mercy. In this case the defendant, who was a respectable country gentleman, let the mountebanks have the field, merely through motives of pure good nature and hospitality; and, being his own property, he conceived he had a right to admit or keep out any person he pleased. He had a wife and four children, and he trusted the Court, under all the circumstances, would not consider it a case for exemplary punishment.

Mr. Wilson, for the prosecution, thought what had been urged for the defendant, by the learned Serjeant, could go a very little way, if at all, in mitigation of his offence. He had committed a most violent, outrageous, and unprovoked assault upon a magistrate, in the actual discharge of his duty. With respect to his wife and children, it could make very little difference, as he could so well afford to keep a pack of hounds; which, in all probability, if he had had them along with him at the time of the assault, he would have set them also at the Doctor.

The Court ordered him to be committed, and brought up again for judgment on the Saturday following; when Mr. Justice Grose, in pronouncing the judgment of the Court, addressed Mr. W. Browne with his usual ability. Having expatiated on the enormity of his offence, in sheltering a set of gamblers of this kind, he observed, that no laws were more salutary than those against vagrants of the description in this case, who were like so many locusts, wandering about the country, and devouring

the bread and the means of the industrious peasant. The sentence of the court was, therefore, that the defendant should pay a fine of £50, to be imprisoned six months in the gaol of Aylesbury, and to give security for his good behaviour for three years—himself in £500, and two sureties in £250 each.

COLONEL M'KENZIE AND MR. BROOKES.

DURING a late session at Hicks's Hall, Mr. Brookes, the keeper of the menagerie of birds and beasts at the corner of the Haymarket, appealed against a conviction, which took place before Philip Neve and W. Brodie, magistrates, at Marlborough Office, where he was fined £20 for having privily in his possession a stolen pug dog, the property of Colonel M'Kenzie.

The dog was sworn to again, and his marks minutely described by General Hall, Col. M'Kenzie, Capt. Matthews, and other gentlemen. In support of the appeal eight persons were examined, principally servants to the appellant in different employments, who attempted to invalidate the statement of the gentlemen respecting the identity of the dog. These persons were minutely cross-examined by Mr. Raine, Counsel for Colonel M'Kenzie, who detected them severally in contradictory statements.

The Counsel, after the evidence had closed, addressed the Bench. He drew an able comparison between the evidence of the gentlemen who proved the dog to be the Colonel's property, and those who had supported the appeal. The conduct

conduct of Mr. Brookes appeared to him altogether imprudent and unjustifiable, and the public would rejoice at the decision of the Bench, by which men in the appellant's situation would be taught a wholesome lesson. The Chairman remarked, the witnesses who had been called by the appellant had clearly decided the case; each of them had strengthened the enormity of the offence by their contradictory statements. The conviction was confirmed, and the Court awarded £15 to the prosecutor, as a remuneration for his expences attending the appeal.

CHALLENGES.

King's Bench, May 4.

THE KING v. J. HANSON, ESQ.

IN this case the defendant was convicted, the last assizes for Manchester, of assaulting William Eccles, gentleman, attorney.

The defendant was a gentleman of very considerable property in Manchester, and colonel of a corps of volunteers; the prosecutor, Mr. Eccles, along with Mr. Sharp, were the clerks of the race, and attorneys of the assembly-rooms at Manchester.

Previous to the commencement of the last spring Lancaster races, the defendant, Colonel Hanson, and Sir William Gerrard, were appointed stewards, and the prosecutor was directed by the assembly-room committee to write a letter of invitation to the colonel, requesting his attendance and advice relative to the management and arrangements of the ensuing entertainments. Soon after the prosecutor happened, by accident, to see Colonel Hanson in

the shop of Mr. Prosley, silversmith, in the town of Manchester. He immediately accosted him with, "Who is to be the Lady Patroness this season?" and the colonel, not knowing that he had been officially employed, answered, that it was an impertinent question, and no business of his; the other, in rather an abrupt manner, replied, "Sir!" upon which the colonel told him he was an impertinent fellow, and the former returned the compliment; words grew high, and the appellations of coward and scoundrel were bandied about, and Mr. E. said he would meet him and fight him in half an hour, in his own office, or any where else he pleased; and, in the sequel the challenge was accepted, and the parties agreed to meet at the time appointed. As the colonel was retiring, he called out to Eccles that he was "a black-guard of the first class." Within the time of meeting, Colonel Hanson, accompanied by Mr. Prosley, went to the office of Mr. Eccles, when a fresh altercation took place, and the colonel struck the latter repeatedly in a violent manner, across the head and shoulders, with a horsewhip which he carried; the blows, however, were returned by Mr. Eccles, and the colonel, in going away, repeated that he was still ready to meet and fight Mr. Eccles at the place and time before appointed; but the latter gentleman, after what had occurred, thought the most advisable mode of satisfaction would be derived from a criminal prosecution.

Several affidavits were read, by which it appeared, that both parties were in a great passion with each other, and were equally violent. Colonel Hanson had been accosted by Mr. Eccles, originally, in an abrupt manner, and not then know-
ing

ing his official situation, had made the reply which was the occasion of so much ill-will afterwards. The colonel, as a military man, had felt that his honour was at stake, which drew from him the challenge, and that which afterwards occurred.

Mr. Wood, for the defendant, was proceeding to make some observations on behalf of his client; when

Lord Ellenborough thought it more regular for the counsel on the other side to proceed.

Mr. Erskine, for the prosecution, said, that from the affidavit of the defendant, it appeared that he felt his character, as a man of honour, was at stake; when it was recollected that he went to the office of Mr. Eccles, after a challenge had passed and was accepted, and the scene which took place there, he was willing the defendant should go free, without the judgment of the court, if he could make out his justification or defence, as a man of honour.

Lord Ellenborough again interposed, and advised that Col. Hanson should consult with his friends, before the proceedings went further. He thought some accommodation might take place, and the colonel's honour soothed in some degree, as, after hearing the affidavits, there was no question but that he had been accosted in an extremely rude manner, and both parties had been exceedingly violent.

Mr. Wood, after some consultation, proposed the matter should be referred to the master.

Mr. Erskine answered, that he had ever made it a rule in such cases not to receive propositions of this nature, through the medium of counsel: he then proceeded to make some farther animadversions upon the conduct of Colonel Hanson, and

the affidavits made on his behalf, which he considered an aggravation of the offence.

Messrs. Garrow, Topping, and Scarlet, followed on the same side.

Messrs. Wood, Ferguson, and Littledale, were heard on the part of the defendant: they submitted, that Colonel Hanson was not aware of the compliment which Mr. Eccles was commissioned to offer him; he was ignorant of his coming from the committee, and thought the question might have been asked through mere idle curiosity; and therefore he thought the defendant impertinent, and the manner, more than the matter of his words, had caused the subsequent events.

Lord Ellenborough—"Let him be committed, and brought up again for judgment on this day se'nnight."

MAY 11.—Mr. Justice Grose, on the appearance of the prisoner on the floor, immediately delivered the judgment of the court. He said, that the defendant had wholly mistaken the conduct and the character required of a man of honour, who should ever be reluctant to give and to take offence. The affidavit of the prisoner rather tended to aggravate than to diminish the crime: the law had been violated, and no apology was attempted, no contrition was acknowledged for the offence. The prosecutor, however, was not wholly excusable, the challenge certainly originated with him.

The sentence of the court was, a fine of £100, imprisonment for one month, and security to be given for future good behaviour by the defendant in £1000, and two sureties in £500 each.

DICKINSON T. PRICHARD.

MAY 7.—Mr. Wood moved for leave to file a criminal information against

against William Prichard, for sending a challenge to, and publishing a libel against Mr. Daniel Dickinson, attorney.

He stated, that Mr. Dickinson was a respectable attorney, residing at Ulverston, and also a captain of a company in the Ulverston volunteers; that Mr. Prichard was an agent for Mr. Vaughan, merchant of Liverpool, and lived at that place. On the 3d of July last, the former was applied to by the latter in his professional capacity, and received his authority to proceed for the recovery of a debt from one Stanley, and accordingly a writ was issued out; but the parties afterwards met together and settled the business. Mr. Dickinson then made out his bill of costs, and waited upon Prichard with it, who threw it into the middle of the floor, and said he had nothing to do with it. Mr. Dickinson retired, and Prichard sent it back with some writing at the bottom, signifying that he had given no orders for such proceeding. Soon after Dickinson served it regularly, and the next day he found it stuck up at the market-place with the same writing upon it, and at the top, "This is Dickinson's bill." He then sent to know whether Prichard meant to deny his hand-writing, to the authority he had given for the proceedings against Stanley, and received for answer that Mr. Prichard had sent a letter to the post-office for him, which would convince him he was a gentleman. He went to the post-office, and there found an unsealed letter, directed to him, dated "Ulverston, 23d of January, 1805," and signed by Prichard, to the following effect:

"Sir, you have said that I denied my own hand-writing; you are a liar, I never did deny it, and will be found whenever you wish to see me."

Mr. Dickinson took no notice at that time of the letter; but when the month had elapsed after service of the bill of costs, he sued out an attachment of privilege against Prichard, for the costs; and on Sunday the 17th of March, on his return from church with his company of volunteers, he was informed that another paper had been stuck up at the market cross, which he accordingly went to see, and found nearly as follows, entitled—"Come and read."

"Two months ago Daniel Dickinson said that I had denied my hand-writing; I told him he was a liar, and will tell him so again; I never did deny it, and I am ready to meet this mighty man at the Court of Common Pleas, at Lancaster, or any where else."

The learned Counsel expatiated upon such gross conduct towards a professional gentleman, and one bearing an honourable commission in so respectable a corps. The repeated aggravations of the offence, and all the circumstances of the case, he trusted, would induce the Court to grant the information.

Lord Ellenborough having asked the rank and condition in life of the parties, and taking the different times in which the matters were transacted, into his consideration, was of opinion that the party might have preferred a bill of indictment to the grand jury at the last assizes. He observed, that though the principal object of granting informations was to prevent the breach of the peace, yet, without meaning any disrespect to those parties, his wish was to resist the necessity of such applications; and he thought the readiest way to obtain redress, and the best protection against the like abuses, was by bill of indictment. The motion therefore was refused.

CHARGE

CHARGE OF CARELESS DRIVING.

*King's Bench, Guildhall.*COOPER V. ROBERTS AND AN-
OTHER.

THE Solicitor General opened the plaintiff's case to the following effect:—"May it please your Lordship, and Gentlemen of the Jury—this action is brought by Mr. John Cooper, a supervisor in the excise, against Messrs. Roberts and Co. proprietors of a mail coach, for having most grievously suffered by the misconduct of a person to whom the defendants had intrusted the care of driving their coach. I cannot better state the situation in which he now is, nor that from which he has been driven by the calamity he has suffered, than in the way in which he states it to me. He was a man in the prime of life, about the age of 45, in full health and strength; he has a wife and seven children. He was able, by his labour and diligence, to support that wife and those children. They were well satisfied with the maintenance which he was able to provide for them. He had reason, from his excellent conduct in the situation in which he was placed, to look forward to advancement. His condition is now reversed; instead of being in health and vigour, he is become a cripple; he has lost all the means by which he was enabled to acquire comfort. He is incapable of filling the situation he held, and in which he looked reasonably forward to advancement. His wife and family are disappointed of all their hopes. His children, who were in the course of a good education from his means, are now left destitute. He was twenty-two weeks in the most excruciating torture at an inn, where he was un-

known, neither assisted nor visited by those by the conduct of whose servant all his misfortunes were occasioned, but left entirely to the care of strangers." Under these circumstances he certainly comes before you an object of your attention; at least I desire your attention to his case, and I desire no more, because that is justice, and I ask no more than justice, which will consist in making to him compensation for what he has suffered, as well as that can be done, after making up what he has spent at the place where he was left in consequence of the injury he has received from the misconduct of the defendants' servant. I have a very short case to state to you, but it will be a conclusive one, and I shall place those to whom the defendants case is intrusted in a situation out of which they cannot extricate themselves. My case depends on a plain statement—it is this—the plaintiff, together with another officer of the excise, were called to give their attendance in a court of justice in London. They were both resident at Bolton in Lancashire. They went to Manchester, intending to come from thence to London by the Telegraph Coach, of which the defendants, Messrs. Roberts and Co. are the proprietors. We found out that they are the proprietors—we have had no communication with them, unless that can be communication, which I confess I do not feel greatly to their credit. When they found the plaintiff in the situation in which he was, they offered him about one half of the money he was actually out of pocket. I am sure you will not think him wrong in refusing to comply with such terms, for both the bones of his leg were broken, his shoulder was dislocated, and his head was cut; by which

which he suffered a confinement to his bed of fourteen or fifteen weeks, and staid at the inn twenty-two weeks—the consequence of which I fear will be to deprive him for ever of the enjoyment of his situation. He was coming to town in the Manchester coach, with another officer. They went through Northampton, and Newport Pagnel, where there is a street that is not paved, and there is a considerable declivity. The coach in which they came was called the *Telegraph*. It was more heavily laden than it ought to have been. I do not say it was loaded in a way prohibited by act of parliament; but certainly, as the outrage will shew, more heavily laden than with safety it could be driven at this place. It had six or seven outside passengers, and some luggage on the top. At Newport Pagnel, when they came to the house, called the "*Admiral Hood*," where the coach was accustomed to stop, the coachman was driving in the middle of the road; he turned on a sudden, where the street was sloping towards the house, he having then no obstruction in the way, nor any carriage meeting him, turned short, without any necessity, and overturned the coach, by which the plaintiff received the injury, of which he complains before you to-day, and for which he asks a recompence. Gentlemen, I can conceive only three possible ways of accounting for this injury—either the coach was driven by the defendants' servant unskilfully—or the place at which the coach was stopt was an improper place for that purpose—or the coach was so laden that the passage in it was dangerous. In either of these events the defendants are responsible for the accident which has happened. If the accident arose from want of skill in

the driver, no doubt the defendants are answerable for it, as he was their servant. If it arose from the coach having stopt at an improper place, they are equally so, for they ought to take care that their servants do not stop any where but in safety to passengers. If it was overloaded, they are bound equally, for that renders the carriage dangerous to every body. I shall prove this case to you, and if any thing be offered in answer to it, I shall have an opportunity of observing upon it. It is a case of great calamity to the plaintiff, whose circumstances are as I have stated to you. And I hope you will not confine your compensation to the mere sum he was out of pocket: you will give him something for his situation, which was so dreadful a one, that I shall not attempt to describe it; that I shall leave to him alone who felt it. I had forgotten to state, that the plaintiff had a pocket book with bank notes of upwards of £10 in it, which he pinned up before he took the coach at Manchester, and put into his pocket, but which he lost in the fall from the top of the coach, and never afterwards found, although the town-crier was employed to cry it, and a reward of five guineas offered for it.

William Ashton, examined by Mr. Garrow, proved that the plaintiff is a supervisor in the excise, was coming, as well as the witness, to town, to attend a court of justice; came by this coach, and the accident happened at Newport Pagnel, as stated by the Solicitor General; and he swore it was owing entirely to the fault of the coachman, who turned his coach suddenly round, instead of sloping it, on which it was overset. There were seven outside passengers. The witness jumped off, just as the coach was falling,

but the plaintiff was dreadfully hurt, was taken into the house, and a surgeon sent for. His leg was broken and his shoulder dislocated, and his head very much cut. He remained there 24 weeks. He lost his pocket book, which contained upwards of £10, for he was to bear the expenses of himself and the witness to town. The plaintiff had a wife and seven children entirely depending on him for support. In the judgment of the witness, if the coachman had properly stopped his horses, the accident would not have happened. It was about noon.

Mr Walker, examined by the Solicitor General, said he lived at Newport Pagnel, and was present when the accident happened. He saw the coach come down the hill. He did not see any fault in the coachman, or the guard. There was no other carriage in the street. He could have driven where he pleased. He was going the pace of about five miles an hour. He could stop as he pleased, for there was nothing in his way. He saw nothing to blame in the coachman, until the coach overturned by the "Admiral Hood" public-house. The place where the coach stopped was an improper place to stop at, in the opinion of the witness.

James Sneed, examined by Mr. Garrow, said, he kept the public-house, the "Admiral Hood," where the coach stoit; he gave an account of the situation of the coach when it fell, being near the window of his house; and also of the state in which the plaintiff was when he was brought into the house. He was there twenty-two weeks, for which the bill, including the nurses and attendants, was £62 : 11 : 1; although he was charged no more for what he had, than if he had been a common soldier.

Mr. Rogers, surgeon at Newport Pagnel, gave an account of the situation of the plaintiff. Both the bones of one leg were broken, the shoulder dislocated, and the head cut: he attended the plaintiff for a considerable time, for which his charge was ten guineas.

Mr. Erskine on the part of the defendants, made a very able speech, in which he deprecated the effects of prejudice against the proprietors of coaches when accidents of this nature happened, but contended, that they were not answerable for any thing short of gross negligence in their servants, in such a case as this. He thought his learned friend had been instructed in this case to dwell too much on the situation of the plaintiff, and the nature of his loss. Nobody deplored that loss more than the defendants did, but the question was, whether they were bound to pay for that accident or not? He lamented also, that his learned friend, (the Solicitor General) had been instructed to observe, that the defendants had made an offer to the plaintiff to give him a sum of money. They certainly had done so, they had offered him £70 on account of the hardship of his case, not acknowledging that they were legally bound to allow any thing; and as it was offered with a view to a compromise, it ought never to have been mentioned, because whatever was offered in confidence, and not accepted, should be held sacred. The case of the defendants was, that this was a mere accident, in which nobody was to blame, in which case the law provided that the loss should be borne by him on whom it fell; for the proprietors of coaches did not insure the lives and properties of those whom they carry, but undertook only to use due diligence and skill in

in their conveyance. If the plaintiff had happened to pass by the house of any one of the jury, and a chimney or a piece of tile, or other material, were blown down by a sudden gust of wind, and it were to fall on the plaintiff, and crush him until he were half dead, he would still have the same loss of his place, the same wife, and the same children, to lament his fate; but little doubt could be entertained that the owner of the house was not bound to answer for the loss. He might therefore rest the case on the proof as it stood, and rely on a verdict for his clients; but they were anxious to stand well before the public, and therefore they instructed him to call witnesses to prove that the coachman, in this case, was not to blame; but that what had happened was a mere accident.

The Rev. Mr. Kelpin, who lived in Newport Pagnel, saw the accident, swore it did not appear to him that the coachman was in the least degree to blame, but that the overturning of the coach was mere accident, on account of the declivity of the place, and the road being new gravelled, the wheel caught a large stone, and so overturned.

Mr. Oldacre, a passenger by the coach, and on the outside, saw the whole of the accident, swore the coachman was driving very carefully, and was not in any respect to blame; but that what happened was mere accident.

John Rart, the guard of the coach, swore there was no fault at all in the coachman, but that what happened was an unavoidable accident, owing to the loose gravel on the road. He swore positively that after the accident happened, and while the plaintiff was in his distressed state, he said that neither the coachman nor the guard were to

blame, but in this he was not confirmed by any other witness. The coachman did not attend to-day, for he was obliged to give evidence at Northampton on the trial of a rape. He was in London yesterday.

Mr. Sargeson, Lieutenant-Colonel in the royal regiment of horse guards, said he was a passenger inside of this coach when the accident happened; he knew the road well; had travelled it often; knew the place where the accident happened perfectly; saw the accident as well as could be expected from the inside; thought the coachman behaved with great caution and care, and was not in the least to blame; the overturning, in his opinion, was pure accident.

Mr. Geo. Goodall, paymaster of the Derbyshire militia, another passenger, on the roof of the coach, when the accident happened, was clearly satisfied the coachman was not in the least to blame.

Mr. Crimpstone, another passenger, was of the same opinion.

The Solicitor General made a very able reply, and insisted on his right to a verdict for the plaintiff.

Lord Ellenborough summed up the whole case to the jury, which involved three points for their consideration.

First, Whether the injury this poor man received arose from the improper management of the defendant's servant?

Secondly, Whether the mischief was occasioned by that negligence, upon which there was properly no question, supposing the negligence to be established?

Thirdly, What damages should be given to the plaintiff? All these points he left to the jury entirely, inclining in opinion in favour of the plaintiff.

The jury retired, and remained out of court for upwards of half an hour, and brought in their verdict for the defendants.

(and that is known) took her hand, after having stolen her mind; but what reward he give now for such a great sacrifice.—E. M. CASSEL—born GYZELAAR. Married in Communione Bonorum.

ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the Surinam Gazette.

NOTICE and warning is given hereby by the underwritten towards the esteemed public, for no give credit or do other engagement with his wife, before widow Kreps, because he no shall be responsible of any act. Every one take care for damage.—P. CASSEL.

THE subscriber with the most indignation having read a certain advertisement, issued in the Surinam Gazette from Tuesday 18th inst. and published by her husband P. Cassel, felt it from her duty, to give a contre notice at the esteemed public, that, while her above mentioned husband no being take any care for her, having a separat house and living, no giving any thinks for sustentation. She was obliged to make several credits, no for articles of luxe or volupte, but for the most necessary of live; she disapprove the step made by this beloved husband in the most disappointed manner, because the called P. Cassel being prisoner of war, but lost and delivered by the American Captain Marriner, was coming by the subscriber, in most deplorable state, no having cloths, no having bread! She, respecting every time the laws of humanity, and the feels of her, received the poor devil with pleasure, him giving clooths and nurriture. The astute fellow, making use of all artificeable to seduce a female soul, sentimental as she is,

Mr. La Rocca, master of the Italians and French language, also enough understanding the English language, for give instruction to young ladies and gentlemen, beg leave to respectfully inform the honored public, that he want for establish a Italians Institut at the house of Mr. Taylor vis a vis de Mr. F. A. A. Schwennicke Esq; likewise he will done instruction in these tongue, by privat lessons, to all it desirous to home, he no doubt, for give all satisfaction to those of ladies and gentlemen, whose shall honored hem with theirs favours.

THE PARK-WALL DOCTOR.—Mr. Leveer, but better known by the name of Park-wall doctor, wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has now taken rooms at the house of Swaledale, Yorkshire, where he is to be met and consulted with daily, on all difficult cases and dangerous diseases whatever.

It is thought unnecessary to stuff a paper full of certificates of the most wonderful and surprising cures he has performed, and of the past services and abilities of this eccentric character to his country, the whole being already so well known and gratefully acknowledged by thousands of his patients, when they have been given up, and reported incurable by other gentlemen of great practice and supposed judgment and experience.—But no relief or remedy without the experience and aid of the Park-wall doctor, who is to be met with as above.

N. B. The

N. B. The nobility and gentry are warned, not to be fearful or daunted at their first personal interview with Mr. Leveer, from his not going in that genteel habit of dress, as a gentleman of his distinguished merit and abilities is looked upon to do.

WELSH SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.

THE following letter is copied from the Palladium, a newspaper printed at Kentucky, in America, to the editor of which it was addressed. The writer is a gentleman of respectability, and fills an high office.

Frankfort, Dec. 12, 1804.

Sir, no circumstance relating to the history of the western country, probably has excited, at different times, more general attention and anxious curiosity, than the opinion that a nation of white men, speaking the Welsh language, reside high up on the Missouri. By some the idea is treated as nothing but the suggestion of bold imposture and credulity; whilst others regard it as a fact fully authenticated by Indian testimony, and the report of various travellers worthy of credit. The fact is accounted for, they say, by recurring to a passage in the history of Great Britain, which relates, that several years before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, a certain Welsh prince embarked from his native country, with a large party of emigrants; that after some time a vessel or two came back with the account that they had discovered a country far to the westward, and that they set sail again with a fresh reinforcement, and never returned any more. The country which

these adventurers discovered, it has been supposed, was the continent of North America, and it has been conjectured, that they had landed on this continent somewhere in the Gulph of Mexico, and from thence proceeded northward, till they got out of the reach of the hostile natives, and seated themselves in the upper country of Missouri. Many accounts accordingly have been published within the last 30 years, of persons, who, in consequence, either by accident or the ardour of curiosity, have made themselves acquainted with a nation of men on the Missouri, possessing the complexion of Europeans, and the language of Welshmen. Could the fact be well established, it would afford, perhaps, the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty occasioned by a view of the various ancient fortifications with which the Ohio country abounds, of any that has hitherto been offered. These fortifications were evidently never made by the Indians. The Indian art of war presents nothing of the kind. The probability too is, that the persons who constructed them were, at that time, acquainted with the use of iron: the situation of those fortifications, which are uniformly in the most fertile land of the country, indicates that those who made them were an agricultural people, and the remarkable care and skill with which they were executed, afford traits of genius of a people, who relied more on their military skill than on their numbers. The growth of the trees upon them is very compatible with the idea, that it is no more than 300 years since they were abandoned.

These hints, however, are thrown out rather to excite inquiry, than by way of advancing any decided opinion on the subject. Having never

never met with any persons who had seen these white Americans, nor even received their testimony near the source, I have always entertained considerable doubts about the fact. Last evening, however, Mr. John Childes, of Jessamine county, a gentleman with whom I have been long acquainted, and who is well known to be a man of veracity, communicated a relation to me, which, at all events, appears to merit serious attention. After he had related it in conversation, I requested him to repeat it, and commit it to writing. It has certainly some internal marks of authenticity. The country which is described was altogether unknown in Virginia, when the relation was given, and was probably very little known to the Shawnese Indians. Yet the account of it agrees very remarkably with the latter discoveries. On the other hand, the story of the large animal, though by no means incredible, has something of the air of fable; and it does not satisfactorily appear how the long period which the party were absent was spent, though Indians are, however, so much accustomed to loiter away their time, that many weeks, and even months, may probably have been spent in indolent repose.

Without detaining you any more with preliminary remarks, I will proceed to the narration, as I received it from Mr. Childes.

Maurice Griffith, a native of Wales, which country he left when about sixteen years of age, was taken prisoner by a party of Shawnese Indians, about forty years ago, near Vosses' Fort, on the head of Roanoke river, in Virginia, and carried into the Shawnese nation. Having staid there about two years and a half, he found that five young

men of the tribe had a desire of attempting to explore the sources of the Missouri. He prevailed upon them to admit him one of the party. They set out with six good rifles, and six pounds of powder apiece, of which they were of course very careful. On reaching the mouth of the Missouri, they were struck with the extraordinary appearance of the muddy waters of the Mississippi. They staid two or three days amusing themselves with a view of this novel sight: they then determined on the course which they should pursue, which happened to be so nearly in the course of the river, that they frequently came within sight of it, as they proceeded on their journey. After travelling about thirty days through pretty farming woodland, they came into fine open prairies, on which nothing grew but long luxuriant grass.—There was a succession of those, varying in size, some being eight or ten miles across, but one of them so long, that it occupied three days to travel through it. In passing through the large prairies they were much distressed for water and provisions, for they saw neither beast nor bird; and though there was an abundance of salt springs, fresh water was very scarce. In one of these prairies, the salt springs ran into small ponds, in which, as the weather was hot, the water had sunk, and left the edges of the ponds so covered with salt, that they fully supplied themselves with that article, and might easily have collected bushels of it. As they were travelling through the prairies, they had likewise the good fortune to kill an animal which was nine or ten feet high, and a bulk proportioned to his height. They had seen two of the same species before, and they saw four of them afterwards. They were

were swift footed, and they had neither tusks nor horns. After they had passed through the prairie, they made it a rule never to enter on one, which they could not see across, till they had supplied themselves with a sufficiency of jerked venison to last several days. After having travelled a considerable time through the prairies, they came to very extensive lead mines, where they melted the ore, and furnished themselves with what lead they wanted. They afterwards came to two copper mines, one of which was three miles through, and in several places they met rocks of copper, as large as houses.

When about fifteen days journey from the second copper mine, they came in sight of white mountains, which, though in the heat of summer, appeared to them to be covered with snow. The sight naturally excited considerable astonishment, but on their approaching the mountains, they discovered, that instead of snow, they were covered with immense bodies of white sand. They had, in the mean time, passed through about ten nations of Indians, from whom they received very friendly treatment. It was the practice of the party to exercise the office of spokesman in rotation; and when the language of any nation through which they passed was unknown to them, it was the duty of the spokesman, a duty in which the others never interfered, to convey their meaning by appropriate signs.

The labour of travelling through the deep sands of the mountains was excessive, but at length they relieved themselves of this difficulty by following the course of a shallow river, the bottom of which being level, they made their way to the top of the mountains with tolerable convenience.

After passing the mountains, they entered a fine track of land, which having travelled through for several days, they accidentally met with three white men in the Indian dress. Griffith immediately understood their language, as it was pure Welsh, though they occasionally made use of a few words with which he was not acquainted; however, as it happened to be the turn of one of his companions to act as spokesman or interpreter, he preserved a profound silence, and never gave them any intimation that he understood the language of their new companions.

After proceeding with them four or five days journey, they came to the village of these white men, where they found that the whole nation were of the same colour, having all the European complexion. The three men took them through the village for about the space of 15 miles, when they came to the council-house, at which an assembly of the king and chief men of the nation was held. The council lasted three days; and as the strangers were not supposed to be acquainted with their language, they were suffered to be present at their deliberations. The great question before the council was, what conduct should be observed towards the strangers. From their fire-arms, their knives, and their tomahawks, it was concluded they were a warlike people; it was conceived they were sent to look out a country for their nation; that if they were suffered to return, they might expect a body of powerful invaders, but that, if these six men were put to death, nothing would be known of their country, and that they should still enjoy their possession in security. It was finally determined that they should be put to death.

death. Griffith then thought that it was time for him to speak. He addressed the council in the Welsh language. He informed them that they had not been sent by any nation—they had no hostile intentions—that it was their wish to trace the Missouri to its source, and that they should return to their country satisfied with the discoveries they had made, without any wish to disturb the repose of their new acquaintances. An instant astonishment glowed in the countenances not only of the council but of his Shawnese companions, who clearly saw he was understood by the people of the country. Full confidence was at once given to his declaration; the king advanced, and gave him his hand. They abandoned the design of putting him and his companions to death, and from that moment treated them with the utmost friendship. Griffith and the Shawnese continued eight months in the nation, but were deterred from prosecuting their researches up the Missouri, by the advice of the people of the country, who informed them they had gone a twelve month's journey up the river, but found it as large there as it was in their own country. As to the history of the people, he could learn nothing satisfactory. The only account they could give was, that their forefathers had come up the river from a very distant country. They had no books, no records, no writings.

They intermixed with no other people by marriage: there was not a dark skinned man in the nation. Their numbers were very considerable. There was a considerable range of settlements on the river for fifty miles, and there were, within this space, three large water courses, which fell into the Missouri, on the

banks of each of which likewise they were settled. He supposed there must be fifty thousand men in the nation capable of bearing arms. Their clothing was skins well dressed. Their houses were made of upright posts, and the bark of trees. The only implements they had to cut them with were stone tomahawks. They had no iron: their arms were bows and arrows. They had some silver, which had been hammered with stones into coarse ornaments, but it did not appear to be pure. They had neither horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, nor any domestic or tame animals. They lived by hunting. He said nothing about their religion.

Griffiths and his companions had some large iron tomahawks with them. With these they cut down trees, and prepared a canoe to return home in: but their tomahawks were so great a curiosity, and the people of the country were so eager to handle them, that their canoe was completed with very little labour. When this work was accomplished, they proposed to leave their new friends. Griffith, however, having promised to visit them again. They descended the river with considerable speed, but amidst frequent dangers from the rapidity of the current, particularly when passing through the White Mountains. When they reached the Shawnese nation, they had been absent about two years and a half. Griffith supposed that when they travelled, they went at the rate of about 15 miles a day. He staid but a few months with the Indians after their return, as a favourable opportunity offered itself to him to reach his friends in Virginia. He came with a hunting party of Indians to the head waters of Coal river, which runs into the New river,

river, not far above the falls. There he left the Shawnese, and easily reached the settlements on the Roanoke. Mr. Childes knew him before he was taken prisoner, and saw him a few days after his return, when he narrated to him the preceding circumstances; Griffith was universally regarded as a steady, honest man, and a man of veracity. Mr. Childes has placed the utmost confidence in his account of himself and his travellers, and has no more doubt of the truth of his relation, than if he had seen the whole himself. Whether Griffith be still alive or not, he does not know.

Whether the idea be correct or not, we shall probably have a better opportunity of judging on the return of Captains Lewis and Clark, who, though they may not penetrate as far as Griffith alleged that he had done, will probably learn enough of the country to enable us to determine whether the account given by Griffith be fiction or truth.

I am, &c, H. TOULMIN.

HUMOROUS
DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES
IN THE LATE
SHAKESPEAR LOTTERY.

MR. EDITOR,

DAME Fortune perhaps never exhibited herself in a more sportive humour than of late, and a few specimens may suffice to shew the waggish disposition of the wheel, or rather the very accurate knowledge the projector of the scheme had of what the public wanted for instruction and reproof. What, indeed, but an intelligent acquaintance with the characteristics of the age could have suggested

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a plan by which so many young gentlemen have got the print of the "Prodigal Son?" while, with equal attention to the sources of evil, the mothers of several of these hopeful youths have become possessed of "The Card Players." And these prints, with a propriety so minute as even to extend to place as well as person, have fallen to the lot principally of St. George's and St. James's parishes, though a few, I am sorry to say, have been conveyed into the city. The last, however, were indifferent impressions, and mere copies of the former; and therefore, to make up the value, a fine "Prospect of the King's Bench Prison" was added.

But while these have been dispersed among the public with so much liberality, I find that the "Cardinal Virtues" have been very scanty in the same proportion; and I could have wished that "Faith, Hope, and Charity," had been more extensively diffused, especially among controversial writers; and I yet more heartily could have wished that fewer families of the middling class had been enabled to display impressions, equal to proofs, of "Modern Midnight Conversation" and "Marriage a la mode."

I may next remark, that some purchasers of tickets are highly gratified by their acquisitions, and therefore am uncharitable enough to suspect that they did not much stand in need of what they have got. The mothers of some large families, and the governesses of some young ladies' boarding schools, have been enabled to boast of a very elegant set of "Virgins," and "Angels," and "Venuses;" and yet this might be forgiven as pictures of prejudice, if, as companions, these engravings had not been accompanied by "Adonises," and

U scenes

scenes of "Pyramus and Thisbe," "Romeo and Juliet in the Garden," "The Power of Beauty," and other hints and suggestions, which appear to me to be wholly superfluous. In a very gay family at the west end of the town, I observed Collett's four prints of "Courtship," "The Elopement," "The Honeymoon," and "Discordant Matrimony;" which seem equally unnecessary, but might have been as proper to decorate the rooms of a Proctor in the Commons as "Views in Calcutta" would be to ornament the saloon of an East-India Director.

It must, however, be remarked, that in some of these prizes there is a sort of waggish propriety of allotment which it is not easy to be offended with. Some of the gentlemen, for example, who lately negotiated a loan with the Minister have got prints of the "Wise Men of the East," executed in the dotted manner; and a well-known Member of Parliament has been seen to chuckle over his prize of "The Ratcatcher." "The Ruins of Rome" are said to have fallen to the lot of the agent of a distinguished personage in France; while the fine prints of "The Smugglers," and "Dividing the Booty," have fallen into the hands of a dignified defaulter and his confidential friend. I was pleased with the brag of an honest inn-keeper, who said he had got "The Traveller's Repose;" and perhaps "The Good Samaritan," and "Raising the Widow's Son," could not have been better allotted than to two principal agents in a certain humane society. Nor must I omit the characteristic propriety which adjudged Tintoret's "Blind leading the Blind" to certain modern philosophers, as it throws great light on them and their disciples in the pursuit of per-

fectibility. Two or three ladies of quality; likewise, whose nerves used to be very much disturbed by the lectures and hints of the late Lord Kenyon, have been again remarkably agitated and fluttered by their money being returned in the shape of "Cirees," and "Cleopatras," and "Messalinas;" and their husbands have been equally disturbed by receiving "Bacchanalians" and "Timons." They could scarcely have been more alarmed had it been possible to send them "Views of Mortgages" and "Prospects of Suicide." In other cases there seems to be a waggish allusion, which will be more easily forgiven. It is to this frolicsome disposal of Fortune's favours that we must ascribe so many duplicates of Tenier's "Larder," "The Kitchen," "The Smokers," "The Topers," &c. which have been very liberally dispersed among the members of the corporation; but some have been better pleased with "Whittington and his Cat," "The Industrious Apprentice," and "The Roast Beef of Old England."

But in the distribution of so many thousand articles we are not to wonder if many persons complain, that Dame Fortune has made her usual mistake, in sending them what they did not want, and in disappointing them in their fondest wishes; and the clamours of these ladies and gentlemen were to be heard in every company for some weeks, until an ingenious dealer in prints in the west end of the town gave public notice, that he would, on certain easy terms, exchange their lots for other prints from his own collection, which they might prefer. The success of this scheme corresponded with its wisdom and liberality: all the malcontents flocked to the shop, and endeavoured,

endeavoured, however difficult the attempt, to please themselves. Curiosity led me to attend this contrivance for correcting Fortune's blunders, and rectifying her judgment; and I must confess I was frequently struck with the whimsical exchange which some of the parties thought proper to make, and really in a few instances they seemed to understand their own characters better than the simple goddess. Some, for instance, who had "Conjugal Felicity," were bartering it for "The Inside of a Stable;" and others to whom Messrs. Boydells had given "Simplicity" and "Meditation," were wonderfully eager to exchange them for "The Rake's Progress" and "The Race-ground at Newmarket." One grave looking gentleman, who, I was told, was a Member of Parliament for a Cornish borough, slyly unfolded "Contentment" and "Independence," and begged to have a "Perspective of the Treasury in St. James's Park;" while another very eloquent member of the Opposition, who had got "Patience" and "Hope," complained, that the impressions were worn out, and too long for the only frame he had, and begged to have a proof of "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes."

But what vexed me most was the strange caprice displayed in the exchange of portraits. Some very pious prelates were given up for fox-hunters and noted game-keepers; learned judges were exchanged for jockies and blood-horses; and not a few wealthy merchants and patriotic citizens were bartered for players, dancers, and opera singers. The clergy however acted with a prudence highly characteristic, and pregnant with foresight. Those of them who had got the "Welsh Curate" exchanged it for "The

Rectory-house;" and those who had "The Rectory-house" generally commuted it, either for a "View of the Deanry," or "The Elevation of a Cathedral;" and some wished to have "A View of Lambeth from the top of the House of Lords," which, I think, shewed that their taste was not confined. In general, indeed, I observed, much to the honour of their predilection, that they uniformly esteemed the outside of the oldest cathedral more ornamental than the inside of the newest church.

With respect to many country gentlemen, of good families and great estates, I was sorry to witness an eagerness to exchange "The Farm-yard" for "The Drawing-room;" and some even gave the fine print of "The happy Peasants" for the disgusting subject of "The Welsh Main at the Cock-pit."

Military gentlemen, I know not why, but I hope it is a sign of peace, seemed very generally tired of "War's Alarms."

Several volunteer officers exchanged "Foote's Major Sturgeon" for "Views of the Royal Exchange;" and not a few officers of the line were glad to procure "Country Seats" in lieu of "Battle Pieces."

In general there appeared but little taste for Scripture prints. "Holy Families" were in no repute; "The Woman taken in Adultery," and "Susannah and the two Elders," however seemed to suit some gentlemen; and "The Golden Calf" was too great a favourite to be parted with. I may also mention, that the large print of "Ananias and Saphira," which fell to the lot of one of the Commissioners of Income, has been by him hung up in the Office of Appeals.

But while this ingenious course of exchange is going on, it has been announced, that persons who, by accident, have got duplicate prints, may have them exchanged from the proprietor's vast collection. This will no doubt afford another opportunity of displaying characteristic taste; but as the display will not be public, I shall not have it in my power to entertain my readers with the result. All I know is, that many persons have got more "Temperance" and "Domestic Happiness" than they incline to keep; and I am afraid the worthy Alderman mistook the taste of the times very much in wishing to give the public so many excellent impressions of "Conjugal Felicity."

FIVE REASONS,

*Why the Summer is the properest Season
for Public Dinners*

1. **B**ECAUSE owing to the heat, the stomach is in a relaxed state, and less able to bear a load of all kinds of food of different natures.

2. Because in hot weather, wine, and particularly spirituous liquors, have a tendency to create fevers, and obstructions in the *viscera*, vulgarly called the bowels.

3. Because, owing to the heat, people are disposed to drink most, and consequently make most for the *good of the house*.

4. Because, there is leisure for amusements out of doors, which are extremely proper when the body is over heated.

5. Because those who happen to be blind-drunk, may see to get home before it is dark.

EIGHT USEFUL DIRECTIONS

to

EPICURES.

*Very proper to be read before going to
Anniversary Dinners.*

1. **M**AKE it a rule to be early in your attendance; every epicure will allow that it is better to wait a little for dinner, than have the dinner spoiled by waiting for him.

2. Carefully inspect the bill of fare, that you may know what is coming, and place yourself accordingly.

3. Seat yourself directly opposite to your favourite dish; in that case you will be able to help yourself to the nice cuts.

4. Help yourself plentifully at first, as it is a thousand to one whether you have a chance of a second plateful, and there may be some present who understand the *joint* as well as yourself.

5. Watch the eye of him who wishes to *hob or nob*, and ask him to drink a glass of wine with you. — You may get drunk otherwise, but not expeditiously and politely.

6. If you wish to be witty at the expence of any one of the company, attack him after the second bottle: ten to one but he forgets it all before morning, or if not, you can plead that you had too much wine in your head.

7. Always join loudly in the chorus of a song: it opens the pores, and gives a particular relish to the wine.

8. In returning home, particularly if drunk, prefer riding on horseback: you may have a fall in the other way, but there is more spirit and effort in a fall from a horse; besides you can always blame the horse, who threw you off, because he was sober.

FASHIONABLE

FASHIONABLE SMALL TALK.

SIR Harry Flagrant, in his *vastly neat* curricle, salutes Lady Amazon, who passes him in Hyde Park in a low pheasant.

"It is a charming day, ma'em—I think the air is wonderfully mild for the season."—

"Quite so, indeed" replies the lady; "but dear Sir Harry, where have you been? Lady Cassino's party was extremely dull last night—can you guess why I thought so?"

"Hav'n't an idea, upon my word. What can you allude to?"

"O you sly man!—to pretend ignorance—I have a great mind not to tell you! Shall I tell you Harry?"

"You will oblige me infinitely—you don't know how much you will oblige—You can't conceive the obligation I should think it! Can the finest woman in England be so hard hearted?"

"O! you monster—O! you flatterer—do you know, now, you make me really angry. And so you can't guess?—Well! However I won't tell you."

"Yes—do now—have compassion upon me: tell me why you thought it dull, pray now!"

"And so you have not the smallest notion what could be the cause of my thinking it dull?"

"Upon my credit, I have not any conception what it could be."

"I'd lay fifty guineas that in your heart you are perfectly convinced of what I mean."

"No—indeed—I am upon my parole—I cannot discover the reason why you thought it dull last night—I am entirely at a loss."

"Well—you may protest—but I don't believe you—however, not to tantalize you, the only reason why I thought it dull last night at Lady C's was—I think I had better keep it to myself—was—now I will not say a word more about it."

"How can you be so severe upon me? Have mercy, my sweet woman—I shall die if you don't tell me"—&c.

CRIM. CON.

King's Bench, Westminster, May 17.

OLIVANT V. M'FADZEN.

THIS was a demurrer to a plea, and came on to be argued this day. The plaintiff brought his action against the defendant for a criminal information, to which he pleaded, first, "Not guilty," and secondly, "Not guilty within six years." The plaintiff demurred to this plea, and Mr. Wood contended, that the statute of limitations did not apply to an action of *crim. con.* The injury complained of was no injury till discovered, and should that period be procrastinated beyond the six years, if the injurer could plead the statute of limitations in bar, the husband had no redress.

Lord Ellenborough held that an action for criminal conversation, as well as any other civil action, could be barred by the statute of limitations; were it otherwise, he said, men might lie by till a defendant's witnesses were all dead, and then prosecute his suit, without the possibility of defence. The moment the mind became so vitiated that an adulterous intercourse could be proved, from that moment the grievance commenced, and though the injury should not be discovered for any subsequent period that could be named, yet the date of the grievance was the same, and might be pleaded in bar.

The Court held the plea to be good, but gave the plaintiff leave to withdraw his demurrer; so that the merits remained to be discussed before a jury.

BOXING.

BOXING.

BELCHER AND RYAN.

ON Tuesday, June 4, these students of the pugilistic art met at Leleham Burway, near Chertsey, at twelve o'clock. The fight was for 25 guineas a side. Berkley Craven patronised Ryan, and Fletcher Read was the favourer of Tom Belcher. At half past twelve the ring was formed; the seconds were Blake for Belcher, and George Maddox for Ryan. At one o'clock the fight commenced as follows, the bets being 7 to 4, and occasionally 2 to 1, in favour of Ryan, who upon stripping, was much the stronger:

1st Round. Both shy, much sparring, Ryan hit, Belcher stopped and rallied; closed, Belcher under. Odds much in favour of Ryan.

2d Round. Several severe and straight blows mutually put in; Belcher hit, was stooped, and fell.

3d Round. Uncommon sharp fighting; upwards of ten direct blows given and received; Ryan neatly knocked down.

4th Round. Piercing hitting; Ryan threw Belcher a severe cross buttock.

5th Round. A very sharp round; Belcher fell.

6th Round. A bad round; both fell together.

7th Round. Ryan had decidedly the advantage, but fell upon the close.

8th Round. Very quick round, Ryan fell.

9th Round. Both seemed shy from the formidable blows they had experienced, much sparring, but the result of this round was in favour of Ryan.

10th Round. Brisk hitting, Belcher fell, two to one in favour of Ryan.

11th Round. Closed, Ryan fell.

12th Round. Ryan put in two pinching blows, and threw Belcher.

13th Round. Closed and fell, Ryan under; guineas were betted to pounds in favour of Ryan.

14th Round. Belcher stopped a blow, rallied but fell severely, tho' whilst they were both on the ground, he patted Ryan's cheek, and laughingly said, "Jim, you're done over." Betting inclined to Belcher.

15th Round. Bad round, closed and fell, Belcher under.

16th Round. Both shewed fight; Ryan fell.

17th Round. Ryan threw him, but he laughed, and seemed gay and confident.

18th Round. Hard fighting, Belcher fell.

19th Round. Ryan hit him in the kidneys, and threw him. Two to one Ryan won.

20th Round. Ryan put in a neat blow, but slipped and fell; his wind was going.

21st Round. Very determined and severe; Belcher fell.

22d Round. Bad round, Belcher fell; both fatigued.

23d Round. Severe fighting, Belcher fell, but his friends began to think he was winning.

24th Round. Belcher rallied, stood up, and put in a prime blow, which brought his antagonist down.

25th Round. Both weak, closed and fell.

26th Round. Languid fighting, Ryan fell.

27th Round. Both exhausted, Belcher fell.

28th Round. Belcher fairly pulled his antagonist down, and laughed at him.

29th Round.

29th Round. Decisive; Ryan received a blow, and gave in with symptoms of a *white feather*.

REMARKS.—The Knowing Ones were completely taken in by betting the odds on Ryan, who hits wide and short. Tom Belcher imitates his brother, and fights low, straight, and quick. Ryan had once beaten Tom Belcher, which occasioned the odds, though the latter was in better condition. Lords Craven and Albemarle, Generals Fitzpatrick, Berkeley Craven, Fletcher Read, and Mr. Mellish, were among the Amateurs present.

Jackson, Mendoza, Puss the Jew, Bill Ward, &c. attended as proficients.

The fight lasted exactly forty minutes.

YOUTH, LOVE, AND FOLLY.

Drury-lane Theatre.

ON Saturday night, May 25th, after the comedy of *The Honeymoon*, Mr. Dimond's new musical farce of *Youth, Love, and Folly*, was a second time performed, and received with increased applause, having undergone some judicious curtailments. The following are the *dramatis personæ*:

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| Baron de Brianecourt | Mr. Dowton. |
| Louis de Linval | Mr. Kelly. |
| Florimond | Mr. Elliston. |
| Antoine | Mr. Collins. |
| Dennis | Mr. Purser. |
| La Fleur | Mr. Chatterly. |
| Arinette | Miss De Camp. |
| Clotilda | Mrs. Mountain. |
| Bona | Mrs. Bland. |

The Baron, a good-natured, testy old gentleman, has determined on marrying Linval, his nephew and heir, to Clotilda, a beautiful young

lady, whom he brings with him to his castle in Picardy, where Linval has just arrived from France, accompanied by Arinette, who has eloped with him from her friends. Being a spirited girl, she determines to meet the old gentleman; for which purpose she assumes the character of a Jockey Boy, and sings a humorous song, stating, that the boy in yellow won the day. Clotilda has a favourite lover, Florimond, who follows her, and stops at a neighbouring hotel, where, from the violence and inconsistency of his conduct, they suppose him mad; and there is a very humorous scene between him and the landlord, Antoine. The *dénouement* is easily foreseen: an *eclaircissement* takes place, and each lover has his mistress; the Baron consents, and all are happy. Of these simple materials, the author has formed an amusing afterpiece in any hands; but, with the performers of Saturday night, it was lively and entertaining in the extreme. Mr. Elliston displays as much excellence in Florimond, as in Don Felix, from which the part is taken. Miss Decamp, in Arinette, was every thing the author could wish. Mr. Collins's Antoine was as chaste and as humorous a performance as we have witnessed. Mrs. Mountain, as Clotilda, sang some beautiful airs, in her very best manner. She was dressed with great taste and elegance. Mrs. Bland, as the humble attendant, had a pretty air, which she sang with great sweetness and delicacy. Mr. Dowton, a worthy eccentric old man, was in that character in which he so eminently excels. The music, by Mr. Kelly, is lively, and possesses much taste; it was admirably executed. The Overture has great merit. The house was crowded in every part.

HORSE.

HORSE-DEALER, ATTORNEY,
AND PONEY.*Court of King's Bench, Westminster,
May 23.*

FOX V. CLULOW.

THE plaintiff is a horse-dealer near Hendon, the defendant an attorney in Chancery-lane. This cause occupied nearly four hours, and the most extraordinary contradictions occurred in the testimony. Sir William Young (who sat on the Bench), and seven of his servants, deposed to his having in possession a small black poney for four years, which the defendant contended he himself had had in his own possession for the same four years. The action was in trover for the recovery of the value of the animal.

Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, said, that his client, on the 19th of January last, bought this horse at Aylesbury fair, at the price of £4 : 15s. He afterwards offered it for sale in Smithfield, where he accidentally met with a friend of the defendant, who said it was the horse of Mr. Clulow. The plaintiff being disposed to give every satisfaction in his power in a case of this kind, went to the country-house of the defendant, at Kentish-town, with the poney. Instead of receiving any compensation, either for his trouble or for his horse, both quadruped and biped were seized; the one was put into a stall with a groom, the other into a cart with a constable; and it was with difficulty the latter escaped from being tied up with a halter like the former. After the evidence for the plaintiff was concluded,

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said, that the plaintiff had changed his occupation very recently, from being a dealer in *dead horse-flesh*,

to that of a trader in *live horse-flesh*, and that, however strong the testimony might appear, he should shew, that this was a horse of which the defendant had been possessed for many years, and that, in many respects, it did not correspond with the description given of it to the court and jury. Without any evil intentions the plaintiff's witnesses might be deceived, and it was not like the elephant at Exeter 'Change, which was almost hermetically sealed up, and to which Mr. Pidcock might safely swear for the last eight or ten years. His Lordship was perfectly acquainted with proceedings under the Horse Act, in our criminal jurisprudence, in which the tricks of persons in the situation of the plaintiff were so fully exposed. The last man convicted, possessed a key capable of opening all the turnpike gates for a considerable distance round the capital, and for some time conveyed horses that had been stolen to every part of the kingdom, without detection.

The evidence for the defendant was then called, and, after the whole of the depositions had been read, with a short comment from the Chief Justice, a verdict was found for the plaintiff of £4 : 15s.

HEATHCOTE'S SPLENDID
DECORATIONS.*King's Bench, Westminster, June 6.*

PRIKER V. HEATHCOTE.

THIS was an action for work and labour, and for money paid, laid out, and expended, to the defendant's use.

Mr. Garrow, in stating the case on the part of the plaintiff, said, that

That his client was a most respectable gentleman, residing in Bond-street, and well known in the west end of the town, and amongst persons of taste; he was celebrated for the most elegant paper-hangings and decorations for rooms, in which particular branch he had long been distinguished. The defendant was a gentleman of very considerable fortune, and resided in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, and, being a gentleman of taste, and celebrated for the elegant style of his house, had employed the plaintiff in the line of his business to decorate the several apartments in his mansion in Hill-street, but more particularly his saloon, which he wished to have fitted up after the manner of an antique Egyptian temple, and directed that it should be composed of a combination of views, taken from Denon's Views in Egypt. This painting was to be executed in the manner of a Panorama, to have all the effect which this beautiful species of ornamental painting could admit of. The learned Counsel here went into a very eloquent eulogium upon this new and beautiful invention, which was a very recent one, and only brought to perfection in this country within a very few years. This very arduous task was accordingly undertaken by the plaintiff, for which purpose he employed a Mr. Jones, a gentleman of great talent and ingenuity. The work was first begun on canvas; but, upon endeavouring to fit it to the apartment, it was found not to answer, and was to begin again. New impediments now presented themselves; some flues were to be altered, bricklayers were employed, the walls were to be prepared in a particular manner in order to receive the paint, and a vast deal of time and labour were necessary to

complete this branch of work. The painting itself was at last begun, and, after many obstructions, finished in a most superior style. It represented an ancient Egyptian temple, decorated in the most exquisite manner imaginable: through the arcades was a view of the surrounding country; the various relics of antiquity were to be seen in the distance, and the bountiful Nile meandering through her banks; the whole presenting to the astonished beholder, a delusion of the most pleasing nature. The effect was so great, and the deception so singular, that the mind, while contemplating this exquisite production of art, was unaccountably drawn from the fiction, and transported, as it were, to the reality. To elucidate this, the learned Counsel adverted to the various Panoramas lately, and now exhibiting in this city, and expatiated upon the delusive effect of those, where persons, for the moment forgetting their then situation, actually fancied themselves transported to Rome, Naples, Paris, &c. When this picture was finished, the defendant seemed perfectly satisfied, and it became the admiration of the whole of the fashionable world; the labour, talent, and ingenuity of Mr. Jones, were displayed in a most eminent degree. The painting itself measured 480 square yards, and Mr. Jones had actually received £250 from the plaintiff as part payment. The plaintiff himself had received payments at different times from the defendant, amounting in the whole to £326:6; but he should prove the work done, and the value thereof, by the most incontrovertible testimony of persons, highly eminent in that profession, from which it would be found, that a balance of £104:12, was due to the plaintiff.

The first witness called was Mr. Brookes, who stated, that he had been upwards of five and thirty years in the line of a decorative painter, and understood the business thoroughly; he had examined the painting in question; and to the best of his judgment, he thought it a work of infinite labour, talent, and ingenuity. It was a most beautiful production, and he considered it, in its kind, a *chef d'œuvre*. With respect to the sum charged, taking all the circumstances of the various impediments from bricklayers, damp, and change of atmosphere, which always increased the labour, into consideration, he thought the charges perfectly reasonable and moderate.

Several other witnesses were examined to the same effect.

Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, in opening his client's case, drew the several distinctions between good and bad painting; between a painting by a Claude Lorraine and a scene painter; and, having made some general observations upon the slight manner in which this sort of pictures were executed, he concluded by saying, that he should shew from the testimony of persons highly eminent in the profession, that not only the plaintiff was well paid, but over paid for this piece of workmanship.

The first witness for the defendant was Mr. Smirk, historical painter. He stated that he had examined the painting in question, and without meaning the slightest offence to the artist, or depreciating his production in the least degree, he considered the painting altogether a very slight work; it was nothing more than a painting of a distant view, it had not the effect of a Claude Lorraine, but had much the effect of a scene painting, and such as might be intended for a

village playhouse. He was of opinion, upon the whole, that £160, or thereabouts, was quite an adequate sum for the work, and that £40 more might be allowed for interruptions, impediments, &c.

Upon his cross examination by Mr. Garrow, he admitted there was some difference between such a painting as the one in question, and one finished to hang in a frame against a wall. There were some allowances to be made for the taste and fancy of the artist. In painting his own pictures for the Shakespear Gallery, he was not limited; he frequently varied his shades, tints, &c. in his Hamlet and Ghost; and in his Midsummer Night's Dream, his fairies were altered according to his fancy: all this he allowed occupied a great deal of time, and required much labour, which any superficial observer would never discover from merely looking at the work. He admitted also, that there were many impediments to be allowed for, such as in the present instance, where bricklayers had been at work, and dust had injured the piece; much allowance was also to be made for the change of atmosphere, which frequently caused much time and trouble.

Mr. Daniels, landscape painter, was next called. He had seen the picture in question, which was very slightly executed; it had not by any means the same effect of a finished landscape, and he was of the same opinion with Mr. Smirk, as to the value of the work.

Mr. Dixon, decoration painter, gave similar testimony.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence to the Jury, observed, that the work in question had been begun in March, and finished in the month of October following;

following, consequently no very long time was occupied by it. With respect to the representations of Counsel, the combination of views from Denon, the surrounding landscape, and the delusion of the mind in being transported to the spot, &c. those very descriptive statements were not to have any weight in their minds. The question for their consideration was, whether the sum of £430:18 was justly and fairly due to the plaintiff; or whether the payments already made, amounting in the whole to £326:6, were not an adequate allowance? Several persons, highly eminent in their profession, had declared it as their opinion, that £160 was a liberal and sufficient payment, allowing £40 more for interruptions, &c. But, with respect to this they were not to be limited, but consider whether this was or was not a fair charge on the part of the plaintiff.

The Jury, after a short consultation, found a verdict of £104:12 for the plaintiff, being the balance of his account.

FASHIONABLE TASTE

For Driving Phaetons, Coaches, &c.

WHAT a mortifying consideration it is, that those young gentlemen who have had the most liberal educations, and who have the most extensive fortunes, should so egregiously abuse *both* as to condescend to seat themselves upon a coach-box, and put themselves on a level with the heroes of the stable! Is it not most horrible to see those who are to guard our liberties, and stand forth as our free-elected representatives, reduce themselves to the offices of coachmen and grooms? And after all they can do, what en-

sues? Why, they can make the most fiery horse obey the bit, they can sit unmoved upon the box of the chariot, coach, or sociable, while the wildest steed is shewing off his mettlesome habit of prancing. Behold that young Lord, how easily he sits, with what a grace he whips the horses, or pulls the curb—and hark how the multitude shout in acclamation, and express their wonder by their noise! This touches the vanity of the youth so sensibly, that he becomes indefatigable in the pursuit of this glorious business, till he can turn a corner, re-mark the same track without deviation, stop in a moment, or drive more securely at full speed, better than a more menial John. And yet much as these accomplishments may gratify his own ambition, much as they may engage the transports of a vacant crowd, they are all, in the scale of rationality, and in the eye of a sedate man, infinitely below any thing more elevated than a servant, whom we pay for his dexterity. With whatever astonishment the vulgar herd may be seized, men of discernment will neither add to your triumphs, nor praise your pursuits. They, so far from applauding, will survey your happiest excursions and hair breadth escapes with indifference and indignation; they will consider your diversion as chargeable, yet unsatisfactory; servile, yet unprofitable; a waste of much time, yet of no real utility in the end. How ought the youths of Britain to blush at a crisis like this—a crisis of warfare and national contention; when, instead of offering the least service to their native country, they are studying some new contrivance to polish the springs, gild the pannels, or elevate the body of a piece of painted wood. These charioteers, in a moral sense,

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are most particularly to be reprobated; they lavish more upon decorating a saddle-cloth, or ornamenting a bridle, than would satisfy the cravings of a destitute family.—But while our young men of fashion divide their time in a gaming-house and a stable, what can be expected but ignorance, wasted fortunes, and mean accomplishments? Till it becomes the mode to think greatly, and act nobly, not many of our youths will be able

“To govern men, and guide the state.”

DISTRESS OF THE PRESENT TIMES.

AMONG these we find twenty places of public amusement advertised in one paper. Three or four thousand guineas collected one night at a masquerade—Tradesmen giving routs, riding their bits of blood, or sporting their curricles on Epsom Downs or Newmarket Heath—The mercer intriguing with the woollen draper's lady, and the woollen draper intriguing with the grocer's wife—Town houses and country villas—Choice wines in the cellar—Fine pictures and superb furniture—Shop-keeper's daughters educated with the female nobility at the most fashionable, that is, extravagant boarding-schools—Apprentices receiving dramatic tuition at private theatres—Singers and buffoons pocketing six or seven hundred pounds at a benefit concert—A theatrical boy netting seven or eight thousand a year by the infatuation of the public—Peerlings betting hundreds on a boxing-match—Parties of pleasure at the watering places, and meetings of creditors at Guildhall.—Every thing, in short, that is removed a thousand miles from the most distant idea of industry and economy.

DECLINE OF FALCONRY.

MR. EVANS, in his late tour through South Wales, says, “Inclosures, and gradual refinement of manners, have greatly tended to contract the circle of rural sports, and abate the general ardour for the pleasures of the field. Among many others that have become obsolete is falconry, which formed a principal amusement of our ancestors. A nobleman and his hawk, in our day, would be an awkward conjunction, whereas a few centuries ago a person of rank scarcely ever stirred without this bird on his hand; and this appearance in ancient painting is a criterion of nobility. Harold, when going on his embassy to the Norman court, is painted embarking with his hawk in one hand, and a dog under his arm; and in a painting of the nuptials of Henry VI. a noble attendant is represented in the same manner; for in those times it was thought sufficient for a person of high birth to carry his hawk fair, and leave the accomplishment of letters to those of inferior rank. The peregrine, and falcon gentil were then considered presents worthy of kings, and used as general *douceurs* when fines were to be remitted or privileges obtained. Thus Geoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to obtain the liberty of exporting one cwt. of cheese; and Nicholas the Dane was to give the king a hawk for liberty every time he landed to traffic through England. Sir John Stanley had a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV. to be held of the king, his heirs and successors, by homage and service of two falcons on the day of his or her coronation. We cannot be surprised, therefore, when these birds were held in such high estimation, if falconry soon became

became an expensive sport, and principally confined to wealth and power. Among the Welsh, the king's Falconer ranked as the fourth officer of the court.

ON THE FASCINATION OF SERPENTS.

*From the Encyclopedia Londinensis.
Vol. VII.*

THE power of fascination has in all ages been attributed to many species of the serpent tribe, but in a most eminent degree to the *Crotalus* or Rattle-Snake. Benjamin Smith Barton, M. D. professor of natural history in the university of Pennsylvania, is, perhaps, the first author who can claim the honour of endeavouring to detect and remove the error. Numerous have been the writers in support of this bewitching faculty in snakes; and singular and curious are many of the instances which they have recorded of it; but all these appear now to be causes derived from a very different, and much more natural effect. The manner in which this supposed fascinating power is usually exerted, is thus collected from different statements, by Dr. Barton:

"The snake, whatever its species may be, lying at the bottom of the tree or bush upon which a bird or squirrel sits, fixes its eyes upon the animal it designs to fascinate or enchant. No sooner is this done, than the unhappy animal—I use for the present the language of those who differ from me in opinion on this subject—is unable to make its escape. It now begins to utter a most piteous cry, which is well known by those who hear it, and understand the whole machinery of

the business, to be the cry of a creature enchanted. If it is a squirrel, it runs up the tree for a short distance, comes down again, then runs up, and lastly comes lower down. "On that occasion," says an honest but credulous writer, Professor Peter Kalm, "it has been observed that the squirrel always goes down more than it goes up. The snake still continues at the root of the tree, with its eyes fixed on the squirrel, with whom its attention is so entirely taken up, that a person accidentally approaching may make a considerable noise without the snake's so much as turning about. The squirrel, as before-mentioned, comes always lower, and at last leaps down to the snake, whose mouth is already wide open for its reception. The poor little animal then with a piteous cry runs into the snake's jaws, and is swallowed at once, if it be not too big; but if its size will not allow it to be swallowed at once, the snake licks it several times with its tongue, and smoothenes it, and by that means makes it fit for swallowing!"

It would be easy to cite, from different authors, other accounts of the manner in which the enchantment is performed; or, more properly speaking, of the conduct or behaviour of the enchanting and enchanted animals. But between these accounts there is hardly a specific difference. There is considerable unity in all the relations that we have heard or read. However, those who wish to examine this part of the subject more fully, will at least receive some degree of entertainment from the perusal of the many authors who have believed and asserted that serpents possess a power of attracting and of fascinating other animals.—Vallant, in his African travels, even mentions the

the circumstance of a Dutch captain, at the Cape, who declared he had been partly attracted to, and fascinated by an enormous serpent in the island of Ceylon: but the story is too ridiculous to merit a serious investigation. Fear and fancy, when mutually supporting each other, become the parents of superstition, and often give a false colouring to the most simple forms and operations of nature.

"It is certain that in the mythology of Asia and of Africa we discover some traces of this notion, so intimately connected with the superstitious credulity of the people, and even so naturally arising out of an imperfect view of the manners of serpents. If we may believe the reverend Dr. Cotton Mather, Mr. Dudley, and other persons, who had resided in North America, we are to look for the beginning of this ridiculous notion among the Indians. How far, however, this is really the case, may, I think, be doubted. It is certain that, at present, the opinion is by no means universal among the Indians. Several intelligent gentlemen, who are well acquainted with the manners, with the religious opinions, and with the innumerable superstitious prejudices of the Indians, have informed me, that they do not think these people believe in the notion in question. Mr. John Heckewelder writes, that he does not recollect to have heard the Indians say that snakes charm birds; though he has frequently heard them speak of the ingenuity of these reptiles in catching birds, squirrels, &c. Mr. Wm. Bartram says, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, that he never understood that the nations of Indians among whom he had travelled, had any idea of the fascinating power of snakes. On the other hand, however, a Mohagan Indian told me that the In-

dians are of opinion that the rattle-snake can charm, or bewitch squirrels and birds, and that it does this with its rattle, which it shakes, thereby inviting the animals to descend from the trees; after which they are easily caught. According to this Indian, his countrymen do not think that the snake in any manner accomplishes the business with its eyes. A Choktah Indian assured me that the rattle-snake does charm birds, &c. but he was honest enough to confess that he did not know in what manner it was done. The interpreter, through whom I conversed with this Indian, said that the snake charms by means of its rattle." See *Chrotalus*, Vol. V. p. 392.

Professor Blumenbach, of Göttingen, in the "*Magazin der Naturkunde*," 1798, has supposed that the noise of the rattles causes animals—whether impelled by a kind of curiosity, misunderstanding, or dreadful fear—to follow it, as it were of their own accord. This notion was propagated by Doctor Mead about sixty years ago, and seems to have been collected from the writings of the earlier naturalists. Upon this Dr. Berton proceeds to say: "The result of not a little attention to the subject has taught me, that there is but one wonder in the business;—the wonder that the story should ever have been believed by men of understanding and observation." Fascination, we are informed, is almost entirely limited to birds that build low, and "in almost every instance, I found that the supposed fascinating faculty of the serpent was exerted upon the birds at the particular season of their laying their eggs, of their hatching, or of their rearing their young, still tender and defenceless. I now began to suspect that the cries and fears of birds, supposed to be

be fascinated, originated in an endeavour to protect their nest or their young. My inquiries have convinced me that this is the case. Though the rattle-snake does not climb up trees, yet the black snake, and some other species of the genus *Coluber*, do. See the article *Coluber*, Vol. IV. p. 784; and *Anguis*, Vol. I. p. 711, where the fascinating species, or those snakes which pray upon birds, are particularly set forth. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of satisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees or bushes; upon which a bird has its nest. The bird is not ignorant of the serpent's object. She leaves her nest, whether it contains eggs or young ones, and endeavours to oppose the reptile's progress. In doing this, she is actuated by the strength of her instinctive attachment to her eggs, or of affection to her young. Her cry is melancholy, her motions are tremulous. She exposes herself to the most imminent danger. Sometimes she approaches so near the reptile that he seizes her as his prey. But this is far from being universally the case. Often she compels the serpent to leave the tree, and then returns to her nest. Horace, though he has not, like his contemporary, Virgil, given any great proofs of his knowledge in natural history, appears to have known full well, the anxiety of birds for the preservation of their young:

*Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis
Serpentium allapsus timet.* *Epod. I. 19.*

Thus, if the mother-bird forsake
Her unfledg'd young, she dreads the
gliding snake.

The author of these two fine lines, had he lived in America, the land of fascination, would, I am inclined to think, have disbelieved the whole story. They would have been a

clue to light and truth on this subject. Indeed every sportsman in our own country knows, that at the commencement of the shooting season, the old birds will constantly expose themselves to danger, trailing on the ground, flying extremely short and low, and making a distressful shrieking noise, in order to call off the attention of the fowler, that the young and inexperienced covey might have a better chance to escape."

MR. FOOTE.

HIS WAYWARD FATE.

MR. FOOTE, the banker, who fell a sacrifice, the end of last month, to his passion for sailing, was of the firm of Martin and Co. Lombard-street, and considered one of our first-rate amateurs in that science. He had just got a new pleasure-boat built, one of the most elegant of the day, and, accompanied by his sister, and two servants, went the beginning of the week to Gravesend, to indulge in his favourite amusement. In the morning they embarked, as usual, and sailed up and down, under the most flattering auspices of wind and weather; when, on a sudden, a breeze from the land upset the boat, which instantly sunk, and it is supposed the body of Mr. Foote is under it, as it has not yet been found. Miss Foote was buoyed up by her clothes, and floated upon the water until she was taken up, in a state of insensibility. The servants were also saved. Mr. Foote was a very handsome and very amiable young man, about 28 years of age, and brother to Capt. Foote, of the royal navy. He was very athletic, and considered the best amateur rower on the river.

THE

THE SPORTSMAN'S CABINET;

Or, a Correct Delineation of the various Dogs used in the Sports of the Field; including the Canine Race in general; consisting of a Series of rich and masterly Engravings of every distinct Breed, from original Paintings taken from Life, purposely for the Work, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. engraved in the Line Manner, by Mr. John Scott, by whom the Plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed; and interspersed with beautiful Vignettes, engraved on Wood. Forming a Collection of Superb Sporting Subjects, worthy the Attention of Amateurs of Field Sports, and Admirers of the Arts in general.

A GREEABLE to our promise in last month's Magazine, we now present our readers with an extract from the above elegant work.

THE POINTER.

"The pointer, notwithstanding the beautiful uniformity of his frame, the docility of his disposition, and his almost unlimited utility, has been less noticed by naturalists than any other individual of the species; hence it may be fairly inferred, this particular breed was formerly unknown in Britain, and that the stock was originally of foreign extraction. A combination of circumstances tend to justify the predominant opinion, that they were first introduced into this country from Spain, very little more than two centuries since, and that the heavy, awkward, slow, and somniferous appearance of the Spanish pointer is now nearly lost, in what may be candidly considered the judicious crosses and improved breed of our own.

"It is within the memory of the present generation, when the former were exceedingly common in every

part of the kingdom; but as infinitely numerous have been the speculative changes in collateral consanguinity, that one of the original breed is very rarely to be seen. This can create no surprise when it is recollected, that as there is no one of the species who can contribute more to the pursuits and contemplative pleasures of sportsmen in general, it was the more natural to expect that greater efforts would be made to approach as near as possible to perfection. In this universality of opinion, such emulative struggles arose for superiority in the sporting world, that this particular breed has been so crossed, re-crossed, bred in, and bred out, to gratify the intent of various individuals, as prompted by fancy, fashion, or caprice, that they are now to be seen of all sizes, colours, and qualifications; from the slow, short-muzzled, heavy shouldered remains of the perfect Spanish pointer, incapable of a second day's work, to the in-and-in cross with a fox-hound, none of which are ever known to tire, and have frequently speed enough to catch a half grown leveret if they happen to jump up before them.

"It is no more than thirty or forty years since the breed of pointers were nearly white, or mostly variagated with liver-coloured spots; except the celebrated stock of the then celebrated Duke of Kingston, whose breed of blacks were considered superior to all in the kingdom, and sold for immense sums after his death. But so great has been the constantly increasing attachment to the sports of the field, particularly of the gun, that they have been since bred of every description, from a pure white, and a flea bitten blue or grey, to a complete liver-colour or perfect black.

After every experiment that can have

have been possibly made by the best judges and the most energetic amateurs in respect to size, it seems at length a decided opinion with the majority, that when bred for every species of game and every diversity of country, both extremes are better avoided, and the line of mediocrity more advantageously adhered to; overgrown, fat, and heavy dogs, very soon get weary in the hot and early part of the season; the smaller sort are likewise attended with inconvenience in hunting high turnips, heath, ling, and broom-fields.

"It is a maxim much believed and frequently verified, that "there is hardly a convenience without an inconvenience;" so, as some advantages have been derived from the infinity of experimental crosses, both in respect to speed and the durability of labour and fatigue, so something has been sacrificed upon the score of patient forbearance and olfactory sensibility; the gradational shades and predominant propensity of each breed introduced by every change—or cross—having so diversified the present stock, that the more trouble is experienced in making a pointer staunch for the field, in proportion as you are the more degrees removed from the original Spanish race with whom the point was supposed to have been inherent.

"The impatient dispositions and volatile rapidity of many, may have prompted them to an ideal possibility, and consequent attempt of introducing a breed with speed sufficient to outstrip the vivid extent of their own imaginations; that they might, by a kind of preternatural paradox, enjoy the supreme felicity of hunting and shooting at the same time; and from the in-

dulgence of this suggestion may have arisen the emulative struggle for an increase of speed in addition to point, which has at length been accomplished to a most admirable degree of perfection. Pointers, however well they may have been bred, are never considered complete unless they are perfectly staunch, as it is termed, to "bird, dog, and gun," which uniformly implies, first, standing singly to a bird, or covey; secondly, to barking—or pointing instantly likewise—the moment one perceives another dog to stand; and lastly, not to stir from his own point, at the rising of any bird, or the firing of any gun in the field, provided the game is neither sprung nor started at which he made his original point.

"To acquire these degrees of perfection the pliability and mildness of the pointer's natural disposition is most admirably adapted, for, independent of the attracting symmetry of his form, the sincerity of his unceasing attention, and the placid serenity of his unvaried attachment, he perceptibly possesses all those interior and inexplicable qualities calculated to command the confidence of man, whom he is so incessantly industrious to please, and to whose inculcations he is so constantly anxious to become obedient. So soon as he grows into a consciousness of his own powers and promised utility, he avails himself of every opportunity that can possibly recommend his services by the most fervent and solicitous prostrations at the feet of his master, eagerly and instinctively anxious to make his industrious efforts in the field.

"The art of breaking pointers was formerly considered a most difficult and mysterious concern;
Y many

many of those denominated dog-breakers having nearly derived their whole subsistence from such employment: that charm however has been long since broken, and the simplicity of the process is now so generally known amongst sporting practitioners, that a tolerably well-bred pointer puppy may have the ground-work of all his future perfections theoretically implanted in the parlour, or kitchen of the dwelling-house, before he once makes his appearance in the field. The instinctive impulse of this breed is frequently seen to display itself in subjects no more than three or four months old; where, in still and uninterrupted situations puppies may be observed most earnestly standing at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows upon the ground by sight, before the olfactory powers can be supposed to have attained maturity to prompt a point by scent.

(To be continued.)

THE STOAT AND PEACOCK.

An Engraving.

THE stoat, from its size, is as little regarded by the farmer as the common rat, but our more experienced vermin-catchers, acquainted with their destructive habits among the poultry, and in the warrens, contrive every means to take them; but for all their ingenuity this is but seldom effected.—The character of this creature is greatly to be dreaded: to the fero-

ciousness of the wolf, he unites the craftiness of the fox; and were his powers equal to his courage, when he seizes his prey, our larger animals would not be able to resist his attack.

In a small lawn where there was a peacock, with several hens about him, a Stoat was seen creeping from under an old vine towards them, and in an instant it seized on the neck of the male bird, pinning his head to the ground, while, with its sharp nails, it was tearing away the feathers to come better at the throat of the peacock, whose screams brought a labouring man to its assistance, and notwithstanding his hasty approach, the stoat would not quit his hold till the man had broken his loins with a blow from his shovel. From this occurrence the annexed plate was taken, and presented for the amusement of our readers.

The difference in shape between the stoat and the weasel is so small, that they have frequently been described under the same denomination.

Its length is about ten inches; the tail about five inches and a half, very hairy, sometimes tipped with white at the end, but generally black; the edge of the ears, and tips of the toes are of a yellowish white. In other respects it resembles the weasel in colour as well as form.

The stoat is found white in Britain during the winter season: its fur, however, among us is of little value.

Its courage at all times makes it a formidable enemy to the farmers, and of course particularly to be guarded against.

FEAST



The Stoat and Peacock.

Feb. 25th 1806. by J. Whistler, Norwich Square.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A CORPULENT Baronet, who piques himself upon his agility, exclaimed the other day, in a tone of exultation, to a witty friend, "It is strange, Tom, that I should be so uncommonly active, is it not?" "It only proves," answered the wit drily, "that two opposite qualities are combined, the form of the bear, with the alertness of the monkey!"

AMONG other curious instances of imprisonments in the Temple, says a private letter from Paris, is that of the Chanoine of the Cathedral in Paris, Gandon, for never having, during mass, sung with a voice sufficiently audible, "*Domine salvum fac Imperatorem*"—"God save the Emperor:" and the Curate Boisteve, of Fontenay, in La Vendée, for having sung those words so LOUDLY as to excite laughter!

IRISH NEWS.—The Dublin Evening Post lately gave a long account of an attack upon a farm house by a gang of villians, which it concludes by stating "is entirely unfounded!"

MR Erskine surely must have been mistaken, when he said that a kept woman was a tenant at will. It is well known that she can sometimes keep possession in spite of the landlord, and sometimes runs away without giving notice to quit!

ADVERTISEMENT extraordinary. Lost or strayed away, the combined fleets of France and Spain, last

from Cadiz, bound for Barataria. They were seen by a lieutenant of a man of war in *Nubibus*, by a neutral captain in an unknown latitude, and by the editors of certain papers, off the coast of Ireland!

Whoever gives positive information where they may be found to Admiral Nelson or Lord Gardner, shall be rewarded with the thanks of the legislature, and the blessings of an anxious public.

Should the fleets immediately return, they will meet with a warm reception from either of the gallant admirals above mentioned, and no questions asked concerning their future destination.

THE late Sir John Barnard had a son who very little resembled his sire. He one day told his father that he was tired of England, and earnestly desired to see the world. Sir John listened to him with great attention, and then replied, "Indeed, Jacky, I should not have the least objection to your travelling; but while you are seeing the world, I am afraid the world will see you."

A CURIOUS wager was decided a few days ago, in a village, near Manchester; where, at a public-house, a parish clerk, famous for garrulity, was upbraided with it, and told that if his life depended on it he could not hold his tongue for two hours. Moses, piqued at the insinuation, offered to wager the money he was to have for digging a grave on the following day—for Moses is sexton, as well as clerk—

clerk—with his jeerer, that he did not speak a word, good, bad, or indifferent, for the time specified.—The bet was concluded. The chatter-box screwed up his mouth, and became as silent as the grave. All means were tried to provoke a word—various questions were asked—nay, he was even told of a neighbouring squire, who lay so ill that he was given up by the faculty. Still Moses resisted the temptation, notwithstanding he knew that a hatband was always his perquisite, as clerk when any of that family died. At last an expedient was devised, which had more power. A person was sent to tell the clerk's wife that her husband was taken speechless. Terrified at the news, she posted to the Black Ball. On entering, she immediately asked him how he found himself? He only answered by a nod, and a shake of his head.—“Don't shake thy head at me, Moses! How dost do?—No answer—Do speak, Moses! Oh! I shall go mad;” and every symptom of delirium soon made its appearance. She stamped—she wept—she scolded—she prayed—she swore. Still Moses held his tongue. Her passion increased—she tore off her cap, and began to tear out her hair. This was too much for Moses, and with a louder voice than he had ever responded “Amen,” he bawled out, “Rot thee! thou soft toad! thou hast lost me the digging of owd John o' Williams's grave, and be hanged to thee.”

SCOTCH Economy.—A highlander who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it.—“Tippence,” said the highlander.

“No, no,” said the barber “I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again.” The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay?—“A penny,” says Strap. “I'll gie ye a baubee,” says Duncan, “an if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again.”

EPIGRAM.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Sampson I my thousands slay;
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

TIM QUAIN.

A PERSON who has a way of saying “I flatter myself,” at every sentence he utters, met a facetious quaker, with whom he was intimate, and thus accosted him: “Friend Jonathan, I have a sum to make up, which I lost the other night at play, and as I shall not have my country remittances until next month, I flatter myself you'll lend me fifty pounds.”—“Indeed,” replied Jonathan, “thou dost flatter thyself, for I will not lend thee fifty farthings.”

BOX. MOT.—A gentleman in Liverpool, who is considerably interested in the Spanish prize which was lately captured, with so many dollars on board, gave a grand dinner to his friends to celebrate that event. On the company being about to be helped to a quarter of lamb, the lady of the house expressed her regret that she had no mint sauce; when an Irish gentleman, who was of the party, got up, and, addressing the lady with national vociferation as well as pleasantry, exclaimed, “No mint sauce! I should like to know Ma'am, what you call the Spanish dollars, for by J-----, I think they are the nicest mint sauce I ever saw.”

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RACING.—Much sport is expected at the York Races in August. The Produce Sweepstakes will be well contested, as will the Gold Cup, and the City and Ladies' Plates. With respect to matches, Sir H. Williamson's Finlock, 8st. 11lb. is to run Mr. Mellish's Diddler, 7st. 12lb. for one hundred guineas each, h. ft.—The last three miles. Winchester Races commence on the 16th of July, and Newmarket Meeting on the 8th. Ipswich Races begin on the 2d of next month, when his Majesty's Purse of One Hundred Guineas, the Gentlemen's Purse of Fifty Pounds, and the Town Purse of Fifty Pounds, are expected to afford much diversion.

THE Maddington Race Meeting was held on Wednesday and Thursday, June 5th and 6th, on Stockbridge Course.—Wednesday, the Maddington Stakes of 25gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, were won by Lord Sackville's Witchcraft, beating 3 others.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, were won by Mr. Germain's Whirligig, beating 3 others.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, were won by Lord E. Somerset's Sylvanus, beating two others.—Thursday, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 100gs added by the Club, were won by Mr. Douglas's Mirror, beating 2 others. A Plate, value Fifty Pounds was won at 4 heats, by Mr. Goddard's Young Eclipse, beating five others.—The races were very fashionably attended, and produced

great sport; but a shocking accident occurred on Thursday.—As the horses for the plate were coming in, Mr. Germain's Badger, rode by Mr. Ferdinando Bullock, bolted, and struck his rider against one of the posts so violently, as to break his leg and thigh; fortunately, a skilful surgeon was on the ground; and Mr. Bullock having endured this severe accident with much fortitude, his situation has since proved more favourable than could have been expected.

At the late races at Manchester, it is supposed there were not less than 100,000 persons present each day. Several accidents happened: one man was killed by one of the horses running over him, as he was crossing the course: several had their limbs broken by the fall of stands; and a gentleman was dangerously wounded by being thrown out of a gig. Mr. Nadin visited the gamblers at the outskirts of the race-ground, routed them, and took as many dice, chiefly loaded, as would nearly fill a hat!

ANOTHER Account.—Soon after the last heat of the race on Friday, a most wanton act of indiscretion occurred. While the course—that is, within the cords—was crowded with foot people, two men on horseback rode furiously over the ground without giving the least previous intimation, by which a woman, having a child in her arms, was knocked down with such violence, that, we are informed, the former was so dreadfully maimed as to render her recovery

recovery extremely doubtful, and the latter thrown to a considerable distance, but fortunately received no material injury. A man is also said to have had his arm broke, and an eye dangerously lacerated, by the same horses, the riders of which galloped off with all possible speed.

IRISH Sporting.—At the Curragh Races, on the 15th instant, a match for 100gs each, p. p. was run between Mr. Battersby's Jerry Sneek and Mr. Graddon's grey hunter, 4 miles, 8st. each, being the greatest weight ever carried by a race horse four miles. What is extraordinary, the winner ran over the course in 6 minutes, and 27 seconds. Upwards of £200,000 were betted on this race, which drew an immense crowd to the Curragh.

ON Monday, June 22, a person of the city of Winchester, for a bet of 20 guineas, rode his poney from that place to the four-mile-stone this side Hartford-bridge, on the London road, and back again to Winchester, a distance of 63 miles, in 8 hours and 26 minutes. He was allowed 9 hours, but he performed it in the above time with apparent ease, after stopping about an hour on the road.

ON June 10th was decided the long-pending match, for 50gs a-side, between the two geldings, Fire-away and John Quill. The former is the property of Mr. Budd, horse-dealer, Uxbridge; the latter of Mr. Swannel, attorney at law, Rickmersworth. The ground chosen for this match, was on the road between Watford and Rickmersworth. Mr. Budd's Fire-away took the lead, and kept it, beating John Quill easy. Most of the sporting gentleman in the neighbourhood were present, and large bets were laid on the occasion. Five to 4 on Fire-away at starting.

In consequence of the expected running match between Mr. Barclay and Capt. Cook, on Thursday June 19, crowds of sportsmen began to assemble on Epsom Course, about twelve o'clock, all eager to behold the competition between the two best runners in this country. Many fashionable females even graced the ground with their presence. Conceive, then, what must have been their disappointment, when Mr. B. ever punctual to his engagements, came forward, and ran triumphant over the ground alone; Capt. Cook, either unwilling to risk his reputation, or being conscious of his inferiority, declining to enter the lists with so celebrated an antagonist. Mr. B. was greeted amidst the acclamations of the whole assemblage, and of course won the whole of his bets, which we understand were very considerable.

PUGILISM.—The ensuing month will be big with fistic deeds, and most of our celebrated pugilists will cry "Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."—There are to be four fights—and the combatants on one side, viz.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Gulley, who is to fight The Chicken, | |
| Tom Belcher..... | Dutch Sam, |
| Ryan..... | Caleb Baldwin, |
| Jack Ward..... | O'Donnel, |

are, with the exception of the last, at Virginia Water, near Egham, in training, under the patronage and inspection of Mr. Fletcher Read.—Gulley possesses uncommon powers, and considerable skill in the art; but, from the success of the Chicken, the odds at present are two to one in his favour. The Sporting World may rely on our giving an accurate account of these very interesting matches.

A VERY good fight was on Monday, June 3, determined near the Jews Harp House, between a pugilistic

gillistic sawyer and a butcher of boxing celebrity, at Paddington.—The combatants, after having a dispute at the Mitre public house, agreed to fight for two guineas, which was staked, and the butcher beat his man, after thirteen rounds of hard boxing. They were both dreadfully disfigured.

FEMALE Pugilism.—A ludicrous affair took place in Hyde Park, during the review on the 13th instant. Two *Ladies* from the Borough, of the Mendoza school, and who appeared to be full of *spirit*, quarrelled as to the comparative state of perfection between the First Surry and the Southwark Corps; and from words presently came to blows.—A ring was formed, and these modern Amazons maintained a hard fight for several rounds, giving and receiving several knock-down blows. At length one of the ladies began to shed tears, and immediately made a most furious attack on her antagonist, not according to the rules of pugilism, but as an exasperated female. The face of the other streamed with blood, and the spectators were compelled to interfere, to prevent serious mischief.

Foot Racing.—On Saturday, June 1, Lord F. Beauchamp and the Hon. E. Harbord again entered the lists in Lord's Cricket Ground. The space to be run over was only one hundred yards, a distance much too short for a fair trial of the real powers of agility and wind. Lord Frederick snatched the priority on the very starting, which Mr. Harbord, accustomed to a longer pull, was unable to make up in so short a space. Mr. Harbord at the end of the goal, was only behind his competitor the two yards which he had lost at the starting. The same distance of a hundred yards was

afterwards run between Mr. Harbord and Mr. Lambert; but the former in this contest gained a victory without a struggle. Notwithstanding the privacy with which this experiment was attempted to be made, the fame of the antagonists did not allow it to remain a secret. It was graced by the presence of the Duchesses of Devonshire and St. Albans; Ladies Castlereagh, Charlemont, and Heathcote; Miss Lamb, Miss Drummond, &c. &c.

A FOOT race for fifty guineas was early in this month run on the Uxbridge road, between Mr. Bindall, an Artist, and Mr. Warren, a Lieutenant of dragoons. The parties started to run seven miles, at four o'clock in the morning, and bets were three to two in favour of Mr. B. who has before displayed his agility in pedestrian feats. Mr. W. took the lead, and continued so until they had gone four miles, when Mr. B. passed him, and won the wager by leaving his opponent a quarter of a mile behind. The ground was run over in thirty-five minutes by the winner.

MR. SEWELL, of Corsby, in Cumberland, who is upwards of 50 years of age, and weighs about 15 stone, lately undertook, for a trifling wager, to walk 48 miles in 12 hours. The road fixed upon was between Cockermouth and Bridgefoot and he walked the distance in 11 hours and 5 minutes.

LAST week a young man for a wager of a guinea, undertook to carry a sack of malt, weighing eight score pounds, from Didmerton to Tetbury, Gloucestershire, a distance of six miles, in an hour and a half, which he performed with ease 7 minutes within the time.

ONE day the end of last month, in consequence of a considerable wager laid the preceding evening, a middle-aged gentleman, rather inclined to corpulency, walked with apparent ease two miles and one furlong, on the Edgware road, within 23 minutes. The odds were considerably against him at the end of the first half mile, "being fat and scant of breath," but he unexpectedly recovered his wind, and performed the rest of the distance in a style that would not have discredited a Barclay a Fairman, or any of our most celebrated pedestrians.—He has threatened, with the advantage of a month's training, to go over the same ground in two minutes less time.

A VERY serious tumult occurred on Epsom Downs, on Thursday in the race week. Soon after the horses had finished the last heat, the spectators on horseback cut away the ropes which form a part of the fence for keeping the equestrians out of the course. Those persons whose business it was to keep the ground clear, endeavoured, notwithstanding, to oppose them from passing their boundaries; the consequence was, that a battle-royal ensued. The infantry, arming themselves with sticks from the hedges, and large stones, attacked the cavalry with the greatest ferocity, and, when obliged to fall back by the plunging of the horses, took shelter behind the carriages, till a more advantageous opportunity offered for renewing the contest. The horsemen having nothing to defend themselves with but such small sticks as are generally used on horseback, were worsted in the engagement. Mr. Idle of the Strand, an eminent wine merchant, in endeavouring to obtain a hearing, for

the purpose of procuring a cessation of hostilities, received a dreadful cut from the enemy over his eye, and was obliged to be carried off the ground. Another unfortunate gentleman actually had his thigh broken in the affray.

A VERY serious accident happened on Epsom Downs on Tuesday, the 11th instant. Captain Pritchard and Mr. Jones agreed to run their horses for a friendly wager over the course—themselves to ride. The animals set off at full speed, but before they had proceeded many paces, Captain Pritchard's horse fell with great violence, and the consequence was, that Captain Pritchard had his arm broken, and his head much injured. The animal was dreadfully bruised, and is since dead. Captain Pritchard was brought to town to the Hummums for surgical assistance. His case was at first considered extremely dangerous, but favourable hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

LATELY, a gentleman of Norwich, for a considerable wager, picked up 100 stones in Chapel Field, deposited at a yard from each other, in the extraordinary short space of 44 minutes, being at the rate of eight miles an hour.

LATELY, as two gentlemen belonging to Halifax were foxing fish in the river Calder, at Broosfoot, near Brighouse, they met with a very extraordinary circumstance in the annals of fishing. A very large dace was driven near to the side of the river, which, when taken out, a toad of the largest species was found on its back. It was with the greatest difficulty, and even a stone was had recourse to, before they could extricate it from the gripe of its voracious enemy.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

▲ WHITEHALL ECLOGUE.

NEAR that great edifice, the Horse-
guards call'd,
Whose disproportion'd parts wage cruel
war
With every rule of taste and architecture;
Where, coop'd within the overshadowing
niche,
In all the foppery of fierce parade,
With well-stuff'd paunches, and with well
black'd boots,
Leaving their shops, their bars, and ware-
houses;
Fearless of gout and cold, the brave life-
guards
Brandish their swords, guiltless of hu-
man gore:
What time the female tonsors had mow'd
down,
With busy fingers, all the bristly beards
Of the coal-heaving* youths, ready to
mount,
And with well powder'd chalk whiten'd
their heads,
Like frosted plum-cake, glory of Twelfth
day;
When frying sausages, with savory steams,
Began to tantalize th'olfactory nerves
Of pennyless soldiers, and the choice dis-
play
Of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, had
drawn

Water in all the passing school-boys
chops;
By chance, two soldier youths, one 'Blus-
ter nam'd,
A front-rank grenadier; the other Scamp-
er,
Of the light infantry, together met,
When shaking hands, and in a friendly
guise,
Blasting each other's eyes, they thus be-
gan:

BLUSTER.

What bundle's that you in your bosom
hide?
Is it some prog that you have made to
day?

SCAMPER.

They're duds, which to the pop shop I
shall take,
My shirt and shoes, that I may raise the
wind,
And treat my Peg at Astley's, or, at
Hughes's.

BLUSTER.

Should you be caught, you know the
consequence,
That the spread eaglet is your certain lot:
Your Peg is sure not worth so great a
risk.

SCAMPER.

Speak not with such contempt of lovely
Peg,
Our regiment ha'nt another Bloss† so fine,
Nor all the seven battalions such a mot‡.

* Coal heaving youths.—The soldiers of the foot guards; many of whom, when off
duty, follow that laborious employment.

† Spread eagle.—This is a cant term among soldiers, and is meant to describe the
situation of a man who is tied up to the halberts, to receive the punishment inflicted
with a cat-o-nine-tails.

‡ Bloss, or Blown.—The explanation of this term in Grose's Dictionary of the
Vulgar Tongue, is the mistress of a gentleman of the scamp, or of a highwayman or
footpad: here it may be understood either by metonymy, or literally, as the reader
chooses.

§ Mot, or Mort, is in the same Dictionary explained a girl, or wench.

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Z

BLUSTER.

BLUSTER.

I'll lay a pot that I can shew a better—
Fair she may be, but not compar'd to Nan,
Whose qualities exceed description's
power!

And, for their person's, they, in the same
day

Ought not, in common justice, to be
nam'd!

SCAMPER.

Done, I should say, altho' it was a gallon,
That Peg's a better and a fairer piece.

BLUSTER.

As well might center with the front rank
vie,

Or the battalion with the grenadiers—
But yonder's Brush the drum, let him be
judge;

Alternate we'll relate our doxies charms,
And, in addition to the bet we've laid,
A dram of lightning shall reward the vic-
tor.

SCAMPER.

Peg, as a halbert stiff, is straight and tall;
Her hair black as my pouch when well
japann'd;

Her pouting lips red as an ensign's sash,
When mounting his first guard; her skin
as white

As shirt when wash'd, or gaiter dress'd for
duty;

And then, so faithful to the company,
That not a whole week's pay would, so-
ber, tempt her

To sacrifice her virtue to another:

If drunk she sometimes errs, 'tis on the
liquor,

And not on her, that we should fix the
blame.

BLUSTER.

Short, round, and fubsey, is my gentle
Nan;

Her kindness universal to the corps;
She never lets a soldier sue in vain;
What nature gave she freely will dis-
pense:

And on a march, from none she doth
withhold

Her ever-ready bottle; but on credit
Disposes of her gin through all the ranks.

SCAMPER.

Last month, when I was at the halberts
flogg'd,

Strait to the guard house came my pret-
ty Peg.

A full canteen of royal gin she brought,
Part bath'd my back, and part rejoic'd
my heart;

Tearing her smock, with it she stanch'd
my wounds,

And that which heal'd my back inflam'd
my heart.

BLUSTER.

When last our necessities were review'd,
A shirt and hose I'd at my uncle's*
lodg'd,

The guard house, and the cat-o-nine-tails
then

Seem'd unavoidable; but gen'rous Nan
From off a neighb'ring hedge supply'd
my want:

Poor girl! she got in trouble by the act,
But smacking calf-skin to an alibi,
I serv'd her in her turn, and brought her
off.

SCAMPER.

If ever I Peg's kindness do forget,
May I be doom'd to an eternal drill;
And when unto the halberts I am
brought,

May I be flogg'd, and by a left hand
drum.

BLUSTER.

When I leave Nan in the vile harman's†
hands,

Or e'er her love forget, may every day
Prove a review; or when the galling cat
Harrows my bleeding back, then may I
want

The comfort of a bullet for to chew.

SCAMPER.

In summer, Peg a wheelbarrow does
drive,

And currants, plumbs, and cherries cries
for sale,

Herself more sweet and luscious than her
fruit:

In winter, on the quay at Billingsgate,
She oysters buys, and Petty France re-
sounds

With her sweet notes, as she retails them
out.

BLUSTER.

Not so my Nan, by music she subsists;
Of Frank Burdett, and other patriots,
Chanting the praise in piercing nasal
notes.

* My Uncle's.—The pawnbroker,

† Smacking calf skin.—Kissing the Testament in taking an oath.

‡ Harman.—The cant term for constable.

Barbarous and bloody rancours too she
cries;

With dying speeches, birth and paren-
tage,

Of these advent'rous youths who make
their exit,

Dancing on nothing at the Sheriff's ball.
DRUM.

Halt both; to neither can I judge the
the prize;

Equal your strains.—And now to the
parade

I straight must go, rous'd by the drum-
mer's call.

§ Sheriff's ball.—An execution.—To
dance at the Sheriff's ball, and loll out
ones tongue at the company.—To be
hanged.

POETICAL SELECTIONS ON HUNTING.

From various Authors.

1. **H**UNTSMAN, I charge thee, ten-
der well my hounds;

Brach, Merriman! the poor cur is imboast;
And couple Clowder with the deep-
mouth'd Brach,

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made
it good

At the hedge corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty
pounds.

2. Why Bellman is as good as he, my
lord;

He cried upon it at the meekest loss,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest
scent:

Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

1. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as
fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
Shakespear's Taming the Shrew.

1. I PITY these poor beasts,
These sylvan commoners, to see what
tasks

Our cov'tous foresters impose upon them;
Who, not content with the impost of
their breath,

Poor harts, pursue them smiling, to their
death.

2. 'Twas the end of their creation.

1. So was the end of ours, to live in
peace,

And not to tyrannize on harmless beasts;
But foresters, like images set forth

The tyranny of greatness without pity.
As they the deer, so covetous wealth
pursues

The trembling state of their inferiors:
And, to clasp up the volume of their sins,
They drink their blood, and clothe them
with their skins!

Then cease to press poor beasts with ty-
ranny:

You love your lives; think, they are loth
to die. *Day's Isle of Gulls.*

1. A BOAR so fierce and large
No hunter e'er did charge!

Advance thy spear,
And turn him there.

2. This last encounter he has bravely
stood,

But now has lost his courage with his
blood.

He foams, and still his tusks does whet,
As if he still disdain'd retreat.

1. The wound you gave him makes
him turn his head

To seek the darker shades, where he was
bred.

2. Follow, follow.

1. Stay, my victorious boy;
When a courageous beast does bleed,
Then learn how far you should proceed
To use advantage where you may de-
stroy.

To courage e'en of beast, some pity's due;
And where resistance fails, cease to pur-
sue. *Sir H. Davenant.*

THOU hast thy hounds to hunt the tim-
'rous hare,

The crafty fox, or the more noble deer;
Till at a fault perchance thy lordship be,

And some poor city varlet hunts for thee.
For 'tis not poor Actson's fault alone;

Hounds have devour'd more masters,
sure, than one. *Randolph.*

YET if for sylvan sport thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe,
With what delight the rapid course I
view!

How does my eye the circling race pur-
sue!

He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his
paws;

Sho

She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound

Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground.

She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,

Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.

What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board! *Gay's Rural Sports.*

SOON as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light.
The healthy huntsman with a cheerful horn

Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled moru;

The jocund thunder wakes th'enliven'd hounds,

They rouse from sleep, and answer sound for sounds:

Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,

Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake;

The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,

No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;

The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war;

The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,

Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;

The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,

Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed.

Hills, dales, and forests far behind remain,

While the warm scent draws on the deep mouth'd train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?

Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!

New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,

New circling turns, and now at last she flies;

Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,

Then lays her down and waits devouring death. *Gay's Miscellanies.*

WILLY O.

A Spital Fields Love Song.

YOUNG Willy Windwell was a weaver,
Miss Sally Shuttle stole his heart;
But Sally was a sad deceiver,
And lov'd stout Sam who drove a cart.

Now Willy Windwell wish'd to fight him,
Because his false one on him smil'd;
But Sal, alas! did scratch and bite him,
And for her Sammy nobly toil'd.

So Willy got a precious thumping,
'Twixt Sam and Sal, and Sal and Sam;
His heart against his ribs kept bumping,
And Willy went home like a lamb.

Now ponder well each shuttle holder,
In Spital Fields, or Bunhill Row;
Better your love in silence moulder,
Than meet the fate of Willy O.

J. M. L.

THE ANGLER.

AN Angler's life has joys for me,
When blooming Spring has clad the plain,
Each spray then sounds with jocund glee,
For Spring brings pleasure in her train.

'Tis then the Angler's truest joy,
To wander by the lonely stream,
Success repays his mild employ,
And pleasure sheds her brightest beam.

His funny prey he gladly views,
The glitt'ring dace, the spangled trout,
The greedy pike, with varying hues,
Together on the grass spread out.

But trolling for the tyrant pike,
He ever finds his greatest pride,
This eager fish he joys to strike,
The monarch of the fresher'd tide.

The Angler envies no man's joys,
But his who gains the greatest sport;
With peace he dwells far from the noise,
And bustling grandeur of a court.

J. M. L.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEELER, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FALMOUTH; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE agree with the Gentleman who sent us some short strictures upon the article, entitled, *Fashionable Driving*, inserted in our last Number.— It came from an old and tried Correspondent, a true friend to men of pleasure and spirit; but who, notwithstanding, is sometimes troubled with the habit of *preaching a little over his cups*.

To a Gentleman who inquires, whether some Drawings and Paintings would be acceptable to the Sporting Magazine, we have to observe, they would certainly be so, equally with the Review of Mr. Bewick upon British Birds, which came too late for insertion this month; especially as we flatter ourselves, that this Gentleman's good sense and classical taste, would recommend any subject, though even irrelevant to the general plan of our publication.

The Correspondent who sent us a translation relative to the Hartz Mountains, will perceive that we have availed ourselves of the whole of it in the present Number.

A Juvenile Scholar who would have us reprint the Latin version of Miss Baily, as it was sung at a late rout, by Mr. Anacreon Moore, is informed, that as this composition contains some new and appropriate ideas, which are not in the English original, we shall endeavour to accompany it with a new *translation*.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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From a celebrated Painting by the late M^r. Morland.

Engraved by J. G. Heath, from the original.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1805.

AN ENGRAVING,
FROM A
CELEBRATED PAINTING
By the late Mr. George Morland.

WE have before been furnished with several slight sketches of the late celebrated George Morland, and which have been executed in an equally slight, though tasteful manner. The engraving in this instance is, however, of that finished description, as to shew the beauty of the graphic art, as well as the unrivalled genius of the painter.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF BASTO.

*From Mr. Pick's First Volume of the
Turf Register.*

THE Correspondent who favoured us with this, and following extracts, intimates that some former pedigrees, &c. that have appeared in our Magazine, were not quite so correct as they should be, and if any repetitions of them appear, it is in order to their being given in a more perfect state

than hitherto. To show the writer's strict adherence to accuracy, we shall publish his own words—

“ If you insert these pedigrees, I beg that you will be very particular in following the copy in every respect of *spelling*, *capitals*, *points*, &c. for without that they will give offence to the judicious sportsman.”

Basto was bred by Sir W. Ramsden, Bart. of Byram, near Ferrybridge, Yorkshire, and sold, when young, to the Duke of Devonshire:—He was a brown horse, foaled in 1703, and got by Capt. Byerley's Turk; his dam, called *Bay Peg*, by Mr. Leeds's Arabian, (sire of Leeds, and of the grandam of Childers).—His grandam was out of a daughter of Mr. Leeds's, *Bald Peg*, and got by Old Spanker.—*Bald Peg* was bred by Lord General Fairfax, out of a mare of the same name, and got by his Lordship's Morocco Barb: *Basto* won several matches at Newmarket, but the accounts are deficient for several years in mentioning the sums, that he, as well as many other horses ran for at that place; but the horses that *Basto* beat, &c. are as follow, viz. in October, 1708, at 8st. 3lb. he beat Lord Treasurer's squirrel, 7st. 12lb. four miles; and in November fol-

A a 2 lowing,

lowing, at 8st. 5lb. he beat the Lord Treasurer's Billy, 8st. 3lb. five miles. In March 1709, at 8st. 5lb. he beat Lord Raylton's Chance, 7st. four miles; and in October following, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Mr. Puleine's Tantivy, 8st. 5lb. five miles. In 1710, at 8st. 7lb. he beat the Marquis of Dorchester's Brisk, 8st. 3lb. four miles. *Basto* then became a Stallion in the Duke of Devonshire's Stud, and died about the year 1723. He was sire of the Duke of Devonshire's Old Coquette, Gimcrack, Soreheels, and Little Scar; of the Duke of Rutland's Black-eyed Susan, Dimple, and Brown Betty, (the dam of Mr. Cole's Foxhunter); he also got the dam of Bay Motte, Old Crab, Blacklegs, Second, Hip, Puff, Snip, &c.

The BYERLEY TURK, (sire of *Basto*) was Capt. Byerley's charger in Ireland, in King William's wars, and afterwards proved a most excellent Stallion.—He was sire of Old Jigg, Sprite, Archer, Black-Hearty, Grasshopper, &c.—*Jigg* was sire of Old Partner, Robinson Crusoe, Shock, Saucebox, &c.

OLD SCAR (foaled in 1705) was bred by Mr. W. Crofts of Barforth, Yorkshire, and sold to the Duke of Devonshire.—He was got by Makeless; his dam by Lord D'Arcy's Counsellor, Brimner, Mr. Place's White Turk, out of Mr. Layton's Violet Barb Mare. *Old Scar* was a famous running horse at Newmarket, where he won several matches, &c. He was afterwards a Stallion in the Duke of Devonshire's Stud, and was sire of some eminent Running-Horses, and Brood-Mares.

MAKELESS, (sire of *Old Scar*) was got by Sir Thomas Oglethorpe's Arabian, and was greatly esteemed for running, as also for a Stallion.

—He was sire of Sir Ralph Milbanke's famous Black Mare, who was the dam of Mr. Hartley's noted Blind Stallion.—He also got the dam of Bay Bolton and Lamprie; the dam of Mr. Egerton's Counsellor; the dam of Mr. Crofts's Bustard; and the grandam of his Flintshire Lady; the grandam of Old Cartouch, &c.

(To be continued.)

RACING CALENDER IMPROVED.

THE Gentleman who has kindly favoured us with his assistance, in our Racing Calender this month, and which in future will be as minutely accurate as circumstantially entertaining, thus shews his zeal for precision. "In respect to the ancient family name of the *Crofts*, both of Barforth, Yorkshire, and West Harling, Norfolk, has the final *s*; we have in our neighbourhood—York—as well in other places, without it. You will observe, adds our correspondent, in my last and present account of Newmarket—see Racing Calender—I say Mr. D. Boyce, Mr. Weatherby says Mr. R. Boyce, I suppose from being generally called *Dick*; his christian name is *Dixon*, not *Richard*. Mr. W. also calls Mr. Scrope's horse *Elemore* instead of *Elemere*, which is the name of the seat of George Baker, Esq. who bred him. In respect of the present owner of *Elemere*, *Scrope*, for instance—Thomas Simon—of Danby, Yorkshire, is *Scroope*. This, I suppose, without further, will be sufficient to observe."

The only reply the Editors of the Sporting Magazine have to make to the foregoing is, that as it is their interest, so it shall be their duty

duty to "OBSERVE," the admonitions of their new and valuable correspondent.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE IMPROVED.

BESIDES the communications alluded to in the preceding article, our Sporting Intelligence will in future be enriched with a constant variety of original sporting articles, and which will be found an additional valuable acquisition to our work.

BRIGHTON RACES.

WE must, for want of both time and room, defer the historical part of these races to the next month, when not only the most interesting particulars of the general occurrences will be given, but likewise the most accurate statement of the sport. Without farther preface, the following is an abstract of the first two days' races.

Friday, July 26, the Smoaker Stakes of 20gs each—Last mile—Was won by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rebel, beating Mr Wardell's b m Gratitude; Mr Ladbroke's br h Bustard; and Mr Howorth's Wheatear.

Then followed the match in which so much money was hazarded, between Mr Mellish's Sancho and the Earl of Egremont's Hannibal. Very close running, neck and neck the greater part of the way.—Sancho the winner.

The third race was the third and last year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts and fillies—The last mile—Which was

won by Lord Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, beating Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia; and Lord Grosvenor's colt.

Next followed, the Second Year of the renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts and fillies—The last mile—Which was won by Lord Egremont's b c Prodigal, beating Mr Howorth's b c Scrip; and Mr Ladbroke's ch c Dudley.

The fifth race, and a very determined one it was, was between Ld Barrymore's Merryman, and Sir J. Shelley's Currycomb—Which was won by the former.

Lastly, the sports of this day closed with a Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Four miles—Which was won by H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Albion, beating Mr F. Neale's Bobtail; and Mr Howorth's Harefoot.

Saturday, July 27, the sports commenced at one o'clock, with the Somerset Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Four miles—Which was won by Mr Wyndham's Walton, beating Sir John Shelley's Houghton Lass, and four others.—Some dispute arose on this race, which shall be noticed in our next Magazine.

The next race was, the Second Year of the renewed Petworth Stakes of 10gs each—Four miles—Which was won by Lord Egremont's b f beating H. R. H. the P. of Wales's Rebel; and Mr Howorth's Wheatear.

The third and last race of the day was, Fifty Pounds for 3 yr olds 7st 6lb, 4 yr olds 8st 11lb, and 5 yr olds 9st 7lb—Was won by Mr Ladbroke's b m Dora, beating Mr Howorth's b c Prodigal; and H. R. H. the P. of Wales's ro c Petruccio.—A dispute arose on this race; Dora was deemed the winner.

RACES

RACES TO COME.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| H UNTINGDON ... Aug. | 6 |
| Nottingham | 6 |
| Taunton | 6 |
| Oxford | 6 |
| Exeter | 12 |
| Derby | 13 |
| Canterbury | 13 |
| Worcester | 13 |
| Salisbury | 14 |
| York | 19 |
| Newbury | 20 |
| Hereford | 21 |
| Reading | 27 |
| Northampton | 27 |
| Chesterfield | 28 |
| Egham | Sept. 3 |
| Warwick | 4 |
| Abingdon | 10 |
| Pontefract | 10 |
| Bedford | |
| Lincoln | 11 |
| Kingscote | 17 |
| Beccles | 17 |
| Leicester | 18 |
| Doncaster | 23 |
| Newmarket 1st Oct. Meeting.. | 30 |

VAUXHALL SAILING MATCH.

WEDNESDAY evening, a silver cup and cover, the annual gift of the Proprietors of Vauxhall-gardens, was sailed for by the following five Gentlemen's pleasure boats:

The Caroline, C. G. Wynn, Esq.
 The Daphne, J. Unwin, Esq.
 The Bucephalus, W. Flocton, Esq.
 The St. George, J. Gunston, Esq.
 The Mermaid, Baron Hompech.

The ceremony commenced with a barge belonging to the Royal Exchange Fire Office, going down from Westminster to Blackfriars' Bridge, at half past five, with a full band of music on board. Shortly

after that, two of Mr. Roberts the boat-builder's cutters went the same route, the one having a band of music, and the other some of the principal persons concerned in the property and management of Vauxhall-gardens, with the prize behind them, supported by two servants in livery.—At seventeen minutes before six, the boats set off with a light breeze, nearly due east. The Daphne, belonging to Mr. Unwin, formerly of the Pondroyant, took the lead almost at starting, and was the first that shot through Westminster bridge. The whole went up with the wind upon their quarter, and nearly with a flowing sail, until they came a-breast of Mr. M'Coy the shipbreaker's yard, at Nine Elms. Some of them were under the necessity of tacking about and standing to the northward with their larboard tacks on board. At Chelsea reach a breeze sprang up, and the heavy boats, feeling the wind, recovered some of their lost way. The St. George was the first that shot through Battersea-bridge. At Wandsworth the Daphne was a-head, but the Mermaid pressed so close upon her, that the boom of the latter swang against the backstays of the former. By a bold manœuvre, such as naturally strikes the mind of a British sailor, when he finds himself close pressed, the Daphne was then seen to bear away to leeward, in order to prevent herself from being becalmed. By this means she got into slack water, and as the tide was then running down strongly, she made greater headway and fell less to leeward than her competitor. On the next tack the advantage gained from this manœuvre was evident, as the Daphne sailed free on a fresh tack, while the others were close-hauled on the former.

former. She reached Putney first, and continued her advantage to the end. Several excellent attempts, however, were made to out-manceuvre her on coming back, but it was then almost a dead calm, and there was little scope for the exercise of nautical skill. At half after eight the Daphne came past Cumberland-gardens, which was full of genteel company, who had flocked there to see the spectacle, on ac-

count of the extent and accommodation of these grounds. The Mermaid came in about five minutes after; but the whole did not reach Vauxhall-stairs until after nine o'clock. The river was so completely covered with boats that it reminded one of the description given of the swarm of canoes that assembled upon Captain Cook's making his appearance in New South Wales.

CRICKET MATCHES.—IN LORD'S GROUND.

MONDAY, July 8, and the two following days, was played in Lord's Cricket Ground, Mary-le-Bone, a Grand Match of Cricket, between Ten Players whose names begin with B, and J. Wells, against the rest of the Alphabet.

THE B's

| | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|-------------------|-----|-------------------|
| Mr Barton..... | 3 | b Hampton..... | 16 | leg before Wicket |
| J. Wells..... | 11 | c Small..... | 1 | run out |
| J. Bennet..... | 19 | b Hammond..... | 9 | b Hampton |
| Capt. Becket..... | 0 | b Hampton..... | 24 | run out |
| Ld F. Beauclerk..... | 40 | run out..... | 0 | c Freemantle |
| W. Beldam..... | 1 | st Lambert..... | 34 | c Hampton |
| John Bennet..... | 2 | c Freemantle..... | 38 | c Upton |
| H. Bentley..... | 12 | st Hammond..... | 16 | not out |
| Bradger..... | 9 | not out..... | 13 | b Pointer |
| G. Beldam..... | 1 | b Lambert..... | 0 | c Hammond |
| Boyle..... | 2 | b Ditto..... | 0 | b Lambert |
| Byes..... | 0 | | 3 | |
| | 100 | | 154 | |

ENGLAND.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|-------------------|
| T. Walker..... | 14 | Wells..... | 3 | c Beldam |
| Freemantle..... | 10 | leg before wicket..... | 36 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Robinson..... | 5 | b Ld F. Beauclerk..... | 17 | b Bennet |
| Lambert..... | 1 | b Wells..... | 0 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Hammond..... | 41 | st Beldam..... | 8 | run out |
| Small..... | 42 | c Ditto..... | 13 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| G. Leycester, Esq..... | 3 | b Wells..... | 1 | c Beldam |
| Pointer..... | 2 | b Ld F. Beauclerk..... | 0 | c Ditto |
| Hon. A. Upton..... | 5 | b Wells..... | 2 | b Wells |
| Sparks..... | 0 | c Ld F. Beauclerk..... | 27 | not out |
| Hampton..... | 1 | not out..... | 0 | c Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Byes..... | 2 | | 0 | |
| | 126 | | 107 | |

The B's won by Twenty-one Runs.

Cricketing

Cricketing continued.

MONDAY, July 22, and the three following days, was played in Lord's Cricket Ground, a Grand Match of Cricket, between Twelve of the best players of all England, and Twenty-three of the next best, for 1500gs a side.

TWENTY-THREE.

| | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----|----------------------|-----|-------------------|
| J. White | 1 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 1 | b Ward |
| Studdick | 9 | b T. Wells | 3 | b Lambert |
| Aling | 5 | b Ditto | 6 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| H. Hampton | 0 | b Ditto | 2 | not out |
| Reed | 5 | c Ward | 7 | run out |
| Harding | 0 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 1 | ditto |
| Howard | 9 | b T. Wells | 0 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Sparkes | 0 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 13 | run out |
| Capt. Upton | 12 | b T. Wells | 1 | c Hammond |
| Mr Leicester | 6 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 12 | b Bennet |
| H. Bentley | 0 | c Small | 1 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Col. Maitland | 9 | run out | 1 | c Bennet |
| Barton | 49 | ditto | 38 | st Hammond |
| Pontifax | 0 | b Lambert | 1 | st Ditto |
| Bradger | 5 | b Hampton | 18 | b Ward |
| Brown | 14 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 6 | c Freeman |
| G. Lawrie, Esq. | 2 | b Hampton | 0 | c Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Fennex | 0 | c Hammond | 2 | b Ward |
| Boyle | 5 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 0 | b Ditto |
| T. Mellish, Esq. | 1 | c Small | 0 | b Ld F. Beauclerk |
| Crowt | 10 | b T. Wells | 4 | c Robinson |
| T. Cooper | 3 | not out | 4 | c T. Wells |
| S. Cooper | 1 | b Ld F. Beauclerk .. | 1 | b Ward |
| Byes | 1 | | 3 | |
| | 147 | | 125 | |

TWELVE.

| | | | | |
|-----------------------|----|-------------------|-----|------------|
| Hammond | 10 | c C. Boyle | 0 | b Howard |
| Sigall | 2 | b S. Cooper | 33 | not out |
| Beldam | 0 | b ditto | 5 | b Fennex |
| Ld F. Beauclerk | 10 | b Howard | 0 | b Howard |
| T. Wells | 1 | b S. Cooper | 6 | b Fennex |
| Robinson | 0 | b Ditto | 38 | b Pontifax |
| Freemantle | 3 | b Ditto | 11 | b Howard |
| Lambert | 0 | b Ditto | 23 | run out |
| Pointer | 4 | b Ditto | 4 | b J. White |
| Barnet | 0 | b Ditto | 11 | st Reed |
| Ward | 1 | c Boyle | 2 | c Studdick |
| T. Hampton | 0 | not out | 0 | b Howard |
| Byes | 0 | | 7 | |
| | 31 | | 140 | |

Twenty-three won by a Hundred-and-one Runs.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

WINDSOR THROUGH THE
VILLAGES.

*Windsor Town—The Queen's Lodge—The
Little Park—A Trial for Patience—
Frogmore and the Fête—Old Windsor—
Perdita's Tomb—The Epitaph—Re-
flections—Jacob Kahlons—Ode to my
Dog Tray, &c.*

While from your city's gaudy scenes I
stray,

From tricks of traffic, and from Pride's
display,

I find a Muse to brighten every hour,
A tongue in every plant, and ev'ry
flower:

By hedge-row side, I sing, and as I rove
Kiss the green bud, and own the won-
d'rous Jove.

WINDSOR TOWN.

I WAS up this morning before
the sun made his appearance on
the verge of our horizon; the clouds
of night had vanished, and the ex-
panse was one immense sheet of
azure, except over the eastern hills,
where a few ruddy streaks were
seen to foretel its coming.

Hail! gentle dawn! (I exclaimed) mild
blushing goddess, hail!

Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radi-
ant way,

And orient pearls from every shrub
depend.

I had now entered the main street
uninterrupted by a crowd, and had
the pleasure; as I approached the
town hall, to behold the country
people unpacking their goods for
the market, where every thing was
soon spread that could delight the
eye, or give comfort to the appe-
tite. After a long perambulation
about the streets and avenues, I
thought on my promise to you, and
resumed the tablet; that I might be:

Yrs. XXVI. No. 154.

able to keep pace with my obliga-
tion.

Windsor is a very ancient bo-
rough town, in Berkshire, 22 miles
west of the capital, seated on a
lofty summit, immediately under
the walls of its own castle; it is ca-
pacious; and rises slowly from an
extensive and fertile valley, where
the river Thames, while it refreshes
the winding shores below, bears on
its pellucid bosom the riches of the
neighbouring counties to the empo-
rium. Its excellent inns render the
place particularly accommodating;
the traders are remarkable for their
civility, and the inhabitants of the
upper parts of the town, are such as
generally attend the residence of the
sovereign. The air is salubrious,
the walks numerous and beautiful,
and the prospects divine.

Here hills and vales, the woodland and
the plain,

Here earth and water seem to meet
again;

Not chaos like, together crush'd and
bruis'd,

But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd;
Where order in variety we see,

And where, though all things differ, all
agree.

From these heights, among the
best features of this incomparable
landscape, the venerable college of
Eaton is first to attract the atten-
tion; and next Taploe, sweetly
beaming by the range of hills that
cover it from the frigid gales of the
north; while Clifton, once the seat
of the unfortunate Buckingham,
appears like a ruby in a ring of
gold; and Sunning Hill, with many
other divinities, sweetly lengthen
out the prospect. To the west-
ward, the church of Little Bray
peers above the tufted grove, that
surrounds it, like a silver pyramid
from a verdant thicket, still putting
us in mind that it was once made

B b famous

famous in song for its pliant vicar. The whole combining beauties, like a wreath of flowers, to make Windsor one of the most desirable stations in the universe.

The sovereign princes of this country, have at all times shewn a great partiality to Windsor. It is recorded of Edward the 1st, and his Queen Eleanor, that although they had many palaces, none of them was so delightful as their palace at Windsor. Whatever business of state required the king and the queen's attendance in London, there was a particular hour of time fixed for their return, which was mostly by water, in a barge of great capacity, rowed by twenty-four stout men in the king's livery, with one man to govern the helm; besides many trumpeters in the forecastle, to proclaim the royal progress, and to warn others to retire out of the way; and this (says my author) was because the queen was a bad horse-woman, and the roads impassable for her by waggons. I have seen a record, where, in one of these aquatic excursions, the king's page charges his royal master with the loan of fourpence*, to play with at cross and pile (heads and tails), another evidence of the simplicity of the times, and of the low spirit of courtly gaming; a vice that had not then urged the human race to fatal ruin, and to unnatural dissolution.

Having sufficiently surveyed this delectable spot, I resolved on a ramble to the villages. To that end I took up Castle-street, to the east-

ward; and the first pleasant object to command my respect was,

THE QUEEN'S LODGE,

Adjoining the Little Park. It is situated opposite the south side of the castle, (whose walls, raised by the Norman William, seem yet as perfect as at the time they were erected). This building commands a delightful prospect over the parks, and the neighbouring country; it contains many elegant apartments, one of which is particularly worthy of notice, if the stranger can obtain admission; but this is exceedingly difficult, and can only be expected when the family is away, and not even then without favour. The apartment I speak of is remarkable for a singular ceiling, begun in 1789, by an ingenious man, named Haas, after a design by B. West, Esq. and the whole is of a novel invention, for which no name has been yet assigned. The figures are in imitation, and have all the effect of the best oil painting, with this advantage, that the various groups may be distinctly seen at any point of view. Only one article is used by the artist, which is stained marble dust; this is strewn with a piece of card, either on board or canvass. The composition, as well as the manner of using the cement, is only known to the inventor. It will resist the weather, as has been proved by the experience of time. The whole is beautifully ornamented with festoons of roses, lilies, and thistles, interwoven with oak leaves. This was the first production of the

* Phillipot tells us in the year 1420, King Henry V. with his retinue, was entertained at Sittingbourn, by John Morwood, Esq. when the bill for wine amounted to nine shillings and ninepence; the best being one penny the pint, this was 250 years after the page lent his four pence to the king, when, the same author tells us, one penny would pay for a quart.—How far will one penny go at this day?

artist, except a few portraits in which he was equally happy. From this retreat of dignity and beauty I passed into

THE LITTLE PARK,

A most delightful lawn, extending round the north and east sides of the castle, containing about 500 acres of the richest pasture land in England, and near four miles in circumference; containing many agreeable walks and woody situations, to attract the footsteps of the peaceable traveller. Among others is Herne's oak.

"There is an old tale goes that Herne,
Sometime a keeper in Windsor Forest,
Does all the winter time, at still of midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;

And then he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle,

And makes milch-kine yield blood; and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know

The superstitious Eld,
Receiv'd and did deliver out this tale of
Herne the Hunter, for a truth."

And there wants not many that deny this to be the oak so celebrated, that "the true haunted tree is still to be seen in the great forest," but Shakespear, who knew things better, would never have made Page, Shallow, and Slender, to crouch in the castle ditch, to see Falstaff make his appearance in masquerade under a tree at the distance of several miles. The park is also well stocked with deer, and the keeper's lodge, one of those desirable situations that make retirement delectable. It is under a chalk hill, and is a dwelling of much antiquity; the timber of which it is built is almost as hard as iron. The garden is prettily laid out; and, at a small dis-

tance, is a complete wine cellar cut in a solid rock, no inconsiderable proof that the forest keepers of antiquity loved to provide for good cheer, as well as their brethren of the present day. They have a tradition here, that Queen Elizabeth, and her maids of honour, would sometimes retire to this place "to sing madrigals, and pursue the works of the needle," a practice, (however unfashionable) that did the ladies more credit than the present attachment to games of chance and to midnight revelling, where the order of nature is perverted by sacrificing the sun of day to the torches of the night; by breaking the health, and too often producing situations of very little credit to female reputation. From this charming spot I turned towards Datchet, a place once principally inhabited by whiststers, but now a peaceable retreat for those who wish to seclude from the bustle of society. I had hardly quitted the park pales when my attention was diverted by

A TRIAL FOR PATIENCE.

A gentle fisherman was sitting on the logs, by the river side, calmly attentive to the progressions of his float; I took the liberty to place myself near, and to inquire what sport? Very little, I assure you, he replied, I heard there was much to be expected at this place, and left London to enjoy it, but my success falls infinitely short of my expectations, for I have been here eight hours every day for the last three days, and I have not been so fortunate as to be entertained with one single bite. You must have great patience, Sir, I rejoined; I am particularly fond of the sport, said he, and as patience is the first quality in a fisherman, I made my-

self a thorough master of it before I set up the profession. I told him, in a jocular way, he might find the same sort of amusement in any one of his own apartments, by sitting over a pail of water, with his walking cane and a crooked pin tied to the end of a piece of packthread. Sir, said he, the want of success gives me but little uneasiness; I am neither in want of fish, flesh, or fowl; the plain fact is, I am attached to this kind of pastime, and came here to enjoy it: if I am disappointed in that respect, I am ratified in another; I have lost sight of the follies, madness, and impertinence of society, and in silence, and in unpolluted air, reflect on the miserable movements of a perturbed world; I draw my conclusions accordingly, then gratefully thank my creator that it has not been my fate to mingle in the distressing scenes of the universe, in which men appeared to him more like the monsters of Africa, than like social beings endowed with reason and humanity. I could not help according with his sentiment, commended his peaceable pursuits, wished him all the enjoyment he had a right to expect, and then turned a little out of my way to visit

FROGMORE,

Where there is an elegant mansion, the property of her Majesty. In 1792 the Queen became the purchaser of it, and since that time has made very considerable additions, both to the house and gardens; the latter having been enlarged by those grounds once belonging to Mrs. Macartney, and which at various times had been the residence of many respectable families; the house likewise, her Majesty bought, and it was taken

down in 1793, to give more ample scope for improvements, and which have been continually added, from that to the present period, so that what was wanting in extent and nature, is now effected by art. The gardens being bounded on the north-east by the Little Park, on the south by Cooper's Hill, and on the west by the Great Park, the views from them are rather rural, than grand or picturesque. Previous to these grounds being in possession of his Majesty, they exhibited a dead unprofitable flat, without any thing worthy of being called a piece of water. These disadvantages are overcome, and the eye of the spectator is agreeably relieved by the pleasing variety of mounts, glades, serpentine walks, and canals; with bridges and other erections at suitable intervals, which are denominated The Gothic Temple—The Ruin—The Hermitage—The Temple of Solitude—and the Hall of General Felicity. This divine retreat is also set apart for the private retirement of the Royal Family, except at the fêtes, given here to the nobility and persons of distinction. On such occasions tickets have been given to the neighbouring gentry, as also to persons in a middling sphere of life, to admit them to a sight of these festivities, and to partake of such refreshments as her Majesty has been graciously pleased to order to be provided. The first fête given here, to which the public were admitted, was on the 19th of May 1795, in honour of her Majesty's birth-day. The Royal Family dined on the lawn, in front of the lodge under a magnificent tent, presented by Governor Hastings. In various parts of the gardens were placed different groups of characters, as haymakers, dancers, theatrical and vocal performers—with a troop

of equestrians and their usual associates, tumblers, &c. What added yet farther to the hilarity and variety of the scene, was the representation of a Dutch wake. This was composed of thirteen neat booths, erected in the form of a semicircle, which were furnished with toys, trinkets, &c. for these no price was demanded, but boxes being placed on the stalls of each booth, every one was left to deposit what they thought proper for the articles they took; and the money thus collected, was afterwards given to the poor.

In front of the booths, respectively was fixed a sign, and under it an apposite stanza.

FIRST BOOTH.—THE STANDARD.

Where'er the British standard waves on high,
The paths of glory open to the bold:
Here then approach, nor dread our wares to buy,
But court the good which fortune may unfold.

SEVENTH BOOTH.—WHITE CROSS UNDER A CROWN.

Bless'd is the King, who on the solid base
Of pure religion, buildahis upright way,
Who tempers human power with heavenly grace,
And points to all his people virtue's way.

THIRTEENTH BOOTH.—THE PRINCE'S FEATHERS.

Trophy of worth, in Cressy's field obtain'd,
And since by England's heir triumphant worn!
Long may thy unstain'd honour be maintain'd,
And reap new fame from princes yet unborn.

About nine o'clock the Royal Family and Nobility withdrew to the

castle, and the spectators retired from the gardens of Frogmore, highly gratified with the brilliancy of the spectacle. From this seat of rural felicity, and royal condescension, I passed through some well cultivated plantations, and fertile inclosures, to the Bells, at Oozeley, a most friendly retreat by the Thames side, from whence, after bespeaking some refreshment, I entered the pleasant village of

OLD WINDSOR.

Once the residence of Saxon Royalty; but soon after the Norman conquest, William building a castle on the heights, about three miles to the westward, his friends and followers settled themselves under its walls; and as the new town became of consequence, the old one depopulated. A few families however remained, and those were of distinction; and though, like the setting sun, Old Windsor did not promise another glorious rising, yet it exhibited, and still exhibits, a pleasing serenity: it is a place most tempting to those who delight in retirement; its surrounding walks afford many haunts to the sober muses: its venerable church is particularly attractive; a long time I paced its ample burying ground, where, among many objects for moral contemplation, appeared a neat tribute to the memory of the unfortunate Mrs. Robinson, called by the inhabitants

PERDITA'S TOMB*.

It is erected over a spot marked out by her friends; the spot, if report be true, where that lady first met by moonlight her enamoured friend, when Prince Florizel thought "No

* The writer has often seen Mrs. Robinson on the stage, and greatly admired her performance of Perdita.

shepherdess,

shepherdess, but Flora, peering on April's front, was like to Perdita." A very little space of time before her death, Mrs. Robinson signified her desire to sleep here for ever. Her funeral was attended by two literary friends, greatly valued by the deceased, whose affection and benevolence cherished her while living, and ceased not to lament her loss to the verge of the grave, and neglected not her fame beyond, for they kindly recollected she must have had herself in contemplation, when she wrote that

———— " O'er her tomb
One little laurel wreath will bloom."

Her own hints furnished the *design*, and under the directions of friendship it was executed.

THE EPITAPH.

Thou! whose cold and senseless heart,
Ne'er knew affliction's struggling sigh,
Pass on—nor vaunt the Stoick's art,

Nor mock this grave, with tearless eye.

For oft, when Evening's purple glow,
Shall slowly fade from yonder steep*,
Fast o'er this sod the tear shall flow,

From eyes that only wake to weep.

No wealth had she, no power to sway,
Yet rich in worth and learning's store,
She wept her summer hours away,
She heard the win'try storm no more.

Yet o'er this low and silent spot,
Full many a bud of spring shall wave,

While she by all, *SAVE ONE*, forgot,
Shall snatch a wreath beyond the
grave.

These stanzas, save a small alteration, were Mrs. Robinson's own composition, and do credit to her refined taste, and to the melody of her muse.

REFLECTIONS.

Abstracted from our pleasures, our fashions, passions, and our fooleries, these repositories of the dead are most excellent schools to study in. Mr. Maitland was of this opinion ;

he calls this kind of study the most noble amusement in the world; where we may contemplate human life, and trace mankind through all the wilderness of their frailties and misfortunes, from the cradle to the grave. " I have reflected," said he, " on the shortness of our duration here, and that I was but one of the millions who had been employed in the same manner, ruminating on the trophies of mortality before me— That I must shortly moulder to dust in the same manner, and quit the scene to new generations, without leaving the shadow of my existence behind me : that this huge fabric, this stately repository of fame and grandeur, would only be the stage for the same performances, would receive new accessions of noble dust, would be adorned with other sepulchres of cost and magnificence, would be crowded by successive admirers ; and at last, by the unavoidable decays of time, would bury the whole collection of antiquities in general obscurity, and be the monument of its own ruin."

By this time the church clock gave me to understand, the minutes were at hand when my dinner would be waiting, and I hastily quitted those useful scenes of mortality, to encounter comforts which protract their consummation, and give new springs to our existence.

In the room where I took my dinner, directly before me hung the portrait of

JACOB KAHLANS,

A gardener at Wittenburg, much celebrated for his uncommon voracity; who, as the inscription testifies, not only consumed an immoderate quantity of all kinds of food, but several other substances, such as walnuts, shells, &c. When at gentlemen's houses, he would frequently eat pas-
try,

try, and then devour the vessels that contained it; and would at other times swallow the glasses out of which he drank. His teeth were so strong and sharp that he could split the thickest deals with the greatest facility, and would often perform that service for the maids of the house. Rats, mice, moles, and live fowls he looked upon as the most exquisite dainties; and at one time, unthinkingly, he is said to have swallowed a pewter inkstand, with the pens, sand, &c. This was verified upon the oath of an eye witness. At another time he devoured a pair of bagpipes, in the presence of several people, and turning upon the piper, the poor man was so terrified that he jumped out of the window. These, and exploits of a similar cast, gave the people an idea that he was assisted by an evil spirit, in consequence of which the clergy of the place examined a number of witnesses; but, as no crimination followed, Mr. Jacob Kahlans died peaceably in the 79th year of his age; and the truth of all this is testified by a German professor. Whatever might be my landlord's motive for placing this voracious monster before his guest I shall not attempt to define, but it had no other effect on me than to make me laugh down a good dinner; after which my terrier and I took our way back, and returned up the river banks to our old station, where, while a heavy and sudden shower confined me to the house, I entertained myself in writing

AN ODE TO MY DOG TRAY.

Though rude my subject, critics, what of that?

The lucious medlar wears an ugly skin,
The filbert nut so rugged to come at.

Conceals a kernel worth the toil to win;
And many a thing fastidious fools despise
Can boast a gem most sought and valued
by the wise.

Thou art a jewel, Tray, no gold shall buy;

Though rough and ugly as the Finland bear,

The sister virtues glitter in thine eye,

And scarce a biped owns a mind so fair;

And thou hast faith and love in such an high degree,

That thou would'st venture life and limb to succour me.

Reason is thine, in spite of human pride,
Reason! that often makes me blush with shame;

For I have seen thee, strict to truth, decide,

And friendship deal where int'rest had no claim;

Pleas'd with thy lib'ral lessons, Tray,
I'm oft inclin'd

To wish thy merits grac'd my naughty neighbour's mind.

Come all and profit from my rude canine,
Let not his homely shape offend the proud;

Apes teach our schools, and gluttons learn from swine,

And many an ass brays nonsense to the crowd—

Deep in the dreary mine the blushing ruby glows,

And 'neath a bramble sometimes blooms a fragrant rose.

An equal price the diamond claims, and shines as clear

Seen in the Ethiop's or the British beauty's ear!

“Let a friend's services meet full reward,” says Mr. Dryden after Pet-theus—I am happy to accord with this sentiment, and though I may be blamed by the fastidious for writing so well on my dog, that dog is my friend, and I shall never be ashamed to sing of his services, which are always communicated with more sincerity than the services of seven-tenths of the bipeds that surround me.

I shall write once more to you of this divine spot; and then set off on my progression to Penrose, &c.

I am, yours,

T. N.

THE
SPORTSMAN'S CABINET;

Or, a Correct Delineation of the various Dogs used in the Sports of the Field; including the Canine Race in general: consisting of a Series of rich and masterly Engravings of every distinct Breed, from original Paintings taken from Life, purposely for the Work, by P. Reinagle, A. R. A. engraved in the Line Manner, by Mr. John Scott, by whom the Plates to Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports were executed; and interspersed with beautiful Vignettes, engraved on Wood. Forming a Collection of Superb Sporting Subjects, worthy the Attention of Amateurs of Field Sports, and Admirers of the Arts in general.

(Continued from page 162.)

AFTER describing the instinctive impulse of the pointer, and the strong propensity of some puppies to stand at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows, before their olfactory powers are sufficiently matured to point by scent, our author thus proceeds:

"When a whelp of this description has reached his sixth or seventh month, the process may be proceeded upon in the following way; and either a single dog, a brace, or more, may be managed with equal ease, in any convenient spot, room, or yard, at the same time, with no other assistance whatever, than the alternate expressions of 'To ho!'—'Have a care!'—and 'Take heed,' (having the same field-whip in hand to impress attention and enforce obedience) although the most attracting meat is tossed before them in every direction. The commencement of the ceremony consists in throwing a piece of bread at some small distance before the dog, who, upon making his effort to obtain it, must be instantly checked by a quick exclamation of 'have a care!' and

the assistant terms alternately repeated, to keep him in a patient point of perseverance; till, having given ample proof of his obedience to the injunction, and stood time sufficient to demonstrate his comprehension of the restraint he must occasionally encounter, a vibrative low-toned whistle, accompanied with a mild ejaculation of 'lie on,' will prove the signal for proceeding, which the whole will quickly learn to obey; and it will be found by practice, that one or more, may at the very moment of seizing either the bread or the meat, be as instantly stopped and made to renew their point, by a repetition of either of the verbal cautions previously observed.

"Young dogs having thus coolly and deliberately imbibed the fundamental principles upon which they are to act, have the full force of nature and their predominant propensity to point out their practice when brought into the field. Very few well-bred pointers are seen who hunt too little, the greater part are inclined to range too much; and then it is that the cool and steady patience of the experienced sportsman is the more requisite to check their impetuosity. Juvenile and inconsiderate gunners materially injure young and untamed dogs, by keeping them under as little restraint as they wish to be kept themselves; too often letting them break away without respect to distance, till by custom they acquire a habit of inattention and disobedience, (to word or whistle), of which they are not easily divested without much severity and flagellation.

"Whatever may have been adopted by way of theoretic inculcation during the early months, no dog should be brought regularly into the field for constant, or even
easy

easy use, till nearly or full a twelve-month old; if so, and they become frequently weary and foot-sore, it sometimes produces an habitual lassitude and bodily indifference that is never after shaken off.—When first entered, it should be alone, and with a sportsman whose experience has convinced him young dogs should, from the earliest moment of their initiation, be taught to traverse every yard of the ground, in proper lengths and at equal distances, so that no one part should be left unbeaten; and this should be effected with as few words, and as little noise as possible. Short, verbal, but expressive signals; low, vibrative, encouraging whistles; and the occasional waving of one hand or the other, to the right or left, are all that is necessary or useful; more does mischief: one steady shot of this description, with only a brace of pointers obedient to command, and steady to dog and gun, will kill more game in any country than a noisy crew with three or four brace in company.

“The complete and perfect qualifications of a pointer, are so indispensably necessary to success in the acquisition of game, as well as in assisting to form a good shot; that young dogs should never be permitted to deviate from the proper rule of quartering the ground before them, and directly in this way: that is, to cover a line of three score yards transversely in the front of his master, by taking thirty yards to the right, and then re-passing him, take thirty yards to the left; where he again turns, and continues that routine in such proportions, as not to let his crossings and re-crossings be more than five-and-twenty, or thirty yards from each other.—When a brace of pointers or more are hunted, they should alternately cross the same beat, by meeting

and passing each other, taking additional ground at each turn, but should not beat the same way in a parallel direction.

“When a young dog is once made steady to bird and gun; broke from a natural desire to chase his game, and rendered obedient to every signal it is necessary for him to know and observe, then is the proper time to entertain him in company, that he may avail himself of the advantages to be derived from hunting with older and more staunch or experienced dogs than himself. Previous to this introduction (when hunted alone) so soon as he knows his game, and is energetically anxious in the pursuit of it, feel for the wind, and let him have it as much in his favour as the form of the field and circumstances will permit. So soon as he comes to a point, a pause should ensue, and he should be permitted to enjoy it; not a buzz, a word, or exclamation should escape by which he might be agitated to action; the necessary injunctions to caution should be tremulously vibrated upon the ear, till the fire of his eye, the distension of the nostril, the elated loftiness of the aspect, and the seeming spasmodic affection of his whole frame (produced by the effect of the olfactory irritability), affords ample proof the game is indisputably before him.

“This is the critical and awfully affecting moment when the feelings of both are worked upon, and it is also the very moment when the most philosophic patience is necessary to be observed. Now is the time, if the game luckily lies, to advance nearer by degrees, but with all possible precaution of silence and deliberation. Approach him first on one side, then on the other, if possible, without springing the birds; if they continue to be favourably for the purpose, walk in a cir-

cle entirely round them and the dog, by which practice he will be soon convinced his persevering point must correspond with whatever may prove the occasion. When time sufficient has been employed to confirm his steadiness, the game may be then walked up, and whether fired at or not, the first consideration is to prevent his chasing; this is a most important part of his education, and must not be inadvertently delayed to the chance pages of futurity. If a shot is made, whether with or without success, it is equally the duty of the dog to remain with the gun till it is re-charged, previous to his again advancing in pursuit of game, and this depends entirely upon the firmness of the party concerned; if which authority is not invariably supported, the dog, however excellent in other respects, is proportionally prevented reaching the summit of perfection.

"Some there are who consider it a qualification in a pointer to bring the game to foot when killed, and those who wish it, will find it easy of attainment, by teaching them to fetch and carry before they are at all accustomed to the field; it is a mode of being employed they are much delighted with, and never forget, but is attended with the chance of one inconvenience annexed to the experiment; if they become hard-mouthed, and take to breaking both flesh and feather, it is a fault, or rather crime which generally becomes incorrigible, and is hardly ever obliterated without incessant trouble and much distressing severity. This circumstance, so naturally likely to occur, it is the more necessary to bring to memory, because punishment is at all times unpleasant to the humane and liberal-minded sportsman, who will coincide with the writer in opinion, that prudent prevention is prefera-

ble to the uncertainty of cure; and that a slight and salutary correction to-day, may sometimes render unnecessary the doubly and trebly enhanced deserts of to-morrow.

"However infinite the services of the canine species are admitted, and however refined the sensations of their advocates may be in respect to the punishment they are destined to receive; it must be brought to recollection, that trifling corrections cannot be dispensed with, as they are the necessary and unavoidable antidotes to evils of a much more formidable extent. If we for a moment advert to the species in their original state, we shall recal to memory, that they are by nature wild and disposed to depredation; and unless preserved in the state of subjection to which they have been reduced, might individually incline to riot, mischief, and confusion. The most moderate and least attentive observers are not without proof of their tendency in puppy-hood, to an attack upon sheep, pigs, and poultry, which frequently prove so destructive to the property of neighbours, and so vexatious to the owners; that, agitating as such punishment may be to the feelings of those concerned, it must be inflicted occasionally, with an exemplary severity, upon the justly admitted principle that "of two evils we ought to choose the least," and it is only by due subordination in the earliest stages of initiation that future observance and obedience is to be obtained.

"Young dogs, from high blood and eager impetuosity, are inclined to a rapidity, that frequently irritates the feelings, and is productive of agitating passions, which destroy the coolness and serenity so evidently necessary to the successful execution of the gunner in the field.—They become impatient in their point.

point, rush in, spring the birds, and chase them in their flight; these are faults of the worst description, and if not completely eradicated in the first two or three weeks of embarkation, are seldom overcome at all. In correction so palpably indispensable, moderation should maintain its preponderation in opposition to the effect of passion, sometimes too readily and violently excited by the mortifying disappointments, which (after an infinity of fatigue) so often ensue; words of reproach and gentle punishment are prudently preferable to severe and indignant kicks, blows with the but of the gun, or unmerciful beatings; a succession of such treatment being more likely to keep him obstinately at a distance, when a fault has been committed, than induce him to approach reproof, knowing he has it to encounter.

"Pointers, though adequate to different degrees of sporting destination, are principally appropriated to the purposes of partridge, grouse, and snipe-shooting; as the particular kinds of sport where their merits become more strikingly conspicuous, and can be more pleasingly enjoyed than is possible in pheasant or cock-shooting, where the most enlivening spirit of the pursuit is buried in the obscurity of the remote and wooded situation."

THE FASHIONABLE GAME OF FARO.

(From the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*.)

THIS celebrated game is said to have been the invention of a noble Venetian, who gave it the name of *bassetta*; and for the evils resulting from it he was banished his country. The game was intro-

duced into France by Signior Justiniani, ambassador from Venice, in 1674, where it was called *bassette*. Some of the princes of the blood, many of the noblesse, and several persons of the greatest fortune being ruined by it, severe laws were enacted against its use by Louis XIV. To elude this edict, it was disguised under the name of *pour et contre*, "for and against;" which occasioning new and severe prohibitions, it was again changed to the name of *le pharaon*, in order to evade those arrears of parliament. From France this game soon found its way to England, where it was at first called *basset*, but among the polite circles, where it alone appears to be cherished, it is invariably known by the name of *faro*.

The persons and terms employed in the game, are as follow:—*Banker*, the person who erects the *faro banque*; which is a table, furnished with a considerable sum of money for punters to play at. *Tailleur*, the dealer; which is either the banker, or a person named by him. *Croupier* or *croup*, an assistant to the dealer, sitting opposite him, to watch that no mistakes happen; that the punters do not let cocks or parolis stand, which should retire; to pay and receive stakes, make the cards, &c. *Ponte*, French, in English *punter*; from *punto*, Italian for a point. This is the name of every player at *faro*, called so from punting or staking his money on the number of points a card contains, without reference to the suit. *Livez*, a suit of 13 cards, with the addition of four cards representative of the others, viz. a card with a large blue cross on each side, to denote ace, deux, and trois, which is often called the small or little figure; a card yellow on both sides, to denote 4, 5, 6, and called the yellow figure; a card with a large black carreau or

C c 2 diamond

diamond on both sides, for 7, 8, 9, 10, termed the black figure; and a red card, for knave, queen, king, called the red or great figure. *Coup* pronounced *coe*. The two cards dealt, one on the right hand for the banker, and the other on the left for the punter, constitute a *coup*, both of which must be dealt before any event can be determined; there are therefore 26 *coups* in a deal. *Paroli* is after a punter has won a sum equal to his stake, and is determined to pursue his fortune, and wager what he has won, in addition to his stake on his card; to save trouble, he declines receiving it, but bends the corner of the same or some other card, or a head card. This is termed a *cock*; but as the use of this word gives rise to some immodest allusions, the term *paroli* is now invariably used in good company.—By the next event, the punter either loses the stake on his card, and his claim on the bank, or receives thrice the value of his stake, which is equivalent to losing two or winning two, as one of the three was his own before, but left in the bank fund.—A *paroli* may be purchased by paying the banker a sum equal to the stake. To make *paroli* is to play as deep as you can, to make the most of your game, to pursue fortune vehemently and with ardour, as most bankers limit the first stake to a moderate sum, such as five or ten guineas, there being but few unlimited banks. *Paix*, French for peace, implies moderation, in contradistinction to *paroli*. *Paix* is, when the punter having won, is unwilling to make a *paroli*, and hazard his stake a second time; but bends his card in the middle, so that it stands like a chevron. The French call it *faire un pont*, or to make a bridge. It is called making a *paix*, when the banker goes dou-

ble or quit with the punter. If the next event is in favour of the punter, the banker pays him double his stake, or the punter may make a double *paix*, by bending another card and punting on it. If the event is against the punter, he loses only that which he had before won and left in the bank; but does not lose his stake. *Paix-paroli* is when a punter has won a *paroli*, and is entitled to three times stake; but his ardour abating instead of *sept et le va*, by bending another corner, he bends his card in the middle to save his stake, if the next event should be against him. There are double and treble *paix-parolis*, &c. On winning a *paix-paroli* a punter receives six times his stake, that is double what he had won before. A double *paix-paroli* twelve times his stake, &c. A *paix* may be made after a *sept et le va*, *quinze et le va*, &c. *Sept et le va* pronounced *set-clova*, seven and it goes; meaning that the punter will not receive the *paroli* he has won, but bends another corner of his card, in hopes of winning seven times his stake. If the next event is against him, he loses the three times his stake he was entitled to, and his own stake.—*Quinze et le va*, pronounced *heing-clova*, is after a punter has won a *sept*, bending another corner in hopes of winning fifteen times his stake. If the card on which he pursues it is dealt on the *tailleur's* right hand, he loses the seven times his stake he had won and left in the bank, and his stake also; the banker by the event winning eight. If the card is dealt on the *tailleur's* left hand, the *ponte* is entitled to receive the seven stakes and eight more, making fifteen.

Trente et le va, pronounced *traint-clova*, is, after a punter has won a *quinze*, and bends the fourth corner

of his card, pursuing his fortune in hopes of winning sixteen times his stake more, in the event he wins thirty-one times his stake, or loses the quinze in the bank, and his stake. *Soixante et le va*, pronounced *soixant clou*, properly *soixante trois et le va*, or going for 60 times the *couche* or *enjeu*; the 6th and highest chance in the game. This is after a punter has won a trent et une, and pursuing the sickle goddess with more ardour than prudence, in spite of doublets, aims at 63 times his *couche* or stake, by bending the corner of another card, if he has paralled on one only before, all of which sort must have been dealt to enable him to win a trent et une; or he may pursue his *soixante trois* on the same card in the next deal, by breaking the side and bending it. *Pli*, French for fold or bend.—To make a pli, is to bend a card in the middle, and set it up like the letter L, with the points and feet towards the *tailleur*. This is used when a ponte has lost half his stake by a doublet, which being half-a-guinea, is never changed; or supposing the stake larger, and the punter prefers having it determined by the next event, whether he lose all or recover the half he had lost. *Doublet* is when the punter's card is dealt twice in one coup, that is, on the dealer's right and left hand; in this case the banker wins half the ponte's stake. If the punter had made a *paroli*, it retires only, and he does not lose his *enjeu*; if he had bent three corners of his card for a quinze et le va, one corner only retires on the dealing doublets, and the punter must go for his sept again. He need not pay half his stake, but make a pli, and have it determined by the next event, whether he shall lose all or none. The

profit of half the ponte's stake on doublets is an acknowledged profit of the banker, with *hocky*, the other allowed advantage of the banker. This is the last card but one, and always dealt, of course on the right hand for the banker; by which the pontes lose all the money they happen to have staked on a card of the same sort or number of points, although the other card dealt on the left hand to complete the coup, be of the same sort. The last card being shewn by the *tailleurs* to the punters before the pack is dealt, goes for nothing. The bottom card was called *il faccio* or *face*, at *bassette*; and the banker claimed half of every stake on a card of the sort before he began to deal. The banker now claims the chance of *hocky*, if a ponte has a stake on a card undetermined, when there are only eight cards undealt, that is, he will not permit the card to be drawn, as may be done earlier in the deal. The advantage of *hocky* is relinquished by some bankers; that is, the last coup neither wins nor loses; it is generally relinquished the last deal. *Hocky* is derived from *hoc*, French, for a sure thing, a certainty. *Une pour l'autre*, pronounced *ung poor-loat*, is when a punter has staked money on any two or more cards, or on one of the figures denoting several; and one of these cards is dealt on the right, and another on the left, in the same coup; as one wins and the other loses, it is declared to be *une pour l'autre*, or one for the other. *Opposé*, or opposite game, is having the events against the ponte determined by the cards dealt on the left hand, and winning by those dealt on the right.—To avoid the frequent disputes between the punters and croups, about which card

card the opposé game was played on, and which not, cards were made with the word OPPOSE, in Roman capitals on the face of them; livrets composed of which the punters were furnished with. A player may punt opposé by placing his card horizontally, or with its side, not the end, towards him. But as it occasions confusion and frequent misunderstanding and altercation, for some to play one game and others opposé, it is mostly disused.

The faro bank is usually established by one, two, or more persons, who deposit from 500 to 1000 guineas, agreeing to bank again in case that sum should unfortunately be lost. Players are not permitted to punt less than half-guineas, sometimes not less than guineas, and are generally restrained to ten guineas; a punter succeeding in a soixante et le va, on such a stake, would receive 630 guineas, at one event or chance of the game. Two or three necessitous but *honourable* gentlemen, (unless the partners, who are not always known, undertake the office themselves) are often employed to officiate alternately, one as cap to the bank, as the term is, or apparent punter, to encourage visitors to play; the others as decoys, procureurs, or rooks in pigeons feathers, to introduce their wealthy friends and acquaintance to a good thing; to lay wait for the inexperienced rich pigeons of the day, in order to introduce them to the high advantages of the faro table. And, however it may surprise, it is a fact, that many ladies and gentlemen who make a splendid appearance in London, are tempted with a share of the profits to follow this treacherous and dishonourable business.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT
FROM
A JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION
TO THE
HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

Comprising a Fragment from the Memoirs of a Young Recluse. Translated from the French.

AFTER a very lively account of the town of Blankenbourg, and its environs, in the course of which the author takes occasion to remark on the drowsy disposition of its inhabitants, the narrative is thus pursued.

"My companions had suffered by the enticements of example, and were too zealous proselytes hastily to relinquish their newly acquired principles. I rose, therefore, much earlier than the rest of the party, and with a view to dissipate a listlessness which I found rapidly approaching, from the reflection that I had anticipated the fashionable day by at least three hours. I strolled towards a small copse, which presented itself, within the apparent distance of three quarters of a mile. On my arrival at the edge of the wood, I perceived within a few paces on the left, some artificial additions to the natural plantation, which were disposed in a manner calculated to make an impression very favourable to the taste of the proprietor. As I advanced farther, the whole design gradually unfolded itself, and at length presented one of the most captivating scenes to which I had ever been admitted a spectator.

It comprised a circle, whose area might contain twelve or fourteen acres, skirted by forest trees, amongst which many had arrived to a considerable height, but others had evidently been planted only a short time. Groups of cedars, acacias,

caecias, and shrubs of every description, were dotted about at unequal distances; and a variety of walks, which, from their artful irregularity, seemed to resist any idea that they were the production of art, led to an opening which was terminated by a very elegant structure.

"The building was singularly striking, and in form bore some resemblance to a pavilion. The centre was of a circular figure, at the circumference of which were placed pillars of the Ionic order, supporting a tentorial roof. Two wings projected from either side, designed after the oriental stile of architecture, and constructed with uncommon skill.

"A person of a romantic disposition could hardly have selected a spot better calculated to indulge his propensities. Here were certainly some of the chief ingredients of sentimental situation. The beauty of the morning, which was uncommonly fine, heightened all the flowery felicities of the season; while the carolling of birds over head, and an enamelled carpet under foot, the soft murmuring of cascades, and the gushing of fountains, which cooled the air, and imparted additional freshness to the surrounding objects, held me for some minutes fixed in the most pleasing sensations.

"I was however soon interrupted in my contemplation, by the nimble trampling of a very high-dressed horse, which a groom led before the approach to the building; and presently I observed an extremely genteel young man standing in the vestibule, who beckoned to the servant to attend him. The signal was instantly obeyed; then vaulting gracefully into his saddle, he adjusted his seat with the address of a

"preux chevalier," and vanished in an instant.

There was something uncommonly interesting in his appearance. His figure was, if any thing, rather below the ordinary standard of what is esteemed the middle size; but his air and deportment were eminently elegant and impressive. His age seemed to have exceeded nineteen, but not to have arrived at three-and-twenty. His limbs were very finely turned, and derived an additional advantage from the particular style of dress which he assumed. It consisted of a dark green frock, slightly connected across the breast by a single row of gold studs, and retiring in a gentle curve over the loins, till it reached the higher part of the knee. A short thin silk waistcoat just discovered itself beneath, and served as a contrast to the pantaloons, which were of the same colour with the frock. His hair was light, his countenance fair, and his features regular and engaging: but an air of dejection was visible in his manner, and betrayed evident symptoms of internal disquietude.

"As I advanced to the servant, with an intention of making certain inquiries relative to the nature of the property, and the disposition of the owner, this pampered menial gave me to understand, in language far from equivocal, that he was by no means insensible to the impropriety of my intrusion, and for sometime peremptorily resisted all importunity. But as my desire to have my curiosity gratified became urgent in proportion as he appeared disinclined to indulge it, I persevered in my application; till at length, by properly administering those emollients, which since the days of Æneas have been seldom unsuccessfully resorted to, his irritability gradually

unbided, and he listened to the disclosure of my wishes with the most respectful attention. He told me he had been in the service of his present master not more than six weeks, during which period he had never seen him uninterruptedly longer than five minutes, and consequently could have but little personal knowledge of his character. He added however that if I would take the trouble of repeating my visit the next morning, he would introduce me to a female acquaintance, who should give me as much information on the subject as could be furnished by any person in the neighbourhood.

"It has been frequently remarked, that the disposition of the master is in some measure discoverable from the conduct of the servant. The mercenary avidity with which this honest groom received my pecuniary overtures, I therefore ascribed to the short time he had been in his present service, and I began to regard his conduct with a more favourable opinion, on his refusal to accept an additional sum, that I might be allowed to examine the particular beauties of the place.

"And here I cannot avoid reflecting on the sordid practice of the greater part of the English domestics, who betray their anxiety for remuneration in almost every room or alley through which they conduct the visitor; and if at the close of the tour the proffered compliment is not exactly commensurate with their expectations, they do not hesitate to express their dissatisfaction in terms the most unbecoming.

"This absurd custom is finely satirized by the celebrated and unfortunate Savage, who had, once probably been subjected to the ne-

cessity of inflicting a severer chastisement.

"But what the flowery pride of gardens
tave,

However royal, or however fair;

If gates, which to access should still give
way,

Open but, like Peter's paradise, for pay;

If perquisited varlets frequent stand,

And each new walk must a new tax demand,

What foreign eyes but with contempt
survey?

What Muse shall from oblivion snatch
their praise?

"On my return the next morning, in compliance with the appointment, I found the groom waiting to receive me, and perceiving my approach he ran into the house, and presently afterwards re-appeared leading in his hand a very pretty lively young woman. It seems she had once been in very imminent danger, from which she had been rescued by the interposition of her master, and had ever since felt towards him the warmest sentiments of grateful recollection.

"Her account, divested of the many encomiums towards the subject of it, with which it was embellished, amounted merely to a report that he was by birth a foreigner, and imagined to be the descendant of some ancient English family. That he had been resident in this country about three years, and had been presented with the possession of the property before us by the kindness of an old nobleman, who had no near relations of his own, and who had conceived an attachment to the young chevalier, from having been accidentally thrown into his company, when travelling from Erlang to Brunswick.

"She added, that he appeared anxious to withdraw from all society, and indulge in habits of seclusion; but he had the reputation
of

of a generous, noble nature, and was highly valued and respected by all who had any knowledge of his character.

"This scanty narrative was far from being satisfactory, as I had by this time conceived a strong desire to become acquainted with some further particulars in the fortunes of the stranger. To effect this object I resolved to continue the greater part of the day in the environs of the plantation, in the hope of being able to acquire some further information from any of the peasants or neighbouring villagers, whom chance might throw in my way. With this design I had nearly exhausted the morning, and was on the point of abandoning my resolution, when, at a small distance before me, I discovered the young chevalier, who had just alighted from his horse, and was engaged in straining the girths, which had become loosened from a violent exertion in leaping. The horse started at my sudden appearance, and broke from the hands of his master, who instantly pursued him, and seizing the reins with great dexterity, was preparing to readjust the saddle, when the furious animal became so intolerably restive, that in struggling to disengage himself, the bridle snapped asunder. The ferocious beast upon this turned quickly round, and with great impetuosity drove his heels into the breast of his rider; then rearing aloft his crest, he darted fiercely forwards, and bounded across the heath to his stable.

"The young chevalier, who had fallen with the violence of the blow, for some time remained insensible. I succeeded, at length, in my attempts to raise him, and desiring he would make use of my support, begged permission to attend him to his mansion. He bowed his head

as expressive of his acknowledgment; and after I had conducted him to the entrance, and suggested the application of such remedies as are usually adopted on similar occasions, I prepared immediately to retire. He perceived my intention, and as if suddenly recollecting himself, he turned towards me with a look of assumed complacency, and addressing me in a manner more courteous than any I had ever before seen practised, requested I would do him the honour to join him the next day at dinner. I readily accepted the summons, and repaired the following afternoon at six o'clock to attend him, when I was ushered into an apartment adorned with furniture of the most costly description.

"I was suffered to remain alone but a few minutes before the stranger appeared.

"His dress was uncommonly splendid, and his manner exquisitely elegant.

"The traces of severe pain were still visible in his countenance, but he endeavoured to conceal his uneasiness; and approaching in a most engaging manner, expressed in very courtly terms his acknowledgments for my attention.

"When the dinner was finished, and we had spent some time in the discussion of ordinary topics, I observed that his appearance impressed me with an idea, that his life had been marked by some extraordinary occurrences; and that I could with difficulty forbear a desire to become acquainted with any particulars which he might judge proper to disclose.

"He shuddered involuntarily at this expression of my wishes, and though I was desirous of withdrawing my request, he nevertheless signified his acquiescence, probably

from a reflection that he had no other means of testifying his obligation for what he considered an act of kindness.

"After a short pause he delivered himself as follows:

THE YOUNG RECLUSE RELATES
HIS HISTORY.

"I should hold myself divested of every requisite, which constitutes an honourable character, were I coldly to reject the claims of a stranger, to whose exertions of humanity I am so recently indebted. If therefore I appear to enter on the detail with reluctance, you will in some measure ascribe it to an apprehension that the narrative, however brief, will exhibit little else than an unmingled display of tiresome insipidity. To myself indeed the whole scene of my existence has been perplexed and intricate: my mind, agitated by passions opposite and tumultuous, has been bewildered in its choice, and incapable of direction. But those occurrences, which to the immediate sufferer are objects of the deepest interest, are commonly regarded by those whose destinies have been more indulgent, with calm indifference, or unmeaning pity.

"I am by birth an Englishman; the younger son of the junior branch of a family, who followed the fortunes of that warrior, whose name has been consigned to immortality from a successful invasion of the British shores.

"My ancestors have been distinguished in the field, the senate, and the cabinet: and their descendants yet hold an highly honourable rank in the community. I will not trouble you with any allusion to my infancy, otherwise than by observing, that my recollection traces

back to my earliest years the origin of a disorder which has since baffled every medical antidote, and still riots uncontrolled throughout my frame. The part of my life which was assigned to the discipline of school, was marked with an almost total absence of pleasure. My health would not allow me to participate in the playful exercises of my companions, and a similar reason precluded any systematic application to the pursuits of literature. My efforts, however, were occasionally successful, and I was frequently distinguished in a distribution of prizes.

"At the usual age I was removed to the university, to which I had conceived so strong an antipathy, that the sickening impression which the first distant view of one of the public buildings imprinted on my fancy, no after familiarity with this gloomy remnant of Gothic magnificence has been able to efface. My entrance indeed *inter sylvas academi*, was more flattering and propitious than I had prefigured. I was introduced to a circle of young men eminent for their rank and talents; and the vivacity which I have sometimes imagined is natural to my disposition, became heightened and animated by the satisfaction with which they appeared to regard my addition to their society. Amongst these there was one eminently superior to the rest, by the endowments of his mind, and the graces of his person.

Descended from one of the most illustrious families in the kingdom, with whose name all Europe has long been familiar, he carried with him an air of native independence, and his appearance was open, erect, and manly.

"It is much easier to detect a blemish,

blemish, than to discover a perfection.

" This conduct subjected him from some to the imputation of pride, while others charged him as lavishly with the indulgence of vanity. As it is impossible that both these passions should exist with any violence in the same individual, the just conclusion will be, that he was destitute of either.

" Vanity inclines its votaries so eagerly to the blandishments of praise, that it stops not to inquire whether the bestower of it is, himself praise-worthy; pride, on the contrary, elevates the person in whose bosom it resides, to a disregard of all applause as beneath its consideration.

If I distinguish correctly between these two passions, the gentleman to whom I allude, had too much dignity to encourage the first, and too lofty a sense of honour to be susceptible of the latter. I have since understood that he has been generally distinguished by the most honorary acknowledgments: sensible therefore that any expressions of admiration from me, would come like the feeble shouts of an infant after the acclamations of a multitude, I silently contemplate his future eminence in the more interesting scenes of extensive public action.

" Non alium tantâ civem tulit indole Roma!"

" Our intercourse, however, was extremely short; an occurrence, which I cannot explain, made me hastily resolve to check the approaches to any further acquaintance, and secure myself in impene-

trable retirement. To this forlorn and comfortless situation, I for some time inflexibly adhered; till accident introduced me to a person whose sentiments so nearly resembled my own, that the closest and most unreserved intimacy resulted from the interview.

" In his presence I have for a while forgotten the dreadful disease which was eating into my vitals; and have sprang with alacrity to participate in the frolics which none but a warm imagination can devise, or youthful ardour can engage in. Voluntarily secluded from all other society, I had attached myself to him with more than ordinary attention; an attachment which he had given me every reason to believe was on his part equally sincere and ardent. In the fervency of regard, I considered him as a being of superior order, and my fancy would sometimes represent him as possessed of qualities which partook of the divine. With a form graceful and athletic, he was gifted with an understanding bestowed in the prodigality of nature, and was in all respects so copiously adorned with every rare and singular endowment, that he might be confidently said to hold out to the world assurance of man.

" In the course of the narrative I will distinguish this gentleman by the name of Mezentius. †

* * * * *

" With a tropical constitution, and a temper naturally sanguine, he was eager for those enjoyments in which nature has invited all her offspring to participate. But in the prosecution of these propensities he sometimes became entangled in

† In the original there is here a considerable hiatus; whether the deficiency is at all to be regretted, it is not the Translator's province to determine.

difficulties from which escape was impossible; and from the known familiarity subsisting between us, suspicion occasionally attached itself to the wrong object, and confounding the associate with the principal, fixed itself on me for the exercise of vengeance.

"A pretty dark little girl, with fine black eyes, and a form that might have sat for the picture of voluptuousness, had for some time attracted his attention, and he received from her every encouragement which his utmost wishes could desire. After revolving a variety of expedients, he at length imparted to me a scheme, which he assured me nothing but the want of my assistance could render ineffectual.

"In compliance with the terms of the assignation, we repaired in the very witching time of night, to the turret which confined this auburn Dulcinea. After making proper observation, and duly reconnoitering the position of the fortress, we availed ourselves of some vantage ground, and very shortly gained a balcony, from which, by the co-operation of good fortune with our own exertions, we were enabled to ascend to the top of the mansion.

"Here we soon discovered the charmer's apartment, through a friendly skylight; which opening on a given signal, afforded an easy passage to the gallant, who descended through the roof with all the rapidity of impatience, and alighted like another Jupiter on the bosom of his enraptured Danaë.

"The allusion, however, would be more in point, if Mezentius had made his entrance with similar accompaniments to those which announced the approaches of the heathen Inamorato. The idea of

the brilliant effect of the golden shower was far too imposing to have its omission unnoticed in the performance of so interesting a scene; and its absence was resented accordingly. A very important personage, whose judgment should always be conciliated in interludes of this description, became so violently enraged at this contemptuous neglect of her discernment, that she denounced the proceedings to the whole house, with all the severity of offended criticism. In other words, the chambermaid, whom we had forgotten to bribe, disclosed the affair to the young lady's guardian, who suddenly burst into the room, and interrupted the lovers at a crisis of all others the least patient of intrusion.

"But as there are some situations in which a prudent retreat is not only excusable, but highly commendable, Mezentius instantly quitted his prize, and joining me, who had been stationed as an out-post, expressed his opinion that we should lose no time in effecting our escape from the pursuer and his myrmidons.

"I immediately subscribed to his recommendation, when the guardian, who had anticipated our intentions, rushed alone into the street, and mistaking me for the fortunate Lothario, poured forth all that vulgar torrent of abuse which passion, such as his, might be supposed to dictate; accompanying it with certain manual remonstrances, which I found the utmost difficulty in resisting. As I was anxious, however, that Mezentius should gain time, I demanded a parley with a view to amuse my opponent; but finding him inflexibly obstinate in his opinions, and totally impenetrable to conviction, I suddenly disengaged myself

myself from his clutches, and tripping up his heels, laid him prostrate at my feet: then drawing a pistol from my bosom, I held it close to his ears, and prescribed the following conditions for his observance, on pain of immediate annihilation. He was to continue in his present posture, with his face directed towards his house, and without daring to utter a syllable, till the clock had chimed the next quarter; when he may consider himself at liberty to rise and resume his conjectures.

"In the mean time I cautioned him, that I should continue at the distance of a few yards to satisfy myself whether he fulfilled the treaty with good faith; taking care to remind him that any the slightest deviation would be followed by an immediate exaction of the forfeiture. Then retreating about ten paces, I continued for a few minutes quite motionless, and seeing no inclination to an infringement of the articles enjoined, I stole nimbly off, and eagerly repaired to my companion.

"As we were well aware, that the expedition on which we had embarked, was necessarily attended with some little hazard, we had taken the precaution to secure a post chaise, which, with four horses, was ordered to be in waiting at the skirts of the town. To this we fled with the utmost precipitation, and in a few hours were whirled to a distance, which derided the efforts of our pursuer; whom we nevertheless took the earliest and most convincing means to satisfy with regard to any share which the young lady might appear to have borne in the transaction.

"This adventure we were assured would make some little stir in a place where scandal was so strong-

ly patronized; and we enjoyed in anticipation the impotent anathemas of the murky divan, whom we knew would sit in judgment on our conduct. That you may form some conception of the respectable character of the individuals composing this august assembly, I will give a faint sketch of one of the members—

"Ab uno

"Disce omnes"

"I presume I need not inform you that the business of a C** is conducted by a body of men called F**, and a person chosen from that body invested with superior power over the rest, under the style and title of Master. To these sages of beard and gravity all important matters are referred; and if the deliberations turn on any such interesting topic as the neglect of the cook, or insolence of the butler; or should a slight omission of respect from any student of humble rank, require the exertion of authority, and render it necessary to offer up a sacrifice to the genius of discipline, a very full attendance is easily collected.

Generally speaking, a F** of a C** is a being for whom nature has done little, and art less; his whole studies during the term of his probation being solely directed to the particular branch of science that is necessary to advance him to a situation, by which the vista of his ambition is bounded; for, his election once secured, he judges all the purposes of application to have been fully accomplished, and therefore, without further scruple, he devotes the remainder of his days to selfishness and indolence.

"He commonly rises soon after nine o'clock, unless more than ordinarily bloated with ale on the preceding evening, and leisurely equips

equips himself for his various morning avocations. This, however, is a ceremony which is very speedily dismissed, for he seldom has recourse to the wash-hand stand, or indulges in any of those preliminaries which custom has annexed to the refinements of civilization. His first devotions are instinctively paid to his breakfast table, a duty which engages him at least an hour. He does, indeed, by no means mispend this time; and I have known one honest man swallow four plates of mushrooms successively, in the interval of adjusting his stockings, and fastening the knees of his breeches.

"If he has any pupils they attend him from this time till twelve; and if their connections are such as induce him to conjecture there is no extensive patronage annexed to their possessions, he slumbers over their performances with the most awkward indolence, listens to their expositions with the coolest indifference, and retails their mistakes to his worthy brethren with every exaggeration of clumsy merriment. This insolence, however, is completely punished in his servile attentions to those of a superior rank; for these sagacious gentlemen have commonly pretty sharp nostrils after preferment, and seldom risk the loss of a patron by any obstinate adherence to propriety.

"Climbing," says Swift, "is performed in the attitude of crawling." I have heard of a young man, who invited a large party of the reverend fraternity to supper, and insisted on their toasting *viritim*, the favourite object of their ruder passions, in the attitude of the Venus de Medicis; repeating at the same time in doggerel verses a panegyric on her several attributes, and particularizing each by its coarsest denomination.

"At twelve o'clock they regularly leave their cells for the purpose of walking, and on the course of an hour and a half contrive to amble over a couple of miles on one of the public roads. This exercise duly performed, they submit themselves to the hands of the college barber, with whom they generally enter into a discussion of some political topic. This employment engages them nearly half an hour more, by which time the dinner is served, and they then repair to the hall with the most scrupulous punctuality. Here, what with the different duties of eating and drinking, laughing at jests at least fifty times repeated, and reproving the cook for imaginary faults, at least fifty times detected, they contrive to exhaust an additional hour, when they retire to their common room till the chapel bell summons them to their evening devotions.

"The coffee house engages them during the interval between supper and the evening service; and then the hour of sleep with the same precision consigns them to their allotted slumbers.

"And thus, Sir, you have the complete portrait of a F—w; coarsely coloured indeed, but by no means caricatured.

"But as you are probably wearied with the description, I hasten to one of the most interesting incidents in my life."

(To be continued.)

PUGILISM.

IT has been stated that four pitched battles were about to take place on the 20th instant, but the amateurs of the fist wished to make two days diversion, and consequently

sequently the fight which was to take place between Holmes and Richmond the Black, was fixed for Monday the 8th, and it took place on Cricklewood Green, five miles out on the Kilburn road. Holmes first entered the list of pugilists in a very hard battle with Blake, about a twelvemonth since, and he was considered a slow, but a bottom man. Richmond first had a taste with George Maddox, at Wimbledon, which, however, was but of short duration, for the veteran gave him but small hopes of pre-eminence in the art of boxing: he however since fought a good battle with a little Jew on Blackheath, when he manifested improvement in the art; and Fletcher Read, Esq. matched him against his present combatant, who was favoured by Mr. Peter Ward. He is a quick hard hitter, but his bottom has always been doubted.

THE FIGHT.—1st Round. Much sparring—the Coachman very strong and in good condition.

2d. Good rallying round.

3d. The Black put in a neat pinching blow, but fell—2 to 1 against him.

4th, 5th, 6th. Not interesting.

7th. A very good round—sharp blows—the Black gay and full of fight.

8th. The Coachman fat and inclined to puff—3 to 2 he won.

9th. The Coachman received a severe cut in the right eye, which brought him down.

10th. Bad round—closed and fell.—Even betting.

11th. An uncommonly good round, both stood up, rallied frequently, but the Black knocked Holmes down, and in order to avoid treading upon him, leapt over him.

12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

Very indifferent—the Coachman out of wind, and growing weak.

16th. Closed and fell—Holmes under—3 to 1 against him.

17th to 24th. Bad, hugging rounds.

25th. Very sharp, the Black quite fresh.

26th. This decided the victory in favour of the Black, who knocked Holmes down; and after lying a few minutes, he with great reluctance gave in.

The seconds were Jones and Blake.

The fight lasted exactly 39 minutes. The Black won from his superior length of arm, wind, and activity; Holmes being short in the reach, and by far too fat. Among the Amateurs were, Fletcher Read, Berkeley Craven, T. Sheridan, and Mr. Upton; and among the professors were Gulley, the Belchers, Ryan, Puss, Crib, the Wards, and Mendoza.

Dutch Sam, one of the greatest masters in the art of pugilism, received lately a complete drubbing, in a casual rencontre, with a slayer of sheep and oxen. Passing over Wimbledon Common, on his way to town from Thames Ditton, where he has been for some time in training, he fastened a quarrel on the Butcher; to it they went; the strength and resolution of the man of blood prevailed over the skill and dexterity of Sam, who was every time knocked down like a bullock. In the hope of intimidating the Butcher, he was told during the fight that he was contending with Dutch Sam. “Be he the Devil,” said the Butcher, “I will bang him well now I am at it;” and he kept his word. In the course of a dozen rounds he so cut up the Hollander, that he could scarce see
or

or stand; and he was obliged to acknowledge himself beaten, for the first time in his life. The Butcher's name is James Brown, a native of Wandsworth, and belongs to the first company of Loyal Wandsworth Volunteers.

Saturday, July 20, was the day appointed for the decision of the three celebrated matches between the following professors; viz.

1. Gulley and the Game Chicken.
2. Tom Belcher and Dutch Sam.
3. Ryan and Caleb Baldwin.

The place of rendezvous was Virginia Water, two miles beyond Egham, on the Western road, where, for the last two months, Gulley, Belcher, and Ryan, have been in training, under the auspices of Mr. Fletcher Read. It being understood that the first fight would begin at eight o'clock in the morning, the whole bruising world were in motion some hours before, when barouches, chaises, buggies, carts, horses, and donkies, thronged together in most admirable confusion.

From Virginia Water the great assemblage, by notice, proceeded to a place in the neighbourhood of Chobham (not Cobham, as erroneously stated in the daily papers), about three miles distant. Here a ring was formed, and the arrival of the champions expected with the most anxious impatience.

During this suspense, it was whispered to the dismay of the betters, that all the fights would be crossed, and for the following reason: A Mr. Cheesey, a knowing man of the fist, had originally betted very highly on the Chicken; but, *mirabile dictu*, on Saturday night he changed his opinion, and betted still higher on Gulley: it was therefore concluded that the Chicken had consented to lose, and that Mr. Chee-

sey would pocket a *mity* sum of money. Under these circumstances, the sages learned in the odds held a serious consultation, and determined all bets void, and that no money should be paid or received.

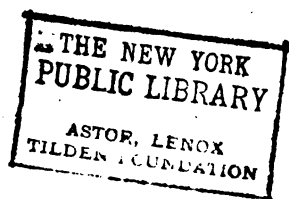
At this critical juncture it was announced, that the Surrey magistrates had interfered; and that the fights would be determined at Blackwater, in the county of Hants.

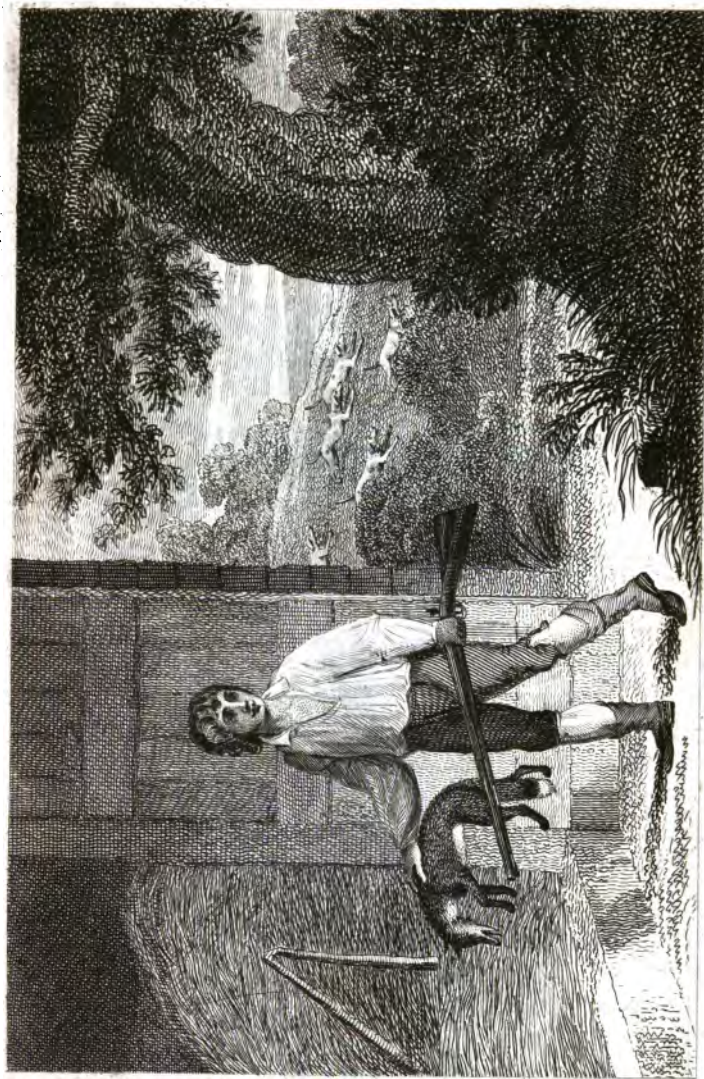
To Blackwater, several miles beyond Bagshot, the whole body, horse and foot, repaired. Here the dispute was renewed about *terms*, and the suspected *cross*, or fighting booty.

Mr. Fletcher Read, understanding all bets to be void, said, that there should be no fight, although Mr. Mellish and Mr. Craven offered to back the Chicken six hundred pounds to five.

One of the matches was off from accident and necessity. Dutch Sam, travelling with a gentleman in a chaise, the reins broke, and the gentleman escaped by leaping from behind, while Dutch Sam remained pulling one rein; and was himself soon *unshipped*, and so bruised as to be totally unable to fight.

That the company should not be disappointed of some sport, a match was soon made up between Tom Cribb and one Nicholls, a Bristol man, who never was seen before on a London stage. They fought for an hour and ten minutes, during which time there were fifty-two rounds. Cribb was the favourite, and considerable odds were laid on his side. He was the first down, but the amateurs thought nothing of it, as it is well known he repeatedly contrives to throw himself back in order to evade the full force of a blow. In the course of a few rounds he cut the





Farmer's-man and the Fox.

From the 11th. By J. G. Smith, Warwick Square.

the Bristol man under the right eye with his left hand, as if it had been cut with a knife. The latter was still very cool and good humoured, and, as the fighting men express it, quite gay and full of spirits. About the twentieth round Crib had one of his eyes entirely closed up, notwithstanding he shifted and sprung about with a great deal of skill and agility. But what did him the most material injury was several cutting blows he received in the left side and the neck, by the other drawing his arm in an horizontal line across him when he gave these favourite blows. The Bristol man was also very expert at breaking on his adversary, a method that was first brought down from Norfolk to Bristol by Slack, and is done by projecting the arm suddenly against the opponent's face when he swings forward with a violent blow. Crib, however, though he evidently had the worst of it, made several excellent rallies. But when he had fought forty rounds, it was observed that he was winded. He had been up all night, and had walked several miles on his way down. He recovered the sight of his eye, and fought on, though rather shy, as he frequently made short hits, and fell back from his own blows. Several knowing ones were taken in by this fight, as hopes were entertained of him till it was too late, and he gave in at the close of the 52d round. Dick Hall was one of his friends, and Tom Jones was for Nicholls, who is now pronounced to be a prime man.

A match for twenty guineas the winner, and five to the loser, was then made up between one Will Wilkie, a jackass man in Westminster, and a Jew of the name of Levy, who was very little known. He,

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however, set to with spirit, and shewed some sport for about a quarter of an hour. But during the whole time Wilkie received hardly any injury more than a black eye. The Jew, though he received some sharp blows, was supposed to have been able to have held out longer if he had had good bottom.

Another fight was spoken of between Richmond the black, and a white man, but either sufficient money could not be made up, or the terms could not be agreed on, and the company came from the field at a little before six in the evening, having then a distance of 32 miles to travel back after their day's amusement.

FARMER'S MAN AND THE FOX.

Explanation of the Copperplate.

IN the course of last winter L—d Y—s's foxhounds, of B—y had many fine runs. In one of them they had pursued a fox nearly three hours, and were gaining on him, when it happened that a man thrashing in a barn, at the village of H—y, heard the hounds' cry, he runs out, and seeing poor renard coming towards the barn, the fellow returned and fetched a fowling piece, which he kept for shooting sparrows, and with which he shot the fox, and afterwards took him into the barn, covered him up, and commenced thrashing. The hounds shortly came up, and were in course at fault. A person near, who saw the transaction, communicated it to J. U—y, Esq. of W—n, who was up first with the hounds. He, with the true spirit of a sportsman, instantly dismounted, cut red the barn, and demanded of the rustic their game. The fellow stood

E c for

for some time speechless with apprehension, fearing to swallow half his tooth from the fist of Mr. U——y, he pointed to where poor remard lay under the straw. Mr. U——y took him by the hind legs, and so thrashed the fellow about the head and face, that he was forced to make his escape from the barn. Had not this straight forward rustic put an end to the fox in this way, it would have been one of the finest runs these hounds had during the season, as he was making for the clays, a very strong country, and where it is presumed few would have been in at the death.

RULES FOR FISHING—A LA GAMBADO.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS much pleased at the very proper advice given in your last number, by Ruricola, for the instruction of gentlemen who are partialists to shooting, in which I make no doubt Ruricola himself excels. I am also glad to see that the old-fashioned methods of equipment for the sports of the field, are likely to give way to those advised by him, which are, past all doubt, better than any yet thought of. Let the fair sex be asked to determine between the two kinds of dresses, and when the new tippy, and tasteful dress is seen, it will be hailed with the epithets, "Charming, delightful, beautiful, elegant," &c. &c. &c. whilst the poor neglected gunner of the old school, will be very ungenteelly called a boar.

For my part, Mr. Editor, I am only a sportsman in a humble way, the pleasure of angling is to me very great; but I would not for

would be so barbarous as to shoot the poor innocent feathered inhabitants of the air; nor for universes would I adopt the savage sport of hunting. Oh, dear Sir, it would be shocking to me to gallop harum-scarum, neck or nothing, after a poor timid, trembling animal, to whom the terror occasioned by the noise of the pack in full cry, at his heels, must be worse than the death he flies from. Tender sensibility is mine, thank Heaven! and I have chosen angling as an amusement which is well known to be totally divested of every species of cruelty. But to my subject: A number of years spent in the service, if I may so call it, of the Piscatory tribes, enables me to point out a few things that may be useful to young anglers; first, then, as to the dress. Should they venture out very early or very late in the year, when the weather happens to be cold, I would advise them to put on clothes as light as possible, for this very good reason, it is best to keep cool when you are so: consequently their dress should be a pair of dancing pumps—should they meet with wet, pumps are very useful things, let me tell you; white silk stockings, or a pair of thin cotton, such as are worn under silk; stocking breeches, without drawers or linings; a silk or cambric muslin waistcoat, and jean coat, all made to sit close; a very small neckcloth, without any pudding; and, to crown the whole, a light straw hat. On the contrary, when the angler rambles out under a meridian summer sun, his dress, for this sapient reason, that it is best to keep hot while you are so, should be quite the reverse; a good thick pair of shoes, well hob-nailed, with a pair of very stout leather buskins, which will keep out the dust; very thick plush or velvet breeches, with drawers underneath

underneath, either of thick called or milled lamb's wool; two, three, or more waistcoats may be put on at pleasure; a very stout cloth coat; round the neck, first a good wrap of welch flannel, then a silk handkerchief, well thickened with a pudding; above this two or three dirty neckcloths, and then a clean one, which will reach higher than the chin, of which one great convenience is, that the chin may be bobbed out or in at pleasure; and the roll round his neck will probably be about as thick as his head; to cover which, a Welch wig and a stout hat will be requisite: but the most necessary thing to put over the whole will be a box coat, very thick and warm, one that will nearly stand alone; it must be plentifully caped, let it be as white as possible, indeed to heighten the effect it would be better to have it well chalked, glaring white being best suited to the season and the fish; thus equipped, or cased, the angler may set Sol's fiercest beams at defiance. If it happens to rain violently, and the meadows are flooded pretty deep, then let him go without either shoes or stockings, only having a pair of cork soles tied on his feet with an old pair of garters or a ribbon; let the cork soles be light, and they may possibly, if the gentleman is not too heavy, keep him from sinking, in that case he will; swallow-like, skims the surface, indeed should he sink knee deep, it will be only a sort of luxury.

The part of my advice relative to fishing, I shall endeavour to confine to as few particulars as possible, for I really do not intend to write a new and complete art of angling, but only to put in my caveat against some of their obsolete prejudices; for instance, the books advise you, when angling for large fish, to use large hooks, armed tackle, &c. &c;

to the contrary, you should always, on these occasions, use a very small hook, No. 10 perhaps, and your bait should be insuperable to this, for you should always recollect that you may take a gudgeon or a minnow; and who, let me ask, would not rather catch several small fish than one large one?

Always be sure to put in in the most weedy place you can find, and that completely on the top of the weeds, never mind the loss of a hook or two; get as much in sight as you possibly can, for by that means you will drive the fish from their hiding places, and in passing your bait they may probably bite; to answer the same good purpose, keep occasionally throwing in a large dog, which you must take with you for the purpose; and when you drop in your line, take care to do it violently. When you get a bite, do not by any means wait for the fish to gorge, as it is called, for they oftener let go the bait than swallow it, but the instant you see the float move, strike, and strike very hard too, that you may be sure to hook him firm; when you have got him out, and taken him off the hook, do not put on a fresh worm if there is a small piece left of the former one, for it is notorious that a fish will sooner bite at a water washed worm, than a fresh one. Never think of playing a fish, if you get hold of a large one, for if you do, it is ten to one but he gets round some post, or strong weeds, by which means you lose both the fish and your line; therefore, instead of playing him, pull away, and if you get him out, so best; but if you should happen to lose him, by breaking his hold, which to be sure is possible, do not regret it, for you know on all occasions the first loss is the best.

Always when angling, place your-
 E e 2 self

self with your back to the sun, so that your shadow may lay on the stream, for it is shocking to stand with the sun shining directly on the face, as it will dazzle your eyes, and prevent you from seeing your bites, &c.

As you take the fish do not stop to put them in your bag, or on a sprig of willow, as I have seen some simple fellows do, to their great loss of time and sport, but throw them down on the grass near you, and at night when you leave off, gather them together; by this means, indeed, you may loose two or three, but then consider the time you gain in angling by throwing them there in the first instance.

As to your choice of weather, a strong east wind, whatever the books may say to the contrary, is very good for fishing, or during a very violent and heavy rain. Again, you often have excellent sport in the middle of a very hot summer's day, provided the sun is out strong, and there is not a breath of air stirring.

Parts of rivers best for fishing, are very weedy situations, as I before observed; any place where the stream is exceedingly rapid, and about four inches deep, is good for chance fishing; in the middle of a lock, when several barges are there; any place where boys are bathing, which by putting the water in commotion, and making it muddy, has a charming effect upon angling.

These are but a few of the observations I could make, but want of time and room prevents my saying more at present; notwithstanding, as the fishing season has now commenced, a little attention to the foregoing remarks will greatly improve the young beginner, and will certainly have no bad effect on the experienced angler.

PISCATOR.

SHOOTING—AT THE OLD HATS.

For the Sporting Magazine

MR. EDITOR,

BY giving the inclosed account of the following shooting match, at the Old Hats, on the Uxbridge Road, in your next publication, you will much oblige your constant reader,

E. H.

On Monday, the 8th of July was decided a match for a considerable wager, between a gentleman of the name of Temlett and the celebrated Morton, at 21 sparrows and 21 pigeons each. The odds before beginning were in favour of Morton. The shooting commenced in good stile on both sides, at the sparrows, of which Temlett killed 19, and Morton 16. The next match, with the pigeons, excited by far the greater interest in the spectators and betters, as going to exhibit a greater proof of the skill of the shooters, and the excellency of their guns. The two first on each side were killed. The third Temlett missed; Morton killed. Many bets were now laid at six to four on Morton. The fourth Temlett missed; Morton killed. The odds now increased to ten to five and four, but were presently changed by Morton successively missing four birds; Temlett successively killing every bird till the twentieth. Out of 21 Temlett killed 18; Morton 15. Of course the wager was decided in favour of Temlett. Morton shot well, as the number of birds he killed testifies. But Temlett's shooting exceeded any we ever witnessed. Out of his three which were considered missed, two of them fell dead, a very little way out of bounds. The report of his gun, every shot, was looked upon as the signal of a dead bird. The pigeons were of the swiftest flyers. The gun

gun Morton shot with had been considered a nonpareil; but Temlett's had evidently the advantage: his birds were actually cut to pieces. Morton's gun was made by Gulley, of Oxford-street. Temlett's by Constable, of Bowling-street, Westminster.

OVERTURNING A STAGE COACH.

Court of King's Bench.

G. BAILEY V. J. WILSON AND
T. LEVI.

THE plaintiff is a mercer, the defendants are proprietors of the Derby coach.

Mr. Erskine, for the former, said that his client had suffered an injury which would deprive him of the means of supporting an afflicted wife and eight children. For the promotion of his business, he was accustomed to travel, and was proceeding from Derby to London in the stage-coach of the defendants. When within six miles of Northampton, the driver, either from negligence or inebriety, forced the wheels up a bank on the side of the road, in consequence of which the carriage was overturned, and the plaintiff had his leg fractured in a manner too shocking to describe. For the term of eleven weeks he was confined at Horton Inn, where he was attended by physicians and surgeons, at a very considerable expense; and he sought from the jury a just compensation in damages, for the agony he had endured, for the charges he had incurred, and for the loss he sustained in the cessation of the business on which his subsistence so much depended. After the witnesses were called,

The Solicitor General, for the defendants, said, that his clients

were placed in a situation where no sound judgment, no sedate discretion, and no human foresight could always protect them. It was not their misconduct, but that of the coachman in their employment, for which they were to be now responsible, and him they had selected with that caution which their duty required. The defendants lamented, as much as any person in Court, the calamity to which the plaintiff had been exposed, and they were willing to make that reasonable compensation which an English Jury would direct.

Lord Ellenborough.—“The defendants appear to have conducted themselves with prudence and humanity in the instructions they have given to their learned counsel. The only question for your consideration is, the quantum of injury suffered by the plaintiff, and you will apportion the remuneration accordingly.”—His Lordship then detailed the particulars in evidence; and the Jury, after retiring for half an hour, delivered a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £600.

THE SNIPE SHOOTER—A FABLE.

AS a sportsman ranged the fields with his gun, attended by an experienced old spaniel, he happened to spring a snipe, and nearly at the same instant a covey of partridges. Surprised at the accident, and divided in his aim, he let fly too indeterminately, and by this means missed them both. “Ah! my good master,” said the spaniel, you should never have two aims at once: had you not been so dazzled and seduced by the extravagant hope of a partridge, you would most probably have secured your snipe.”

SINGULAR

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF
BIRDS.*For the Sporting Magazine.*

MR. EDITOR,

THE two following singular circumstances of the feathered tribe are worth communicating to the public. The truth of them I can attest, myself being an eye-witness of them both.

The first happened about eighteen years back. Being some few days at the house of John Payne, farmer, at Abbot's Langley, Herts, he told me, he had a pensioner who daily paid him a visit, whom I might see the next day, 12 o'clock, if I would give myself the trouble. Accordingly I went into the garden with him at that time, when he took a bit of raw meat, and gave a loud whistle, holding out his hand: and immediately a large hawk flew down from one of the highest trees, and rested upon his hand, when he was fed he flew away, and the farmer saw no more of him till the next day at the usual time. It is remarkable he never could get him at any other time of the day, though often called. This had continued a long while:

The other was as follows: having some business to do at Marston, near Froome, in Somersetshire, in 1778, the seat of the Earl of Corke, which employed me two months, I had daily opportunities of seeing it. It was a kite of the largest growth, who had taken up his residence in that nobleman's garden for three or four years back. He was the guardian of the place, and would suffer no sort of marauders whatever to intrude on the premises. Rats, mice, birds, fell a victim to him, and helped toward his support; cats and dogs found him their greatest

enemy; he even would attack a man if he was a stranger, except Mr. Jones, who was the head gardener, was with him. This he would continue to do for three or four days, till the bird began to know him. I have heard Mr. Jones say, he would rather have him than the best dog in the kingdom, as no creature of the earth or air, was safe from his talons. What was very remarkable, he never paired with his own species, neither would he let one of them come near the premises, though several attempts had been made, and several battles fought, when he always came off victorious. When I first went to Marston he has alarmed me more than once when I was in the garden, till he grew more used to me. His method was, when he saw a stranger, to soar upon the wing till very high, and to take several circuits till he got perpendicular above him, when he would drop down on his head like a stone, frequently stunning the person. This he could easily effect, as a stranger could not be expected to be on his guard, if he even saw him flying above him. I have been obliged to take shelter under a novel or tree, upon the sight of him, and quickly too, or else I should have felt the effects of his weight, velocity, and talons; but that was only when I first went, as I have said above. After a few days he seemed as if he recognised me, and offered hostilities no more. No strangers cared to venture into the garden, without some one who belonged to it was with them.

These two birds had evidently never been tamed, or in the hands of man, before they took possession of their respective stations, as they had at first all the ferocity usual to birds of prey. Year's, &c.

C. Harbour, July 2.

J. M.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

SOME Ladies talking of the revived fashionable head dress—*mobs*—a Gentleman entering the room, was asked what he thought of *mobs*; I know but little about them, replied the Gentleman, for whenever I see any in the streets, I generally cross the way to avoid them.

THE beautiful Miss Callender having hold of the arm of a gentleman rather free in notions of religion, at Mrs. Egerton's masquerade, a lady passing, observed to him, you now will surely allow that there is one saint in the *Calendar*.

A SPORTING Clergyman, at a late coursing meeting, in Wiltshire, produced a dog that beat the whole county. A nobleman, who has a great value for the sport, admired the dog much, and wished to have him. The clergyman observed this, and hearing that his Lordship had some church preferments in his gift, was not backward in displaying his dog. "He runs well indeed," said his lordship; "yes," replied the parson, "he does, but I'll tell your Lordship how it is—he is a hungry dog, and runs *for a living*."—His Lordship took the hint, and made the dog his own.

A SCHOOLMASTER in a village, not 100 miles from H—d, who prides himself on his orthographical knowledge, and is very severe in his criticisms, was lately applied to by an honest *Vulcan*, to write out his bills. On their being presented for payment, it appeared, that vulcan had charged his various employers with theft, and one in par-

ticular, with "*stealing thirty-two ploughshares at 10d. each.*"

THE donkeys at Brighton are alternately employed by *belles* and *smugglers*. They carry *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night.

JOHN AND HIS MISTRESS.—A few days since a Lady at Brighton, who had mounted a *Donkey* for her morning's amusement about the town, sent her servant in for her whip, which he quickly returned with, when the Lady ordered him to shut the door, and attend upon her.—John hesitated; his mistress remonstrated, and at length told him, that he must obey her orders, or she should be under the necessity of dismissing him from her service.—"Very well Ma'am, (replied John) I had much rather be subject to your *dismissal*, than be compelled to *whip your Ass about the streets.*"—The Lady was as good as her word; she jumped from her donkey, paid the man his wages, and discharged him!

WHICH OF THE TWO?

The glow which Chloe's cheeks possess,
Is something more than Nature's dress,

Yet such her happy knack,
Altho' she paints, there's none can boast
Of knowing which she uses most,
Carmine or Coniac.

BOFANY BAY WIT.—From the last received Sidney Gazette:

A fellow, some days since, incurring the appellation of "unworthy," archly retorted; "There you mistake; for if I was not as valuable as gold itself, I should not have been *nineteen* times *deposited* in the *Stocks*."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EDINBURGH RACES, (the Newmarket of Scotland,) run over the sands of Lieth, commence on Monday, the 29th instant, with a purse of £50 for hunters.—Tuesday his Majesty's plate of 100gs, free for any horse, &c.—Wednesday, 50gs for all ages.—Thursday, August 1, 50gs, for Scotch hunters.—Friday, the Ladies' purse for all ages.—And on Saturday, a purse for the beaten horses of the week. The stewards are Sir J. S. Heron Maxwell, Bart. Sir H. Dalrymple, Bart. and J. A. Thomson, Esq. of Charlton. Much company of the first fashion, as well as all the northern sportsmen, are expected.

Although the distance from London to Edinburgh precludes the possibility of any account of these Races in our Magazine for the present Month, still, though speaking of the *future*, in the above article, it will in part be the *past* on the day of publication.

THE renewal of Epsom Derby Stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft. for 1807 and 1808, closed on Wednesday, the 10th inst. when there were 39 colts, and one filly, named for 1807. And the renewal of the Oak's Stakes, 50gs each, h. ft. for 1807, and 1808, closed on the same day, when there were 30 fillies named for 1807. A full account of the above nominations shall appear in a future number.

THE following match is made to be run on Friday, at Lincoln Races, which begin on Wednesday, the 11th of September next, Lord F. G. Osborne's Elizabeth, 8st. 12lb.

against General Grosvenor's Glider, 7st. 3lb. both 5 year olds, two miles 50gs, h. ft. The stewards are the Hon. Mr. Monson, and Montague Cholmeley, Esq.

THE Company at Stamford Races—see Calender—this year was more numerous and respectable than was expected. The public were much indebted to Major Morris, the owner, for entering his filly, Two Shoes, who ran in Mr. T. Fisher's name, which caused a race on the last day.

THE honourable George Germaine, was again the most successful rider at Bibury, as will be seen in our Racing Calendar.—This Gentleman rode eleven winners out of thirteen, at Bibury, last year.

ON Monday, May 12th, a black poney, the property of a Mr. Eyre, of Nottingham, started there to go to Derby, a distance of 16 miles in 50 minutes, which he performed in 45, carrying 10st, for a considerable wager.

A CIRCUMSTANCE lately occurred which afforded some laughter to the spectators: A gentleman of Clifford's Inn, having, over his bottle, for a trifling wager, undertaken to run from his own chambers to the Adam and Eve at Pancras, in 19 minutes, appointed a morning at six to perform this feat of activity. A few of his friends, who had set out a little before him, meeting a number of milkmen coming to town with their milk, told them they were in search of a tall man in a flannel waistcoat, who had

had that morning escaped from his keeper, at Bedlam, and earnestly entreated, if they should see him, they would endeavour to secure him; and if they would bring him to his chambers in Clifford's Inn, they should receive a handsome gratuity. The milkmen passed on, promising their assistance, and a very few minutes brought the "high mettled racer" in view; "By my *shoul* but here he is," was the word. The milk-pails were set down, the men arranged themselves in order across the road, and in opposition to all his threats and entreaties, conveyed him safe back to his chambers, where his friends had contrived to be a few minutes before him. A general explanation and laugh took place; the milkmen were handsomely rewarded; and the gentleman has agreed to run his race another time.

At Chester fair, which commenced on Friday, the 5th inst. there was a tolerable show of horses, which were sold remarkably dear. Horned cattle and swine were in great plenty, and rather cheaper.

SINGULAR RACE.—In the Irish Racing Calendar of June 22, we observe the following very singular terms for a Race at Tralee, on Thursday, the 29th of August next:—"Sixty Pounds, given by the Gentlemen of the profession of the Law, of the county of Kerry, for all horses, &c. carrying 9st, four-mile heats.—Horses &c. starting for this plate, must be, *bona fide*, the property of a Gentleman who has, prior to the first day of the Meeting, actually expended in fair adverse litigation, the sum of £200.—Horses, &c. of persons who have so expended £1000 allowed 3lb. All horses, &c. to be qualified upon the honour of an ATTORNEY, if required by

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the Steward. As the plate is intended solely for amateurs, no practising professional Gentleman will be allowed to start a horse."

BRITISH Prisoners in France.—Though our countrymen, unjustly detained in France, are not permitted to go more than three miles from Verdun, yet we are happy to find, that, even in that narrow circle, they exert themselves to chase, by a national amusement, the *tedium* of captivity. The following article, regarded in this point of view, will be perused with some interest—

By permission of General Wirion. Verdun Races, May 8:—J. Cottin, and H. W. Knox, Esqrs. Stewards. —Mr Dendy's ch m Verdun-Lass, 11st 7tt, blue body, black sleeves and cap, agst Mr Jennings's Hap-hazard, 11st 7tt, yellow jacket, pink sleeves and black cap—Once round the course for fifty Louis each, h. ft.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of ten Louis each, p. p. twice round the Course, starting at the Steward's box—Mr Cockburn's ch g Humbug, 13st 13tt; Mr Shaw's Crazy Jane, 12st 7tt; Mr Don's ch g Endeavour, 11st 12tt; Mr Giffard's b g Dupe, 11st 4tt; Mr Cockburn's b m Lodoiska, 9st 6tt; and Mr Knox's h Rolla, a feather.

Mr Jennings's Don Quixote 11st 7tt, black jacket and cap, agst Mr Knox's Tennis-ball, 11st 7tt, white cambric body, coquelicot sleeves and cap; twice round the course, twenty-five Louis each, p. p.

The Ladies' Cup, to be run for by horses that have never entered for the Gold Cup—weight for age—the best of two mile heats. Entrance ten Louis each; to go to the Winner. The Winner and last horse to pay two Louis each to the Racing Fund.—Mr Giffard's b g Honest Ff Jack,

Jack, aged; Mr Estwick's bl m Cassandra, 4 yrs old; and Mr Jennings's b g Haphazard, 5 yrs old.

By order of the Stewards—Wm. Green, Clerk of the Course.

WELTERS.—The Hunters' Stakes at Bibury are now obliged to be discontinued, from the impossibility of finding horses of sufficient age who have never started for any thing. Gentlemen still continue to ride there, and who are much more easily found than good horses.

By the Earl of Darlington's generosity, Shrewsbury Races are likely to be prolonged to four days; his Lordship having signified his intention of presenting a purse of 50gs, in addition to the usual plates.

LORD Darlington, it is conjectured, and our wish is that it may prove true, gets an addition to his fortune of £20,000 a year by the death of the late Sir William Pulteney.

LORD Grey's colt Young Roscius, by Sir Peter, out of Mrs. Siddons, by Garrick, is entered for the St. Leger Stakes, at the ensuing Doncaster Races.—The Earl of Strathmore, and H. F. Mellish Esq. are the Stewards. The Duke of Hamilton, Earls Darlington, Fitzwilliam, and Strathmore; Sirs M. M. Sykes, Wm. Gerard, H. T. Vane, R. Winn, and T. Gascoigne; Messrs. Garforth, Brandling, Mellish, Wilson, and Norton, are subscribers.

WEDNESDAY, 17th, were landed, at the Dock-yard, Deptford, five stallions and eight mares, five of them cream coloured, from his Majesty's Stud, at Hanover, but last from Sweden.—They were brought to the King's mews, Chairing Cross.

STALLIONS.

SHUTTLE was the most successful stallion in the North this year, having covered upwards of 70 mares, at Middlethorpe, near York. His stock is in great estimation. He is sire of Mr. J. W. Wardell's Gratitude, and of Mr. W. Fletchers Staveley, one of the first favourites for the Doncaster St. Leger stakes of 25gs each, 27 subscribers. We understand Mr. Fletcher refused 1500gs for Staveley at the York Spring Meeting. Gratitude and Staveley are the only one's of Shuttle's get that have yet started.

HAMBLETONIAN, at the same place as Shuttle, covered upwards of thirty mares, and the foals got by him last year, are remarkably large, strong, and bony, and likely to make excellent racers.

BENINGBROUGH, at Shipton, near York, covered only a few mares, this year, notwithstanding his stock keeps winning, and are not inferior to those got by any other stallion.

ALONZO, who covered at Gosforth, near Newcastle, though his first season, has served a great many mares.

CHANCE, at Dringhouses, near York, has had but an indifferent season. He is likely to have a much better one next year.

CORIANDER has had a very fair season, at Streatlam-Castle; and **DELPINI** an uncommonly good one, at Huntingdon, near York.

EXPECTATION, at Driffild, York-shire, has had a very decent season, and his stock, yet untried, are very promising.

ORMOND has finished his last season in this country, and is intended for Russia.

STRIDE,

STRIDE, at Carr-Hill, Northumberland, has had a very good season. Nearly every one of his get that has been trained are winners.

COCKFIGHTER's first season, at Catterick, Yorkshire, has been a good one.

A CONSIDERABLE bet was decided on Leith Sands last week, between two military gentlemen. One gentleman was to run one hundred yards before the other would ride the same distance on an excellent young horse. The gentleman on foot gained by four yards. The betting was two to one in favour of the horse at starting. There were several hundred spectators present.

On the 10th of June, a brood of young woodcocks were found on the estate at Ballater, in the county of Aberdeen, completely hatched, and ready to take wing.

On Monday, June 22, at London races, six Jerusalem horses started for the town subscription purse, which was won by Mr. J. Hovel's famous horse Neddy, after a great deal of hard running. A vast concourse of genteel company attended the ground, and were highly delighted with the sports of the turf.

SATURDAY, July 13, the King's Prize was shot for on Burntsfield Links, Edinburgh, by the Royal Company of Archers, and won by Charles Cunningham, Esq.

WEDNESDAY evening, July 24, Mrs. Thornton, of the Boudoir Bridge Road, Lambeth, took an airing on the driving-box of a new sort of vehicle, very much resembling one of our Thames wherries. With the assistance of a step ladder, she and a female friend mounted

the box with great agility, and Mrs. Thornton flourished the whip and handled the reins in so very masterly a style, as to receive the admiration of a vast concourse of spectators.

A MATCH for 3000gs is concluded between the sporting Colonel and a celebrated gentleman of the turf, which is to be decided in the course of three weeks, namely: that Mrs. Thornton, the famous female equestrian, shall ride against the gentleman the same distance for time.—The Colonel has offered ten guineas to one on the Lady.

PUGILISM.—The following is the decision respecting the three fights which were to have taken place on Saturday last: the Chicken is backed to fight Gulley in October, 600gs to 400. Dutch Sam has declined to enter the list with Young Belcher, and the stakes are forfeited. Ryan is backed by his old master to fight Caleb Baldwin within a week. The knowing ones say it will be a fight as Caleb is not backed by the Captain.

Two taylors of the name of Dillon and Lenman, having had a quarrel while at work, at their master's house in Carburton-street, Mary-le-bone, on Saturday, they agreed to decide their differences by a battle; and early on Sunday morning they met in the Jew's Harp-fields. They fought a very obstinate battle, which lasted one hour and thirty minutes, when they both closed and fell, Dillon uppermost. Lenman appeared very much hurt, and expired while he was conveying home.

The Coroner's jury have returned a verdict of willful murder against Dillon.

COCKINGS.

COCKINGS.

MORPETH.

In the race-week, a main of cocks between Mr Brandling, Sunley, feeder; and Mr Storey, Small, feeder; consisting of 23 main battles only.

| | Sunley, M. | Small, M. |
|---------------|------------|-----------|
| Tuesday, | 5 | 2 |
| Wednesday, .. | 2 | 6 |
| Thursday, ... | 2 | 6 |

9 14

Thursday, Small won the first battle; the betting was then 5 and 6 to 1 that Sunley neither caught or won.—Sunley won the second and third battles; even betting.—Small won the last 5.

NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Loftus's Pit.—On Saturday, after two minutes fight in the fourth battle, 5 and 6 to 1 on Sunley; in about half a minute after, Sunley's cock broke a spur; 2 to 1 on Sunley; lasted about twenty minutes, then even betting: after which, law counted six times alternately on both; fought a little, and then counted out eight times each: Small's cock fought, the other dead. The battle lasted about an hour, and ten minutes. If Sunley had won this battle, he would have caught, and consequently would have won the main, as Small won the fifth, and Sunley the sixth and seventh battles.

Mr. Coates's Pit.—Welsh mains. On Monday, June 24, The main for 50l. 16 cocks, was won by Mr. Davidson's Merry-Andrew. The main for 24gs. 8 cocks, was won by Mr. Davidson's Johnny-Lad.

Tuesday, The main for 50l. 16 cocks, was won by Mr. Turner's Yellow Dixon. The second 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Welch's Black Cap.

Wednesday, The 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Walton's Pealer. The 24gs.

8 cocks, by Mr. Welch's Down-the-Water.

Thursday, The 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Lockley's Ticket. The second 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Lockley's cock of the same name, both yellows.

Friday, The 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Harburn's Damper. The second 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Abbott's Saxoni. The 24gs. 8 cocks, by Mr. Brown's Sober Willy.

Saturday, The 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Welch's Old Soldier. The second 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Davidson's Miller.

And on Monday, July 1, The 50l. 16 cocks, by Mr. Walton's Silverheels. The 12gs. 4 cocks, by Mr. Welch's Abraham Newland. The other main of 12gs. 4 cocks, was not fought.

STAMFORD.

In the race week, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Leicestershire, Falkner, feeder, and the Gentlemen of Lincolnshire, Burton, feeder, for 5 guineas a battle, and 80gs the main.

| | Falkner, M. B. | Burton, M. B. |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| Tuesday, .. | 4 1 | 4 5 |
| Wednesday, ... | 4 3 | 4 3 |
| Thursday, | 5 1 | 4 4 |
| | 13 5 | 12 12 |

PRESTON.

In the race week, a main of cocks, between the Earl of Derby, Goodhall, feeder, and Richard Crosse, Esq. —, feeder, for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main.

| | Lord Derby, M. B. | Mr. Crosse, M. B. |
|----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Monday, | 6 3 | 7 1 |
| Tuesday, | 4 0 | 3 1 |
| Wednesday, ... | 3 1 | 4 0 |
| Thursday, | 3 0 | 4 1 |

16 4 18 3

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE
TEARS OF BOND STREET,FOR THE
Departure of the Season.

WITH dust incumber'd, and with
heat oppress'd,
Deserted Bond-street thus its woes ex-
press't:

The chariot close, that emulously hides
The quick-drawn Fair, within its painted
sides;

Barouches gay, that partially disclose
The smiling belles, to the admiring beaux;
Or friendlier sociable, that kind displays
Its well-fill'd seats to the enraptur'd gaze;
The curricule, the phaeton rais'd on high,
Where vent'rous youths each other's skill
defy;

How late adorn'd, my gayly crowded
street,

Delightful discord, and confusion sweet;
My well-press'd pavement, boasted shin-
ing rows

Of white-rob'd ladies, and gay-booted
beaux;

Grassini, Addington, engage the chat,
The price of strawberries, or invasion's
threat;

St. James's bell, unmark'd, the hour de-
clares,

Unmark'd, as if it summon'd them to
pray'r's.

But now no wheels, quick turning, mark
my way,

No beaux or belles my untrod paths dis-
play;

But silent, dreary, pensive, and alone,
I mourn the season, with my glories gone!

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Now diff'rent sounds my tortur'd ears
assail,

Now diff'rent sights my weary eyes re-
gale;

Now chok'd with mortar, deafen'd with
the sound

Of busy workmen hammering around;
Or when the noisy ballad-singers cry,
The rabble-rout through my scar'd con-
fines fly,

Profane those stones, by fashion sacred
made,

With step unhallow'd dare my doors in-
vade.

My woes increase—I feel, by sad con-
trast,

The Season's fled, and all my joys are
pass'd.

Perhaps some Fair, confin'd to work and
books,

"Old fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and
croaking rooks,"

By purling streams as pensive she re-
clines,

And reads with sympathy these woe-
fraught lines,

May sigh to think—when these past plea-
sures rise

In gay succession to her longing eyes—
May sigh to think, what tedious months
must roll,

Ere Bond-street's glories re-inspire her
soul;

And mourn with me, to ev'ry comfort
dead,

The Season gone, and all the joys now fled.

Sons of the whip! far hence ye shew your
skill,

Brighton and Margate with amazement
fill.

G g

Injurious

Injurious places! though 'tis now your
toist

T' enjoy those honours I with grief have
lost;

Though your now pleasing shore, and
calm smooth sea,

Inspire the wand'ers with delight and
glee,

Yet hope not long my fav'rites to detain,
Bound in the circle of Ton's magic chain:

When frightful tempests discompose your
shore,

When the winds murmur, and the bil-
lows roar,

My gentle subjects then shall seek my
arms,

Where pleasure gladdens, and where
beauty warms:

The dazzling crowds again shall glad my
view,

Spring shall return, and all my joys re-
new.

All on the mossy turf, confus'd, were
laid

The jolly rustic; and the buxom maid,
Impatient for the sport too long delay'd.

When, lo! old Arbiter, amid the crowd,
Prince of the annual games, proclaim'd
aloud—

"Ye Virgins, that intend to try the race,
The swiftest wins the smock enrich'd with
lace.

A cambrick kerchief shall the next a-
dorn;

And kidskin gloves shall by the third be
worn."

Thus said, he high in air display'd each
prize.

All view the waving smock with longing
eyes.

Fair Oonah, at the barrier first appears.
Pride of the neighb'ring mill, in bloom
of years;

Her native brightness borrows not one
grace,

Uncultivated charms adorn her face;
Her rosy cheeks with modest blushes
glow,

At once her innocence and beauty show.
Oonah's eyes of each spectator draws,

What bosom beats not in fair Oonah's
cause.

Tall as the pine, majestic Norah stood,
Her youthful veins were fill'd with
sprightly blood;

Inur'd to toil, in wholesome gardens bred,
Exact in ev'ry limb, and form'd for
speed.

To thee, O Shelah, next what praise is
due!

Thy youth and beauty doubly strike the
view,

Fresh as the plumb that keeps the virgin
blue.

Each well deserves the smock—but
Fates decree,

But one must wear it, though deserv'd
by three.

Now, side by side, the panting rivals
stand,

And fix their eyes upon th' appointed
hand.

The signal giv'n, spring forward to the
race,

Not fan'd Camilla ran with fleetest pace.
Norah,

THE IRISH SMOCK RACE AT FINGLAS.

NOW did the bagpipe in hoarse notes
begin

Th' expected signal to the neighb'ring
green;

While the mild sun, in the decline of day,
Shoots from the distant west a cooler ray.

Alarm'd, the sweating crowds forsake the
town,

Unpeopl'd Finglas is a desert grown.
Joan quits her cows, that with full ud-
ders stand,

And low unheeded for the milker's hand.
The joyous sound the distant reapers
hear,

Their harvest leave, and to the spot re-
pair.

The Dublin-prentice, at the welcome hail,
In hurry rises from his cakes and ale;

Handing the flaunting seamstress o'er the
plains,

He struts a beau among the homely
swains.

The butcher's foggy spouse, amidst the
throng,

Rubb'd clean, and tawdry drest, puffs
slow along;

Her pond'rous rings the wond'ring mob
behold,

And dwell on ev'ry finger heap'd with
gold.

Norah, as light'ning swift, the rest o'er-
pass'd,
While Shelah fleetly ran, but ran the
last.
But, Oonah, thou hadst Venus on thy
side;
At Norah's petticoat the goddess plied,
And in a trice the fatal string untied.
Quick stop'd the maid, nor would, to win
the prize,
Expose her hidden charms to vulgar
eyes.
But while to tie the treach'rous knot she
staid,
Both her glad rivals pass the weeping
maid.
Now, in despair, she plies the race again,
Not winged winds dart swifter o'er the
plain;
She, while chaste Dian aids her hapless
speed,
Shelah outstripp'd—nor farther could
succeed:
For, with redoubl'd haste bright Oonah
flies,
Sieves the goal, and wins the noblest
prize.

Loud shouts, and acclamations fill the
place,
Though chance on Oonah had bestow'd
the race;
Like Phelim—none rejoic'd—a lovelier
swain
Ne'er fed a flock on the Fingalian plain;
Long he with secret passion lov'd the
maid,
Now its increasing flame itself betray'd:
Strip'd for the race, how bright did she
appear—
No cov'ring hid her feet, her bosom bare,
And to the wind she gave her flowing
hair.
A thousand charms he saw—conceal'd
before—
Those yet conceal'd, he fancied still were
more.

Phelim, as night came on, young Oonah
woo'd,
Soon willing beauty was by truth sub-
du'd.
No jarring settlement their bliss annoys,
No license needed to defer their joys;
Oonah, ere morn, the sweets of wedlock
tried,
The smock she won a virgin—wore a
bride,

ELEGY

On the Death of my Dog Hector.

AURORA now withdraws her blush-
ing face,
To grace the saffron bed, till dawn ap-
pears;
And Nox' gray mantle spreads itself
apace,
To mourn her loss, by dropping dewy
tears.

The liquid pearls I often us'd to catch.
My faithful, Hector watching by my
side;
In all the town existed not his match,
For strength and beauty he was never
vied.

Of all the various species that exist,
The Newfoundland the sceptre ought
to wield;
The most sagacious of the num'rous list,
To none in swimming does he ever yield.

My Hector, monarch of this famous
breed,
The palm of vict'ry he did justly bear;
Expos'd his life whenever there was
need,
No dog with him I ever could com-
pare.

The pendant willow o'er the murmur'ing
rill—
Where Hector oft has bath'd his hand-
some form—
Methinks now weeps because he's ever
still,
And ne'er again will that sweet spot
adorn.

But now, alas! for ever will he sleep,
No more he'll wake to sport along the
glade;
No more be charg'd with biting farmer's
sheep;
No more he'll tread the woodbine's
fragrant shade

Let all who knew him, join with me to
moan
His death—the parting pangs which
he endur'd!
He's gone—will ne'er again be heard to
groan,
For in the garden he is now immur'd.

GRIMSHAW.

GRIMSHAW'S GHOST—A WOEFUL BALLAD.

SCENE—CAMBRIDGE.

GRIM is the tale I shall relate,
 Grim is the hero's name;
 And ere he sank a prey to fate,
 He play'd a grimish game.
 And his profession, ere he died,
 Was very grim indeed,
 For, "Sweep," along the street, he cried,
 But Sweep was doom'd to bleed:

For, not content with honest gains,
 With wicked men he join'd,
 Who plotted mischief in their brains,
 To plunder much inclin'd.

And soon their desp'rate course began,
 To honest minds a bane;
 With eager zeal these miscreants ran,
 And robb'd each pious fane.

Grimshaw the bold!—for so they stil'd
 This chimney-sweeping elf—
 As banker, kept what they despoil'd,
 And took care of himself.

These picklocks did their work quite sly,
 Their secrets close they kept;
 Long, thus they shunn'd detection's eye,
 And long suspicion slept.

Still ev'ry College lost its plate,
 And nobody knew how;
 But, once discover'd, to their fate
 These brisk marauders bow.

And Grimshaw's cottage was destroy'd,
 Where he had hid their store;
 Now ever doom'd to be a void,
 Pull'd down, to rise no more!!

And now, 'tis said, that Grimshaw's ghost,
 Where erst his cottage stood,
 Full oft is seen upon a post,
 With eyes as red as blood.

Nor dare the timid trav'ler pass
 This dismal spot, they say;
 For oft upon the dewy grass,
 His ghost is seen to play.

The forms in which this ghost appears,
 Are very strange and wild;
 Sometimes without a head or ears,
 Sometimes it seems a child.

Oft it will glaze with sancer eyes,
 As large as saucepan covers;
 Or, from its mouth fierce flames will rise,
 To scare some rural lovers.

But most it seems the dress to wear,
 Which suits the widow'd weeper,
 With bag and brush, black face and hair,
 A ghostly chimney-sweeper!

And then with long and doleful cry,
 "Sweep, sweep," the ghost will utter,
 Whilst little sweeps, or imps, keep nigh,
 And munch their bread and butter.

Sometimes upon a neighb'ring shed,
 They take their nightly station;
 With pipes and pots, and cheese and bread,
 They prate about the nation.

And chant how merrily they live,
 That grisly spectres be;
 Then—"Grimshaw's ghost,"—a toast
 they give,
 With three, or nine, times three.

Ye chimney sweepers stout and bold,
 Remember Grimshaw's fate;
 Nor sell your souls for dirty gold,
 But ev'ry hang-dog hate.

J. M. L.

LINES

On the Death of a Lady's Cat.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world re-
 tir'd?

And are her lives, all her nine lives ex-
 pir'd?

Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful strife,
 For ev'ry Muse should celebrate a life.

THE RETORT.

SAYS Celia to a rev'rend Dean,
 "What reason can be giv'n,
 Since marriage is a holy rite,
 That there is none in Heav'n?"

"There are no women there," he cried.
 She quick return'd the jest:—
 "Women there are; but I'm afraid,
 They cannot find a Priest!"

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT,
FOR AUGUST, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of the Entrapped Wolf.

II. An elegant Etching of The Earth Stopper.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Performances of Racers, intimated by an American Sportsman, whose communication we have inserted in page 270, of our present Number, will be very acceptable.

J. M.'s Parody on the Rose is inadmissible. It is in fact a parody without parity.

Several Poetical Pieces are only deferred for want of room.

Cricket Matches in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Entrapped Wolf.

From a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR AUGUST, 1805.

THE ENTRAPPED WOLF.

A Beautiful Engraving.

THE appetite of the wolf, for every kind of animal food, is excessively voracious; to obtain it he will venture all difficulties, even attack creatures of the largest growth, every wild quadruped flies his presence; save the heels of the horse he has nothing to fear; in all other respects the wolf reigns tyrant of the forest, and of the plains. When pressed with hunger, he braves the hunter, affrights the shepherd, and carries devastation from fold to fold. It is said, when once the wolf has tasted human blood, he always gives it the preference; from hence many superstitious stories have been told of him. Our Saxon progenitors believed that it was possessed by some evil spirit, and called it the Weer-wolf; and the French peasants to this day, for the same reason, call it the *Loup-garou*.

The language of the poet is beautifully descriptive of this creature's insatiable fury:—

"By win'try famine rous'd, from all the tract

Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,

And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out, stupendous, into distant lands,

Cruel as death! and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony and gaunt, and grim!

Assembling wolves, in raging troops descend,

And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the North wind sweeps the glossy snow:

All is their prize."—

In all ages the wolf has been considered as the most savage enemy of mankind, and rewards given for its head. Various methods have been taken to rid the world of this rapacious invader; pitfalls, traps, and poison, have all been employed against him: but the most certain instrument has been that of the iron or spring trap; and the method of drawing him to his bane, as practised by the shepherds, is some way similar to its own cunning. The iron trap being first extended, in some sequestered place where the wolf is known to haunt, the offal of a sheep is placed in the centre; and at certain distances gobbets of fetid flesh laid to lure it to the spot, where it is certain to arrive; and seizing eagerly on the bait, is instantly taken; from which state nothing can release it till destroyed by the shepherd.

The

~~The announced photo was taken~~
 from a design by the celebrated
 Ridinger, and conveys a most lively
 representation of the destruction of
 this great enemy to the whole ani-
 mal creation.

Mrs. THORNTON'S MATCHES.

York Races—Saturday, Aug. 24.

IN consequence of Mr. Bromford's declining to ride, Mrs. Thornton walked, or rather cantered, in a most excellent style, over the course, accompanied by Colonel Thornton, agreeable to the terms of the match, for four hogsheds of Coti Roti, 2000gs, h. ft. and for 600gs, p. p. bet by Mrs. T.—Colonel Thornton selected Mr. Mills, alias Clausum Frigit, by Otho, a most beautiful dark chesnut horse, 6 yrs old, for Mrs. T. to ride.

Afterwards commenced a match, in which the above lady was to ride two miles against Mr. Buckle the jockey, well known at Newmarket, and other places of sport, as a rider of the first celebrity. Mrs. Thornton appeared dressed for the contest, in a purple cap and waistcoat, long nankeen coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings; she was every way in health and spirits, and seemed eager for the decision of the match. Mr. Buckle was dressed in a blue cap, with blue bodied jacket, and white sleeves. Mrs. Thornton carried 9st 6lb, Mr. Buckle, 13st 6lb. At half past three they started: Mrs. Thornton took the lead, which she kept for some time; Mr. Buckle then put in trial his jockeyship, and passed the lady, which he kept for only a few lengths, when Mrs. Thornton, by the most excellent,

~~we may truly say—horsemanship—~~
 pushed forwards, and came in in a stile far superior to any thing of the kind we ever witnessed, winning her race by half a neck. The manner of Mrs. Thornton's riding is certainly of the first description; indeed her close seat and perfect management of her horse; her bold and steady jockeyship, amazed one of the most crowded courses we have for a long time witnessed; and on her winning, she was hailed with the most reiterated shouts of congratulation.

Mrs. T. rode Louisa, by Pegasus, out of Nelly:—Mr. Buckle rode Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Alleganti's dam.

We have authority to state, that it was much against Mrs. Thornton's inclination to ride over the course for the match, had she not been obliged to do so, agreeable to the conditions of the articles with Mr. Bromford.

As Mrs. Thornton was exercising her mare early on Thursday morning, she again displayed her superior skill as an horsewoman, by extricating herself from the most perilous situation; for on coming in at full speed, the mare bolted opposite to the grand stand, and made towards the railing, and before Mrs. T. could manage the mare, one of her fore-feet was literally under the railing, over which she must have been inevitably precipitated, had she not turned the mare, which she affected notwithstanding the shock sustained, which had nearly thrown her from the saddle. It was allowed by every one present that few jockies could have extricated themselves in a similar predicament. The groom who rode against her was nearly thrown off also.

COLONEL

COLONEL THORNTON AND
MR. FLINT.

A TERRIBLE row took place at the stand—York race-ground—on Saturday afternoon, in consequence of a dispute between Mr. Flint, who rode against Mrs. Thornton last year, and Colonel Thornton, respecting £1,000. Mr. Flint posted the Colonel on Thursday, and the Colonel recriminated on Friday. Saturday, Mr. Flint came to the stand, with a new horse whip, which he applied to the Colonel's shoulders with great activity, in the presence of a crowd of ladies. All the gentlemen in the place, indignant at this gross and violent outrage, hissed and hooted him. He was arrested by order of the Lord Mayor and several magistrates, who were present, and given into custody of the city runners, until he can find bail, himself in £1,000, and two sureties in £500 each. Colonel Thornton is also bound over to prosecute the party for the assault.

THE PRINCE INVITED AGAIN
TO NEWMARKET.

JOCKEY CLUB.—The members had a numerous meeting on Tuesday in the race week, at Brighton, when they entered into a minute examination of the affair which is understood to have so long induced the Prince of Wales to decline honouring Newmarket with his presence. The result of this meeting was an unanimous resolution to submit the following letter to his Royal Highness, subscribed by all the members of the Club then present:—

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"The members of the Jockey Club, deeply regretting your ab-

sence from Newmarket, earnestly entreat the affair may be buried in oblivion; and sincerely hope that the different meetings may again be honoured by your Royal Highness's condescending attendance."

A very gracious and condescending answer was returned by the Prince, signifying his assent to the requisition, and his intention to be present at Newmarket at the next October meeting.

His Royal Highness, it is said, will occupy the Duke of Queensberry's house at Newmarket during the ensuing races.

TROTTING MATCH.

MR. THOMSON'S GALLOWAY.

MR. C. Thomson's bay gallopway, Gay Lass, started on August 23d, at four o'clock in the morning, from the place fixed on, situate about four miles on this side of Cambridge. The match was to trot twenty miles in one hour and a quarter, for 300 guineas. Owing to the very early hour, there were but few spectators, exclusive of the amateurs and betters present. The bets at starting were two to one against the gallopway. She came in at the winning post in finer style than when she went out, which is the best proof that can be advanced of the goodness of her bottom. She came in with great ease within one minute and ten seconds of the time allowed, to the no small mortification of many of the knowing ones present, who considered the race as an impracticable attempt.—Gay Lass however proved she was thorough game, for every step she took displayed strong and commanding powers, and she was in excellent wind. The great odds at starting arose from the distance be-

ing looked upon as an insurmountable barrier to the success of the undertaking. The day and the hour were kept a profound secret, except among the sporting men, the object of which was to prevent any obstruction from the country people, who, drawn thither in shoals by motives of curiosity, would probably have impeded the race. From this judicious arrangement all crossing and jostling were avoided, and the course left quite free from interruption. Gay Lass, since this splendid achievement, is considered as the first gallows in England, if not in Europe. She is the same animal Mr. Best some time since offered 150 guineas for. Since the race the owner has refused 200 guineas. Gay Lass is a beautiful bright bay mare, mounting thirteen hands and a half high; she is very handsome and strong; carries an uncommonly good head and tail.

ROWING MATCH.

AT seven o'clock on the first of August, Dogget's Coat and Badge was started for by six pair of sculls, by young men who were out of their time within the last twelve months.—Johnston, who with Westwood, won the Vauxhall wherry the day before, came up to the Swan at Chelsea, a minute and a half before the second and third boats, those of Matron and Wood, and was therefore declared the victor.

BETTING REGULATED.

AT a late meeting of the Jockey Club, it was resolved, "That all bets made on the Derby or Oaks' Stakes at Epsom; the Pavilion at Brighthelmstone; the St.

Leger at Doncaster; and also on the Newmarket Stakes, and the Oatlands' Stakes in the Spring and October Meetings, be deemed play or pay bets; and also that that all bets between particular horses be null and void, if neither of the horses happen to be the winner, unless specified to the contrary."

THE COMPLETE GRAZIER;

OR,

Farmer and Cattle-Dealer's Assistant.

Comprising instruction's for the buying, breeding, rearing, and fattening of cattle. Directions for the choice of the best breeds of live stock. The treatment of their diseases, and the management of cows and ewes, during the critical times of calving and yearning. The general economy of a grass-farm, especially irrigation, or watering of meadows; culture of the best natural and artificial grasses and plants for fodder; various methods of cutting, mixing, and preparing food in severe winters and seasons of scarcity; the economy and general management of the dairy, including the making, curing, and preservation of butter and cheese, &c. &c. Together with a Synoptical Table of the different breeds of neat cattle, sheep, and swine. Illustrated by engravings. By a Lincolnshire Grazier; assisted by communications from several Yorkshire, Leicester, and Norfolk Farmers. 8vo. pp. 510. London, Crosby and Co. 1805.

THE design of this work is to supply a deficiency which has for several years past existed in the various publications that have appeared on the subject of rural economy, on that department which is here the object of discussion. The title, which we have copied above, will serve to impart a general outline of its contents; though there are several articles which are not

not there noticed: we shall therefore take a retrospect of the objects here treated.

Chap. I. Sec. 1. comprises some concise but clear hints on the purchasing of cattle, particularly with a view to the prevention of frauds, either on purchasers or sellers. Sec. 2. contains a sufficiently full "Sketch of the Natural History of the Bull," together with a satisfactory comparative view of the different breeds of black cattle. Sec. 3. is devoted to the natural history of the cow, including the entire management of that useful animal before, at, and after the time of calving. "The treatment and rearing of calves," forms the subject of the fourth section. The fifth is devoted to that useful animal the ox; the proper time, and most simple methods of breaking him in for labour, are perspicuously stated: here also the much controverted question, relative to the respective utility of horses and oxen, for agricultural labour, receives a full discussion. The author, reasoning from matter of fact, from his own experience, and the successful practice of other agriculturalists, fully proves the superiority of the latter animal. Sec. 6. treats of the sheep, their proper management during the critical time of dropping their lambs, the food proper for their support; with hints for parting out the stock into flocks. Sec. 7. states the most successful modes of fattening house lamb; and the next, which concludes this chapter, is occupied by an account of the hog, and the circumstances necessary to be regarded in breeding and rearing those valuable animals.

Chapter II. details various interesting particulars relative to the situation and arrangement of farm houses, and the various farm offices; among which we are pleased to notice the attention which is

given to the structure and management of those allotted to the reception of cattle. These, our limits forbid us to detail, though we cannot but remark that some of them are capable of being modified with advantage for the use of horses. We therefore pass on to the third chapter, in which the feeding and fattening of cattle to the best advantage, together with various modes of preserving and preparing food in winter and in scarce seasons are clearly and amply specified. Cleanliness and regularity of feeding are here strenuously, and with the utmost propriety insisted on: we were particularly pleased with the minute comparison between the soiling and stall feeding of cattle, and cannot but coincide with the decided preference which the author gives to the former practice, which may be, and by some spirited gentlemen has been, successfully applied to horses. From this chapter we select the following passages, relative to the important time for disposing of cattle, as they exhibit a specimen of the clearness and perspicuity of diction employed in this work; and also because they are most easily detached from the work.

"Having now stated the leading facts and experiments that have been made on the subject of feeding and fattening of neat cattle, we shall conclude the present section with a few remarks on the sale of beasts, when properly fattened for that purpose. In order to ascertain this point, the following hints may, perhaps, afford some criterion. First, when the general shape and composure of an animal appear best proportioned, each member being comely, and each bone covered with flesh in the manner required to constitute a perfect shape, it may be concluded that the beast is well fed; especially when his

his hip bones, or, as they are sometimes termed, his huckle-bones, are round, his ribs smooth and not sharp, his flanks full, and cod round. When these marks are perceptible, the beast may be handled, and his lowermost ribs felt; if the skin be kindly or mellow, that is, soft yet firm to the touch, it is certain that he is well fed outwardly, or in other words, upon the bones. Next, the hand may be laid upon his hip or huckle-bones, and if they likewise feel soft, round, and plump, it may be safely concluded that the animal is well fed, both externally and internally; that is both in flesh and in tallow. Farther, he may be handled at the setting on of his tail, which, if it be thick, full, and soft to the touch, is also an indication that the beast is well fed externally; the same circumstance is likewise evinced by the nach-bones, which lie on either side of the setting on of his tail, feeling mellow, or soft and loose. Lastly, the cod may be examined, if an ox; or the navel, if a cow; and if they respectively, feel thick, round, large, and plump, it is a certain criterion that the beast is well tallowed within; though, when any of these parts or members handle contrary to the rules above mentioned, a contrary judgment must be formed.

"After all the attention and labour which the grazier may bestow, his hopes are liable to be frustrated, in some measure at least, unless he select a proper time for disposing of his fat cattle. The most common season for beef is at Michaelmas, when the markets are more abundantly and more cheaply supplied than at any other period of the year; as the numerous cattle which have been fattened on luxuriant pasture grounds, are then brought for sale. Hence the attentive grazier will find it most be-

neficial, at this time, to dispose only of part of his stock. Beasts are chiefly driven to London for sale; and, where the distance from the metropolis is very considerable, they are liable to very many calamities or accidents on the road, to omit their diminution in point of weight; which, even under the eye of the most attentive drivers, is necessarily incurred, and is often great; while, from the fluctuation of the market, like that of the funds at the Stock Exchange, his risk is very considerable. It will, therefore be advisable, where it can be conveniently or advantageously effected, to dispose of fat stock in such markets as are in the vicinity of, or at an easy distance from, the farm.

"In drawing off one or more lots of cattle for sale, it is the general practice to dispose of the fattest animals, and to keep those which do not fatten kindly for additional exertions. Such procedure may indeed, as Mr. Young has observed, be admitted to a certain extent, if the food provided be not expensive; but if the beasts are reserved for corn or cake feeding, or if the supply of other food is precarious or limited, this conduct is highly questionable. Costly food should on no account be given to the cattle that have evinced themselves to be unthrifty; on the contrary, the most thriving animals in the lot ought to be chosen for this purpose, for the pursuing of an opposite conduct has often been the reason why all winter fattening has been so heavily censured and condemned. As soon as a grazier is fully convinced, that he has a beast which is not kindly disposed to take on fat, or is an ill-doer, the first loss is obviously the best, and he should dispose of the unthrifty animal the earliest opportunity."

(To be continued.)

STRICTURES

STRICTURES
UPON
BEWICK'S HISTORY OF BRITISH
WATER BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

THAN the science of natural history nothing can exist more worthy of the attention of a human creature. In contemplating the vast variety of subjects which compose the animal and vegetable kingdoms alone, we find abundant cause to fill us with awe, with admiration, and with gratitude towards the almighty creator of the universe; but if we permit ourselves to reflect upon the wondrous formation of the heavens, or explore the depths of the ocean, or the bowels of the teeming earth, we find ourselves lost and bewildered in the infinity of objects which present themselves to our view, and find the powers of mind bestowed upon a mortal are far too contracted to permit us to comprehend and embrace this multiplicity of wonders. It is true, we are acquainted, by means of the researches of profound philosophers, something of the nature of the system in which our world is placed; but what is a knowledge of the system dependant upon one sun alone, when perhaps every one of the multitude of stars which irradiate the heavens, are suns to other systems, and in which our sun is but a star. The mineralogist has made us acquainted in some degree with the bowels of the earth; but what immense tracts yet remain unexplored, and totally unknown to us!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

VOL. XXVI. No. 155.

By the man who finds a noble and exalted pleasure in an attention to astronomy and the higher branches of natural philosophy, let the name of Newton be hailed with sensations of gratitude and admiration, let him not forget, that while Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night,
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light

POPE'S EPITAPH.

Let that man, however, who has sought delight in more humble paths, in exploring the wonders of the animal world, and giving us a knowledge of their internal structure, acknowledge an obligation to Pliny, Linnæus, Buffon, Derham, and Paley, besides an infinite number of other authors, who have employed themselves upon these interesting subjects. Shaw ought not to be forgotten in the catalogue of natural historians, nor another person, whose powers of delineating the figures of animals, and catching the distinct character of each, has been exceeded by very few. I allude to Mr. Bewick, who has published, some time ago, a history of beasts, and some years later, a history of British land birds. A second volume has lately appeared, containing the history of British water birds; and some remarks upon this last publication, form the subject of the present letter.

In the introduction to his work, Mr. Bewick judiciously divides the race of water birds into two classes—the waders and the swimmers: the former of these are so formed, as to be enabled to wade a considerable way into the water without wetting their plumage, the latter are adapted to swim upon the surface of the water; their feathers are bedded upon a close soft down, and they are furnished with a natural oil, which is supplied from a gland

H h in

in the rump, the use of which, is to render their plumage impenetrable to the water, when their feathers are dressed with it, which is done by pressing it out with their bills, from a kind of nipple. The multitudes of water fowl, when we come to reflect upon them, are immense: of the *Anas* genus alone, Mr. Bewick tells us there are 98 species, besides varieties.

Mr. Bewick gives in the introductory part of his work a general and most amusing account of the natures and propensities of the water fowl, and then proceeds to describe the particular kinds in order. It seems to be sufficient if a bird has once been seen or killed in Great Britain, for its obtaining a place in this work; for there are many mentioned, which would with much greater correctness be termed visitors than natives of the British islands. Of this class may be enumerated the Spoonbill, Water-craze, &c. &c. I cannot, however, think that an occasional and rare visitor can correctly be classed amongst British birds. In the history of the Heron, a curious anecdote is given from Heysham in a note, being an account of a contest which took place between the rooks and herons, at Dallam Tower, in Westmoreland, and which was renewed the ensuing season, which terminated as the former had done, in the victory of the herons. The cause of it was an attempt made by the herons to effect a settlement in the rookery. It is well known that herons were formerly protected as royal game, and "whoever," says Mr. Bewick, "destroyed their eggs was liable to a penalty of twenty shillings for each offence." Their flesh too was at that time very much esteemed. I never myself have tasted it, but have been informed by persons who have, that it

rather resembles hare than any thing else, and is cooked much in the same manner. The night heron is a bird with which we are not very well acquainted in England; one is said by Latham to have been shot near London, in 1782. The figure of the Woodcock is admirably executed; there are not many superior. A curious note on this bird is given.

"In the winter of 1797, the gamekeeper of E. M. Pleydell, Esq. of Whatcombe, Dorsetshire, brought him a woodcock, which he had caught in a net set for rabbits, alive and unhurt. Mr. P. scratched the date upon a piece of thin brass, and bent it round the woodcock's leg, and let it fly. In December the next year, Mr. Pleydell shot this bird, with the brass about its leg, in the very same wood where it had first been caught by the gamekeeper." Mr. Bewick mentions an assertion of Latham's and Penant's, that some woodcocks deviate from the course which most of their species follow, by remaining throughout the year, and breeding in this country. That woodcocks have staid the year round here is, I allow, an unquestionable fact; but I should rather be inclined to think that this is very seldom the case, unless a bird has been wounded, and disabled from undertaking so long a journey. It is observed by Mr. Bewick, that after a woodcock has been flushed, it drops behind the first sheltering coppice, and then runs swiftly off in quest of some place to hide itself with the greater security. In opposition to this remark of Mr. Bewick's, I must take the liberty of observing, that I believe that where the woodcock drops, there it remains, and very seldom runs off; but on this point being not quite positive, if any of your intelligent sporting correspondents would favour me with information, I should conceive myself greatly obliged.

obliged. I had always conceived that in this particular it was the very reverse of the corn-crake and partridge. In his list of synonyms, for the smaller snipe, or jack snipe, Mr. Bewick has, contrary to his usual minuteness, omitted the name of Becket, a very common name for this bird, more so, I believe than the appellation he has distinguished it by, of Judcock. The Knute, a very common bird in Lincolnshire, is said to have derived its name from Canute the Great, this monarch being particularly partial to that kind of bird. This bird is so numerous in some places, that Pennant mentions as many as fourteen dozen have been taken at one time. A plate, taken from a stuffed specimen, is here given by Mr. Bewick, of the Green-shank, page 86. This is a bird so very rare, that I do not recollect ever to have met with an account of one having been found in England; and though Mr. Bewick says they do occasionally visit these shores, he has not, it seems, been able to obtain one, nor to adduce an instance of their having been seen in England. Here again I should feel most particularly obliged to any sportsman of information who would take the trouble to satisfy me on this point. With regard to the Ruff and Reeve, a singular, but well known fact is mentioned by our author, that there are hardly ever two ruffs alike in the colours of their plumage. In the winter these birds leave Great Britain, but return again in the spring to their native fens, which are generally I believe, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, in the Isle of Ely, and Lincolnshire, when they are caught in prodigious numbers in nets. In Mr. Bewick's

account of the Great Northern Diver, he says this bird seldom visits the British shores, except in very severe winters; he also observes that they are seldom seen inland: an exception to this observation has been lately communicated to me by a friend, of one that was killed not more than two years ago, on the river Trent, in Staffordshire, which is considered as nearly a central county. A very amusing account, extracted from Willoughby, is given of the Puffins in the Isle of Man; the occasion of the fable that the puffins are single footed, is thus explained: "When they come to their growth, they who are intrusted by the lord of the island, the Earl of Derby, to draw them out of the rabbit-holes, that they may the more readily know, and keep account of the number they take, cut off one foot and reserve it."

(To be continued.)

COLONEL THORNTON'S BAIL REFUSED.

IN the York Herald of the 13th inst. we find the following article:—

Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire, and of the Boudoir, Westminster Road, attended the court some days since, with another gentleman of considerable property, in order to justify bail for a friend, upon which occasion he had recourse to the same fund of humour and legal remarks which some weeks since excited and risibility, and were so convincing to the Court of Chancery.*

Mr. Marriott, the counsel, desired to know if he had not disposed of his house, the Boudoir, for four

* See Sporting Magazine, for March last, page 341.

pipes of claret. The Colonel's answer was, "No, Sir; but had he stated 14 hogsheads of claret, he might have been nearer its value; but even supposing 14 hogsheads of claret had been the sum agreed for, from that tardiness he had experienced in the law, he should never conceive any estate sold till he had received a consideration; and so long as he was the possessor of that house, and paid the taxes, he should consider himself a householder." The Colonel in a humorous strain then continued; "But as you appear to me, Sir, to be a *bon vivant*, I can assure you that my claret is of the first quality, *Chateau de Margons*, of the year 1802; a *Magnum* of it is at your service, whenever you will do me the honour to call at the Boudoir." Mr. M. then desired the Colonel to inform him how many times he had been arrested in the course of the last twelve months. He said, "just as often as he had had to do with rascals; that he had placed his affairs in the hands of professional men; that they had all deceived him; that he had placed near £14,000 in the hands of one of them for the purpose of paying off the different demands; though the person in question had given in statements of sums he said he had paid, but he had lately discovered they had not been paid; and not being able to obtain any account of what had become of the above large sum, these arrests had arisen in consequence: no disgrace he considered to himself, but to the profession. Having now intrusted his affairs into the hands of men more honourable to the profession, these men, unwilling that Colonel Thornton should be harrassed

by vexatious and frivolous arrests, evidently done to create expense, had arranged a great many of them, even without allowing him to be troubled upon the subject. Mr. M. then said, have you been arrested twenty times? The Colonel answered, "Sir, I really can't say; you may put down 100 if you please." The Colonel then addressed the Judge, and said, "My Lord, I don't feel myself bound to answer all these interrogatories; I came here to serve a friend, and am ready to justify being worth above £20,000 when all my debts are paid, which I conceive, by the law of this country, perfectly sufficient to justify bail, jointly with another, for £130." In reply the Judge said, he did not approve of people being so negligent in respect to arrests; and he thought the Colonel would do well to recover back some of this money from his attorney, before he became bail for any body. The Colonel, in reply said, "My Lord, I question, if your Lordship had been entangled with the same men, and in the same way, whether you had extricated yourself better; you'll excuse me for making use of a vulgar old saying—" 'Tis not an easy matter to get butter from a dog's mouth."

SAGACITY OF A FOX.

From Maerman's Excursion to the Highlands.

NEAR these falls* we were shewn a particular spot, upon the top of an immense precipice, where a fox is said once to have exhibited an extraordinary degree of cunning.

* In the vicinity of Lanark.

Being hard pressed in the chase, he laid hold with his teeth of some shrubs growing at the edge of the rock, and let his body hang down its side; he then drew himself back, and leaped as far as possible from the place into a contiguous thicket. Four of the leading hounds, eager in pursuit of their prey, flew over the edge of the precipice, and were dashed to pieces.—This anecdote, wonderful as it may appear to the cockney, will be readily believed by sportsmen, and by those who have read the natural history of this crafty animal. Amongst many extraordinary proofs of its sagacity, Buffon states, that he is afraid of the hedgehog when rolled up, but forces it to extend itself by trampling upon it with his feet, and as soon as the head appears, seizes it by the snout, and thus accomplishes his purpose of making it his prey.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A DRAUGHT HORSE.

AN unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shewn near Croydon, on Wednesday, the 24th of July. The Surry Iron Railway, being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the way from Wandsworth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw 36 tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw this weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. Wednesday, the 24th ult. was fixed on for the trial; and a number of gentlemen assembled

near Merstham to see this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to shew that it was not by the impetus of the descent that the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to shew the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

| | Ton. | Cwt. | Q. |
|---|------|------|----|
| 12 Waggons, first linked together weighed | 38 | 4 | 2 |
| 4 Ditto, afterwards attached | 13 | 2 | 0 |
| Supposed weight of fifty labourers | 4 | 0 | 0 |

Tons 55 6 2
SALE

SALE OF A GLANDERED HORSE.

Court of King's Bench, July 17.

ABEL V. AARON BRAY.

THIS action was brought for the sum of £27, the value stated for a coach horse sold to the defendant.

Mr. Erskine, for the former, said, that this horse was sold under a warranty; and that fourteen or fifteen days after the sale, the horse was returned with the following letter:—

“ Sir,—The bay coach gelding I bought of you last week, proves to be glandered, therefore I have returned him; and as I am told you knew of the distemper, I am surprised you sold me a horse in such a state. AARON BRAY.”

The learned Counsel said, the best answer to such an allegation was, that the horse was at the door of Guildhall, in perfect health, for the glanders was an incurable complaint, and was attended with almost immediate death. It was true that the horse had a kind of cold, which was sometimes called the strangles; but at the time of the warranty, the defendant was distinctly made acquainted with the disorder. After several witnesses had been called;

Mr. Richard Marsden gave evidence that the horse had been subject to a considerable discharge of mucus from the strangles, but that he never knew a glandered horse recover. On his cross examination, he said, that the horse, at the time of sale, had a bad cold, and that he could not then be said to be in a sound state, but he had no one of the agreeable varieties of the farcies.

Mr. Colman said, that the strangles was the inflammation of

a gland in the centre of the throat, which commonly terminates in supuration, and with some discharge from the nostrils. The glanders was an infectious disease, but not always brought on by contagion. It was more frequently occasioned by a foul atmosphere in the stable, than by contagion. There were two species of the glanders; the one was an acute disease, which affected the constitution of the animal generally, and was not absolutely incurable: he had known some few instances of recovery. The chronic glanders did not directly affect the nostrils, although they were the channel of the discharge, yet the seat of corruption was in the cavities of the head. This species of the disorder was both contagious and incurable. He had accidentally seen the horse at the time of sale; he then had an ulcer upon the coronet, and some of the absorbents were considerably enlarged; added to that, the glands were schirrous.

After a single remark from the learned Judge, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

MATRIMONIAL SWINDLING.

THURSDAY, June 5, was tried in the Consistory Court, Doctor's Commons, a cause of nullity of marriage, promoted by Anthony Frankland, of the parish of St. Mary-le-Bone, against Ann Nicholson, falsely calling herself Frankland. By the proceedings, it appeared, that Anthony Frankland, and Ann Nicholson, (by the assumed name of Ross, were married on the 10th of October, 1803, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden. On the part of the husband it was argued; that this was a fraud practised on the husband,

band, with respect to the parentage and family of the party with whom he was about to contract. It was also a fraud on the clergyman, and against the law. On the part of the wife, it was contended, that there had been no fraud committed on the parties, inasmuch as both the parties were of a legal age: and that if the party was deceived with respect to the name, he could not be so as to the person on whom he had fixed his affections; and it was further contended, that there was no fraud whatever to affect the rights which were intended to be sustained by the marriage act. The court said it was clear that fraud had been practised, and therefore the marriage was not a legal one, and must be pronounced null and void.

This decision is very interesting to the fair sex, since it appears, that notwithstanding both parties be of full age, the woman who enters into a marriage contract, under an assumed name (keeping back the fact from her spouse) is liable to be turned out of the state of matrimony. Legal husbands are not to be procured under false pretences. The law allows no swindling of the heart!

SALE OF AN UNSOUND HORSE.

Court of King's Bench, June 13.

VOUGHT V. GOODALL.

THIS was an action to recover the price paid for a horse, namely, 35 guineas, bought upon a special warranty of soundness. It appeared in evidence, that the horse in question had been kept up 14 days before sale; and that when the plaintiff first saw him he remarked a small swelling on his off leg

behind. The defendant said the swelling was owing to his having been kept idle in the stable, and was something of the grease. He added, that he was a fine spirited horse, and his only reason for parting with him was, that not having sufficient work for him he became too full of spirit, and his family was afraid to sit behind him. The plaintiff made the purchase, and a man who had been in the Prussian cavalry rode him home. In his way he felt himself uneasy in his seat, and suspected the horse was weak in his loins; besides which he clicked one foot against the other. When the horse was afterwards seen by Mitchell, the plaintiff's friend, a German pork-butcher, he was pronounced lame, and a journey to Romford convinced all parties that the horse was not a sound horse, and that he had received some hurt in his loins or hip, which compelled him to drag one leg after him, and click with the other.

Mr. Erskine observed in defence, that the horse was not to be taken as unsound because a Prussian captain of cavalry could not sit easy in his seat, or because a tall pork butcher, who knew more of the anatomy of a hog than a horse, had pronounced him defective. The fact was, that the horse was perfectly sound when he was sold, and was so at this instant, though he had been cruelly used on his journey to Romford.

A number of witnesses were called to prove this statement, who all agreed in representing the horse as perfectly sound, and that the clicking was the effect of habit, and not the result of lameness.

Lord Ellenborough summed up the evidence, and remarked upon the impossibility of reconciling the

two accounts; the question, however, resolved itself into one simple inquiry—Whether the clicking described originated in lameness, and consequently unsoundness, or was the effect of habit?

The Jury were of opinion it was occasioned by lameness, and found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages £36:15s.

UNLAWFUL KEEPING OF A GUN.

Court of King's Bench, July 4.

BENNET V. FREEMAN.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, a quaker, to recover from the defendant, by trade a whitesmith, the sum of £5, being the penalty annexed to the having in his possession a gun for the destruction of game, he being an unqualified person.

Mr. Topping, for the prosecution, said, although these were not in general popular causes, yet the present was such a one as, he hoped, would meet the approbation both of the Judge and of the Jury. Not only had the defendant violated the law, by having in his possession a gun for the destruction of game, but he had been found using it, in company with three others, and attended by a setter, a spaniel, and two or three other dogs, on Sunday the 10th of February last, in the grounds occupied by the brother of the present plaintiff, who was a respectable farmer under the Duke of Devonshire, and was also gamekeeper to the Dean of St. Paul's, the lord of the manor.

The only witness called was the brother of the plaintiff, in whose grounds the poaching was alleged

to have taken place. He stated, that he occupied a farm belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, consisting of upwards of two hundred acres, in part of which there was game of various sorts, and immediately adjoining to which were a park and covered field belonging to his Grace. On the morning of Sunday, the 10th of February, he observed four men, attended by several dogs, among which were a setter, a spaniel, &c. in one of his fields. Two of the men were standing still, and the other two were walking up and down in the field, with guns, while the dogs were traversing. The witness went up to one of the men who had a gun, and after some altercation, and having informed him that he was gamekeeper to the lord of the manor, took from him his gun. The defendant then came up, claimed the gun as being his property, and offered to fight the witness. On his cross examination the witness denied having employed the attorney for the prosecution.

Mr. Garrow on the part of the defendant, alleged that, of a single Newfoundland dog, and a small mongrel puppy, having neither the inclination nor the ability to search for game, the game-keeper, who was both plaintiff and witness in this case, had been able not only to form a setter and a spaniel, but even to multiply the number, and of two to make four or five. It was not the business of the Jury in this case, to inquire how far an industrious tradesman, who had laboured hard all the week, was entitled to take a little relaxation for himself on Sunday: neither were they called on to judge, if in doing so, it would be better that he confined himself to a harmless excursion with his family,

family, without taking with him the gun with which almost every man in these kingdoms was now armed for the defence of his country, to amuse himself in shooting a few small birds. Neither of these were at present facts for the consideration of the Jury; but simply this—Had the defendant in the present instance, armed himself with his gun for the destruction of game? So far from this being the case, he asserted that the defendant not only had not left his house for the purpose of destroying game, but in fact, had not at all fired his gun. He came from Hammersmith, where he resided, along with a person of the name of Constable, from whom he wished to purchase a gun for an acquaintance, for the purpose of trying the gun. The proof of its fitness was Constable's killing with it two larks, to perform which he went ashore in a field occupied by Bennet, when he was attacked by him, and was deprived of his gun.

Three witnesses, consisting of Constable the gunsmith, a waterman who was in the boat with the defendant, and a young man, his apprentice, concurred in stating, that the finding out of game was no part of the business on which they had set out; that the defendant had not been on shore above six or seven minutes when he returned to his boat, which he again quitted only in consequence of the dispute between his friend Constable and Bennet; that the defendant had not at all fired his gun, nor had they even seen him load it; and that there were only two dogs in their company, one of them a mixture of a Newfoundland and a mongrel spaniel, belonging to Constable, and the other a terrier puppy, belonging to the defendant's apprentice.

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Lord Ellenborough said, to find the defendant guilty, and liable to the penalty in this case, it was necessary that a pregnant purpose to violate the laws should be apparent. To shew such disposition, the actual shooting at game was the usual proof. The concomitant of dogs, however, of the description stated by the witness for the plaintiff, joined to the actual possession of a gun in the hand of an unqualified person, was pretty strong evidence of the fact. In the present case the evidence was contradictory. One witness said the dogs were suited for game; three, on the other hand, had asserted that they were of a very different description. It was therefore for the Jury to determine on which side the weight of proof lay.

The Jury immediately found for the defendant.

HORSE CAUSE, AT HERTFORD SUMMER ASSIZES.

ASTLEY V. STURGIES.

MR. Gurney opened the pleadings in this case, and stated, that it was an action by Richard Astley, against the Rev. Joseph Sturges, to recover the sum of £60 the price of a horse which the plaintiff had sold to the defendant.

Mr. Serjeant Best, as leading counsel, observed, that if he had not been convinced of the accuracy of his learned friend, who opened the pleadings, he should have certainly thought that he had made a mistake in calling the defendant the Rev. Joseph Sturges, for he appealed to the Jury whether there were any outward and visible signs of the clerical character in dress or

in manner

manner of the defendant—[Mr. Sturges was in court, dressed in a light frock coat and waistcoat of the jockey cut]—But, however, it seemed the fact was really so—and he believed the Jury would think that there was as little of the parson in his conduct as in his dress, when they heard the evidence in this case. It was not denied that he bought the horse, and agreed to give £60 for it; nor was it denied that the animal was sound, for the defendant kept him. All that he had alleged against him in his clerical language was, that he could not tell what the devil was the matter with him, for he gave him as much corn as he could eat, and yet he did not look to please him. In payment for this horse the reverend gentleman had given his client a bill of Exchange on a receipt stamp,—by mistake no doubt—which was of course of no value, and perhaps he now thought that they had no other evidence to prove the transaction; but he would find himself disappointed, for he should call witnesses which would clearly entitle the plaintiff to a verdict.

Thomas Tomlin stated, that he was bailiff to the plaintiff, who resided in Leicestershire. He knew the defendant, and had several conversations with him, in which he acknowledged he had bought the horse in question for £60. He had said that the horse did not please him, and could not think what the hell was the matter with him—he would sell him, and pay only as much as he fetched at market. One day he had a conversation with him at the plaintiff's house, and several persons told him the horse was worth the money, but, by G—d, he never intended it until he was convinced it was worth it. He promised that he

would send it in a few days, but he had never done it. He was cross-examined by Mr. Garrow; whether the plaintiff was not a horse-dealer, who obliged the students of Cambridge in the article of horse-flesh. He said, No! the plaintiff was a gentleman who rented a farm, and had horses which he sold.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, contended that his client was a young gentleman of Cambridge University, who had been most egregiously duped by the plaintiff, a knowing horse dealer. It was rather singular that he should come to a Jury in Hertfordshire to obtain justice, when he might so much easier have got it at home, in Leicestershire; but there might be a very good reason for it—he was known at home, and not so well known here. He thought the observations on the parson's white coat were very unnecessary; but if they were of any importance at all, at least look at the other side of the question, and ask what was the defendant? Although his witness would not allow it, yet in simple truth he was a mere horse dealer; and it had often been said, the animal called a horse-dealer, had such a propensity to cheating, it was so much in his blood and bone, that he could not resist the temptation of defrauding even his own father. Place, therefore, the character of the horse-dealer, against the parson's white coat, and that page of the account was balanced. With respect to the merits of the cause itself, he observed, that no evidence was given of the value of the horse, except that of the plaintiff's bailiff, which he was sure the Jury would never trust to, and therefore they would cut down the demand made against his client.

Mr. Justice Heath told the Jury, that

that there was no evidence that the horse was worth less than £60; and if the defendant meant to dispute its value, he ought to have had witnesses to prove it.

Verdict for the plaintiff for £60.

OPERA HOUSE FRACAS.

King's Bench, Thursday, July 11.

JOHN BIRCH v. LEWIS JOHN TRISTD.

THE plaintiff is surgeon to the Prince of Wales, and to St. Thomas's Hospital. The defendant is a foreigner naturalized, whose former name was Haisouiller. We before noticed the *fracas* between these two gentlemen at the Opera House, on which the present action was founded.

The Solicitor General, for the plaintiff, stated, that this was a very serious case; but the fortune of the defendant, by the accidents of life, would enable him easily to satisfy the demands of justice.—Some ten years ago, he came from his native country as a dealer in jewellery. In the course of his business, he formed connexions with a great variety of persons, and among others with the noted John King. By some means he was sent to Bath, where he introduced himself as a man of fortune and fashion. He there became acquainted with Miss Tristd, a young lady of the age of seventeen, and an heiress to a property of £30,000. He prevailed upon her to elope to Scotland, where they were married according to the ceremonies of Gretna Green. The wealth thus easily acquired, was settled on the wife and her offspring; but, however, she and her two children died, and

left the defendant in possession of these riches. On the 23d of February last, the plaintiff was at the Opera, with a female friend under his protection. When the piece was concluded, he went on the stage, and in returning, from the concourse of people, was obliged to pass near to the defendant. What was the conduct of the latter on the approach of the plaintiff would be explained by the witnesses; what was his intention would also appear on the same authority; and he trusted, this gentleman would be now instructed that he would not be permitted to exercise with impunity in this country, that violence which he might practise in others, where the laws and peace of society were less regarded. In an action of recent date, for the unbridled indulgence of passion, a late nobleman, Lord Camelford, had been required to pay damages to the amount of £500, and he trusted the Jury would not be less disposed to maintain public order. The present case would be found to be that of a man fostering resentments in his bosom, and taking the first opportunity of offering personal insult. The plaintiff was a man of honour, and of high rank in his profession, the emoluments of which depended upon a regular attendance on the duties of his station. He was publicly disgraced; he was wounded and disfigured; he was confined, and interrupted in the discharge of his engagements; and, for this, he sought reparation from the protection of an English Jury.

Mr. George Blunt, and Mr. George Lewis Newnham, were in the pit at the Opera House when the affair took place. They saw the defendant strike the plaintiff, who, on the first alarm, returned the compliment; several blows

were afterwards delivered; the ground changed from the passage of the house to the benches of the pit; and, in the sequel, the plaintiff was knocked down amidst the exclamations from the males of "A fight! a fight!" and the screams of the females, "Part them, for God's sake part them!" The more discreet exclaimed, Townsend! Townsend!" who was found at his post.

Mr. Townsend deposed, that he was in attendance at the Opera; he heard his name called, and immediately hastened to the spot. He saw the defendant giving Mr. Birch several violent blows on the face, on which he seized the defendant, sent for a coach, and carried him to the watch-house to prevent farther disturbance.

Mr. William Nash, Surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital, and Mr. Thomas Davies, Surgeon of the First Regiment of Life Guards, gave testimony to the degree of injury the plaintiff had sustained. His face was very much tumified, and one of his eyes was, for a time, completely closed; and after the space of a month the marks of violence had not wholly disappeared.

Mr. George Davis said, he met the defendant at a Five's club, to which he belonged, sometime in the last year, where, he said, the plaintiff had offended him; and that whenever he met Birch, he would kick him on the shins.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, said, that the plaintiff had been very ill-advised in bringing the action in its present form. It appeared, however, that there was a sort of combat; that Mr. Townsend, the most useful Officer of the police, interposed; that no material injury was sustained; and that order was soon restored. The appearance of Mr.

Townsend's yellow wig at the Opera, was as formidable to the enemies of peace, as the approach of the flag of Lord Nelson to the hostile fleets of France. The yellow admiral hoisted his colours, formed the line, made the attack, and conducted the enemy into port. From the evidence of Mr. George Davies, it was apparent that some provocation had been given, but as no justification was entered on the record, he should not supply any testimony as to that particular. Then his learned friend gravely asked, "if this were not most disagreeable to a surgeon?" A black eye was a disagreeable thing to any man, but to a surgeon less so than to another, because he had the means of cure within his own knowledge. They were, however, extremely simple; the erudition of this learned profession seemed to be thrown away upon the subject; for a piece of brown paper immersed in common vinegar was the best recipe the pharmaceutical art could supply. Then, if we met with this school-boy's calamity, any of us would have common witnesses: but this gentleman is a surgeon, and he enjoys the advantages of the depositions of his rhetorical brethren. Our faces would be swelled, but his was tumified. We should have bruised chops, bloody noses, and black eyes; but with him, the vascular system was injured, the action of the absorbents was destroyed, and the organ of vision was endangered. These were the scientific artifices by which such a familiar case was to be rendered important. But the defendant was a foreigner, and this was to be introduced to aggravate the damages, as if he were not to be entitled to the privileges which every man ought to acquire when he trod the happy soil of England.

This

This insinuation regarding his nativity was likewise introduced to indicate some dark malignity, some vindictive spirit, which directs the hand of the assassin, when all the menace they were capable of proying was, that the defendant would kick the shins of the surgeon. This was, indeed, to reverse the classic adage—

“*Ex cloacâ arcem facere.*”

Revolutions had lately occurred which tended to subvert the foundations of the world. In the general chaos resulting from these awful events, foreigners sought refuge on this land, and trusted to British justice for that security; and in the exercise of this generous confidence they should not be disappointed. He would not affect to justify any disturbance given even to the frivolous amusements of society; but,

“*Volenti non fit injuria.*”

It was not enough to brand the defendant with being a foreigner, but he must be called the friend of Mr. King, thus he was to be indorsed over like a bill of exchange, and to devolve into any villainous hands to whom it should be the pleasure of his learned friend to commit him. This was not all; the demands of nature satisfied by the death of his wife and children were to be attributed to him, not as a misfortune, but as a crime. Then what was the cause of this renconfre? Alas! it was woman.

“*Causa deterrimi belli.*”

Lord Ellenborough.—If you assert this, you must prove it.”

Mr. Erskine said, his Lordship prevented him from doing what was at all times contrary, equally to his nature, and his habits—to

be guilty of irregularity. The defendant did not seek the plaintiff, but on the approach of the latter, the insult was offered. What was the language of the spectators? Not “knock him down,” or “throw him over,” as the visitants of the gallery would have vociferated, if the defendant were the aggressor, but “A fight! a fight!” and from the trembling females, “Part them, for God’s sake part them.” This indicated, that the two gallant knights were at single combat, and the consequence of the scuffle had been sufficiently explained. It was sometimes a little unlucky that persons went to these places of entertainment somewhat elevated after the conviviality of the festive board; they were not so perfectly composed as they felt themselves with the tea and muffin of the morning. The jury would know how, from the candour of their own minds, to make due allowances for the infirmity of human nature, and would visit this frivolous case with their accustomed justice and moderation.

Lord Ellenborough, after stating the form of the action, and the nature of the offence, as it appeared on the testimony, said, “You will take into your consideration the situation in life of the plaintiff. The assault was committed in a public place, where he was obliged to degrade himself to the character of a boxer and a bruiser, in his own defence. It is not required that you should look to the general consequences of your verdict, as conducing to the peace and order of society; but you will, I am confident, be glad that the effect of it should be, that this desirable object should be promoted by it. From the evidence you will collect the degree of injury the plaintiff has sustained,

sustained, and you will assign to him the reputation to which he is entitled."

After a short deliberation, the foreman delivered the verdict for the plaintiff—damages £300.

A RAMBLE

FROM

WINDSOR TO FARNHAM, IN
SURREY.

*The Maniac—The East Indian—The
Great Park—The Windsor Thorn—
Ascot Race Ground—Bagshot Heath—
The Reverie—Farnham—The Set
Down, &c.*

What heeds the colour, whether black
or white,

Olive, or tawney, or the copper's hue,
So the warm heart be to its duties right?

Great God of Nature, 'tis the same to
you.

Let us then cherish merit to the end,

And make the public good our con-
stant care;

Act thro' the world, the father and the
friend,

And where there's pow'r to punish—
learn to spare.

CHANCE sometimes introduces
a man to disagreeable com-
pany when the resolution is not
strong enough to lead him out of
the way of its influence. To escape
mischiefs, we are told to fly from
it; but with submission to the
sages, this is not at all times to
be accomplished, although a man
had as many wings as the great
Libella.

I had just left my apartment,
and progressing up Peaseod-street,
was about to bid adieu to Windsor,
when my ears were open to the dis-

cordant sounds of a psalm-singing
party, congregating round a field
preacher. I turned into the Bache-
lor's-acre, and presently beheld

A MANIAC

Standing on a tub above the heads
of his auditory, and full of extrava-
gant gestures. He appeared a very
tall thin person, dressed in shabby
black, buttoned to the chin; his
skin cadaverous as a corse, with as
little substance upon his whole ana-
tomy as there is upon the head of
a cornish gurnet; a few long black
hairs hung over his shoulders, lank
and matted, like hemp before the
dressing; his dark eyes were full
orbed and fiery, his mouth almost
opened from one ear to the other,
his voice loud and monotonous, or
rather dreadfully raised to excite
terror, while his distortions con-
tinued like those of an unhappy
lunatic in his fiercest ravings.
This singular figure attached my
curiosity, and I hastily stepped up
to learn the drift of its eccentricities.
Think not that I am indulging a
vieu for ridicule, or any way in-
clined to turn to contempt that
which was meant for our instruc-
tion; on the contrary, I am the
first, believe me, to venerate those
solemn formalities established by
the wisdom of our progenitors; but
when I behold new pretenders arise,
to promulgate new theories, and
those in the most indecorous man-
ner, I conceive myself at liberty to
interfere, and to recommend a strait
jacket to cover the want of reason,
and to keep in check the ravings of
any pitiable fellow creature. After
listening a few minutes to this
man's farraginous mass of nonsense,
I perceived a person of a very gen-
teel appearance, standing before the
preacher, his countenance was of an

an olive colour, faintly tinged with a lighter hue, or that of

AN EAST INDIAN;

His mouth handsomely formed; but wrinkled almost to laughter, which the man on the tub perceiving, began to be offended, and cried aloud that the child of Ham, the negro-man before him, was insulting his pious endeavours; that he must be as dark within as he was black without, and that his friends would do well to drive the devil from among them. At this they began to hustle the Indian in a very rude manner, raising a noise like drovers following their herds, pelt-ing and using execrations the most opposite to civility, till the modest stranger thought it expedient to make a precipitate retreat; but the clamours increased, and seemed to give strength to the outrage, when, wishing to liberate him from their indecorous behaviour, I opened the door of the Star alehouse, and beckoned him to follow; the signal was instantly caught, and having made the door fast, we had the unspeakable pleasure to see the tub-man taken into custody, for daring to hold forth in an unlawful way so near the seat of the sovereign. The rabble presently dispersed, while the Indian and myself had time in quiet to reflect on the adventure. He told me his name was Hol-Car-Otto-bó, a native of Bengal, that his mother had many years been a favourite with the late Governor Holwell, to whom he had been permitted to look towards as his parent, who had reared him a gentleman, and left the means to support him in that character during his existence. That he was of little ambition, and travelled on foot, like myself, for the recovery of his

health, and for amusement, preferring so unfashionable a mode to one more splendid, where too often, little else was to be acquired than imposition, excess, interested flattery, and pent up insipidity. He thanked me in the most agreeable manner for my protection, and said, in whatever part we might meet again, it would give him happiness to become my friend and companion; and now we parted, the Indian his way, and I to visit

THE GREAT PARK.

Which lies to the southward of the town, and opens by a very noble road, called the long walk, having on each side a double plantation of stately trees, and this for near three miles, rising in an almost imperceptable gradation to the top of a delightful eminence, named Snow Hill, from the crown of which rises a fine clump of beeches; their trunks encompassed with wood-bines; and through the whole plot is interspersed flowery shrubs and evergreens, made particularly grateful to the traveller by a seat for his accommodation. From this spot I could behold a thousand charming objects; and, beside the steady course of the Thames, winding among innumerable seats and villages, Cooper's Hill, a well-known, subject of the poet's song; and its neighbour, the Hill of Camomile, where St. John Denham once resolved to build a retreat for his muses; but the troubles of the times he lived in, prevented the completion of his wishes, and forced him to part with the property for ever. From this unbrageous canopy I turned to the Ranger's Lodge, once the residence of William, the great Duke of Cumberland, who, at his own expense, for many years kept near

near three hundred industrious men constantly employed, to the great comfort of their families, and to the honour of himself. It was this army of labourers, under the directions of proper surveyors, that improved the natural beauties of the spot; that spread it with vast plantations of trees, open vistas, and extensive lawns; that made new roads, and excavated the immense space called the great canal. In various parts of this incomparable temple, by order of the present Royal Possessor, considerable farms have been made, which are severally named after the agricultural experiments tried upon them; one is called the Norfolk, another the Suffolk, and a third the Flemish Farm. Besides these beauties the Belvidere on Shrub Hill, has much to recommend it to the curious traveller; it rises nobly, from a fine grove at the head of the great lake, where the Duke erected a magnificent bridge, of one bold arch, 165 feet in the expansion, five feet wider than the boasted Rialto of Venice. Here is a small insolation called the China Island, on which is a neat summer house, so sequestered, by a clump of weeping willows, that, to be its governor, I could bury my ambition for ever, and never loose a sigh to be called again to the bustle of cities, and the low tricks of interested traffic; for I must ever be ready to acknowledge I find more felicity in contemplating the beauties of the peaceful violet on the rustic mole-hill, than in driving a Jew's bargain on the Exchange of the emporium. In one point of view, I behold a shepherd attending his numerous flocks, perfectly in the stile of arcadian simplicity. In another, herds of the finest deer, browsing

within their inclosures; teams of sturdy oxen, tugging from place to place the new felled timber; and here I have the ploughman as he turns the furrow, whistling in unison with the ascending skylark. To be brief, I here survey every kind of husbandry peculiar to the season, and as it is practised on the light soil of Norfolk, and the flat lands of Flanders, while the great master farmer is traversing the grounds, giving directions with as little parade, and as much humility as the simplest husbandman in his dominions. The roads about the Great Park are also singularly fine and romantic; for though they are effects of art, they seem to be the productions of whimsical nature. The sublime! the beautiful! the wonderful! are all here: and wherever I turn, it is to behold the sister graces dancing hand in hand. To say more of this divine retreat would be to strew sugar on the honeycomb, and to offend your patience. While I was thus diverted, my pleasure was somewhat alloyed by the appearance of a prodigious cloud rolling from the southward; it was as black as the spirit of malignity, and it soon forced me to shelter under the wide spreading branches of a beautiful Hawthorn, white with bloom as a garden cauliflower, and the friendly coverture so diverted my attention from the sudden tempest, that I presently occupied a page of my tablet, with these stanzas in praise of

THE WINDSOR THORN.

Hail smiling morn! array'd to please
 The early village train:
 Thou sluggard, wrapt in downy ease,
 Morn smiles for thee in vain.
 Be't mine to trace the upland road,
 While vernal gems adorn;
 More perils lurk in thy abode,
 Than haunt this blooming thorn.

O'er

O'er all thy wanton raptures ran,
 'Midst midnight revels gay;
 Thy pleasures, like an April sun,
 But tempt thee, to betray;
 More lasting raptures fill my breast,
 To see yon wavy corn;
 To hear the skylark charm the nest
 That's hid beneath the thorn.

Here ivy twines the bending tree,
 Methinks a pious deed,
 And rightly points to pleasure me,
 The friend that serves in need.
 What friend hast thou? Come, sluggard,
 speak!

Thy soft indulgence scorn,
 And let the breezes kiss thy cheek
 Beneath this vernal thorn.

Here Nature spreads along the vales
 Truth's glass, the liquid sheet,
 Reflecting every cloud that sails,
 Without the least deceit.
 Since truth and friendship here you'll
 find,

No longer done forlorn;
 Be to yourself a little kind,
 And seek this May-dress'd thorn.

Above the fairest soil it blows,
 Where Brunswick tends his farm;
 And wears, in age, the summer rose,
 And breathes the early chaim.
 Indulgence serves to enervate;
 Like George, the demon scorn,
 And lengthen life's uncertain date,
 Beneath my Windsor thorn.

What! more of the muse? methinks I here you say; Yes! it would be ungrateful to neglect her, for she leads me cheerfully up the hill, when the lark first leaves it, and often makes my midday paths delectable. If she leaves me, it is always in good company, with Bacchus and Ceres; she sometimes visits me in dreams, and when the bright eye of nature, the brilliant luminary of the world again warns me on my way, I find her waiting by my pillow. The black cloud had shed its burden on the thirsty earth, and the blossoms sent forth new odours, and as I inhaled the comfort, I blessed the first great cause,

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and journeyed through the western gate to

ASCOT HEATH,

Celebrated for a capacious race-ground, laid out and brought into the most beautiful order, at a vast expense, by the same royal duke; and is allowed to be one of the first horse courses in all England.

Imperious necessity, like Milton's Arch Angel, had forced me from the Paradise of Windsor, to explore an uncultivated world; for

BAGSHOT HEATH,

Stretched all before me: I thought on the beauties I had left behind, with a sigh, and now

..... "With wand'ring steps, and slow,
 From Eden took my solitary way."

Spencer must have travelled these wilds, and Shakespear undoubtedly had remarked them; the sterile scenes described by the one, and the blasted heath by the other, are pictures not dissimilar to such dark specimens of nature's negligence; but I was determined not to relax in my course; so, faintly smiling at impediments, pursued my dreary way

O'er the bleak heath, extending many a mile,

Where no gay plants are seen, no flow'rets smile;

Where one black hill scowls down upon another,

And that you think the last, presents its brother.

'Midst these I stray'd, still panting for repose,

And fear'd the robber's weapon at the evening's close.

What a pity that such unpleasant ways are not made more cheerful by the liberality of the wealthy. My Lord Orrery, in one of his entertaining letters, has a hint of this kind.

"I have often wished," says that noble earl, "that among the various charities

K L

charities in England, the fashionable current of legacies to the public might run in a different channel from what it has hitherto done. Libraries we have enough, hospitals we have enough: suppose sums of money were left to the improvement, and constant amendment of public roads, could there be a more patriotic virtue, or a surer acquisition of perpetual fame? Statues, monumental pillars, and pyramids, —instead of our plain mile-stones— might be erected in different parts of Great Britain, where such legacies were appointed to take place. The memory of the donors might be preserved by pompous inscriptions engraved on brass or marble: the tax of turnpikes soon be lessened, and in time entirely abolished." This letter is dated at Florence, and the charming roads in Tuscany gave rise to the observations it contains. Where his lordship has thought proper to drop the hint, I shall presume to take it up, and endeavour to show, by local examples, what permanent good may result from its perfect adoption; and by way of distinction, I shall call it

THE REVERIE.

I shall begin, for instance, at the entrance of this dismal heath, just above the sign of the Golden Farmer: here I would erect the first *terminus*, the principal part of which should be the figure of the donor, and the rest left to the ingenuity of the sculptor; the basement always to be appropriated for the number of miles from the capital, and to the next great town; over all, the general inscription, to this effect:

SISTE VIATOR.—For the encouragement of commerce and trade, and for the comforts of the industrious traveller, Sir Jasper Jingleguinea, Knt. and Alderman of London, left in land five hundred pounds a

year for ever, to keep in good repairs the high road, for five statute miles from this spot westward, and raised the neighbouring spring to refresh the weary passenger. Wealthy stranger, this is true liberality.—Go, and do thou likewise!

At the end of these five miles should be placed a Mausoleum to the memory of another great personage who might have contributed more to the enlargement of this scheme; the inscription might run thus:

SACRED to the memory of Cosmo Count Cripplegate—Who being overturned on this spot, broke his arm and his leg, and in consequence was forced to undergo the miseries of amputation. To prevent the like calamity, this worthy nobleman left six hundred pounds a year for ever, to keep in constant repair six statute miles of the road west of this spot.

Passenger.—There is more merit in the prevention of miseries than there is in the cure of them.

At the end of these six miles, we will suppose, on a pedestal, a plain upright figure of a farmer, with his left hand resting on a sack of grain, while his right is extended in the attitude of exhortation; over which should be this inscription:

FARMER Fillbushel, of Frimley—Left one hundred pounds a year, to keep in constant repair the bridge over the current below, and one statute mile of the road west of this spot for ever.

Reader.—On October 29, 1794, by sudden inundation, the farmer lost a team of horses, with their driver, in endeavouring to pass the old ford with a load of grain.

To prevent the like disaster in future, he built the bridge over the stream below.

There

There is no condition of life so humble in which we cannot do good for our neighbours.

At this mile's end, I will suppose a most superb monument, inscribed to the following effect:

MEMORIE SACRUM. — The R. R. F. G. Benj. Broom Blossom, D. D. A. M. F. R. S. and S. T. P. who left four thousand pounds to build, and keep in repair for ever, this Mausoleum, and ten pounds per annum, to keep the space from weeds; and by a codicil to Dr. Benjamin Broom Blossom's will, seven shillings per annum, to any poor person who may sweep away all other impurities for ever.

Erections of this kind will have their utility; such will correct the too lively ebullitions of jointurity, and teach us by the way side sometimes to moralize on human vanities.

Besides these, I would have at the distance of every mile, a neat useful cottage, with a good piece of garden ground, and other things for comfort and conveniency; and in the front of each, a porch with this inscription—Here the traveller may find a shelter.

The persons to inhabit these dwellings should be of the parish the cots stand in; they should be sober and attentive, and receive a weekly stipend from the general fund, equal to their necessities.—Their business should be to work on the road, guard it between sun and sun, to be courteous and humane, and, as far as in their power, prevent offences.

This is by no means the whole of my plan, but as the first sketch of a painter, which leaves greater latitude for the expansion of ideas. From the adoption of such novelties, the man of discernment will

perceive that invaluable advantages must arise to the public generally; the artist and the builder will be encouraged: and above all, a good man's memory transmitted with the highest respect to futurity; a number of humble families provided for, and the poor's rates almost annihilated; a constant succession of hands supplied for the plough, the loom, and the sail; while every man will be perfectly free, and pass about his business in complete safety. A realization of this scheme, I confess, would afford me the highest felicity, but as it is not likely that I should ever be thus gratified, I must be contented with it in humble contemplation, and find a reward in the pleasures of imagination, which I can assure my reader, from the court to the cottage, make no inconsiderable share of human happiness; for the magnitude of our pleasures arises from our attachments, whether they be founded in reason or in folly. The boy who blows the bubble, feels as pleasant a sensation to see it floating brilliantly in the air, as doth the hero, while he contemplates the provinces his sword has depopulated, and the millions his stratagems covered with miseries. Thus, after rambling near twenty miles on a dreary heath, with nothing to excite gaiety, but my own Reverie, I entered

FARNHAM.

A populous town of Surry, on the river Wey, forty measured miles from the capital. It was given by the West Saxon King Ethelbald, to the See of Winchester; whose bishops have had a residence here, in the castle, during the summer months, ever since the reign of King Stephen, of which the brother, Henry de Blois, is said to have been the founder. Henry III. had it

even with the ground, when he quelled the power of his barons. After the death of Henry, the bishops of Winchester rebuilt the castle again, with additional strength and splendour; but time, whose lacerating tooth destroys adamant, had shaken the walls to their foundations, when Bishop Morley, at the expense of £8000, once more put it in tolerable repair; but alas! it soon partook in the fate of the church, and the monarchy of the First Charles. Mr. Denham garrisoned it for the King; but Sir William Waller, at the head of a division of the parliament army, gave it a fatal blow, of which it is never likely to recover. The remains, however, are venerable; and upon the high ground at the back, are many pleasant walks, and the air is remarkably salubrious. Farnham is governed by twelve masters, acting under the bishop, and these hold a court to determine all actions under forty shillings. The town has a capital wheat market, where, on certain occasions, 400 loads have been sold in one day; but this was at the time the toll-dish was worth £200 a year. It has, however, greatly diminished since the farmers of the surrounding neighbourhood send their grain and meal to the London markets by canals. This loss is in some degree compensated by a vast growth of hops of a delicious flavour, which when compared with the hops of other countries, always obtain a preference, and bring the cultivator a much higher advantage; but the rearing of these bitters has greatly supplanted the clothing trade in and about Farnham, and the poor's state, if I am informed right, has been greatly augmented in consequence of these changes, for formerly it was no more than sixpence

in the pound, and now it is more than five shillings.

Here is a market-house, raised at the sole expense of a Mr. Clark, but never finished: it is of a singular fashion, and a story as singular attached to it, to account for its imperfections. The town's people were exceedingly troublesome to the workmen, and would frequently interrupt them in the progress of their labours, finding fault with their proceedings, till at length the donor became offended, and to punish their simplicity "for looking a gift horse in the mouth," left the work in the present state, with this distich in the part uncompleted:

You who do like me—Give money enough
to end me;

You who dislike me—Give as much to
mend me.

In this neighbourhood are many situations particularly interesting to the curious pedestrian: Moor Park, once the seat of Sir William Temple, is charming; near it is a curious natural grotto, vulgarly called Mother Ludlow's Hole, from which issues a perennial fountain: here is also a delectable walk to the ruins of Waverly Abbey; and for the sportsman, the Cherte is a most desirable spot; it is a wild desolate hill of heath, which, like those hills of the same nature in Wales, in the proper season, afford plenty of that delicious bird called the Red Game.—The fatigue of this day's ramble will oblige me to drop the pen when I have assured you that I am,

Your's &c. T. N.

EULOGIUM ON LADIES HAIR DRESSERS.

I WOULD propose to all the academies of Europe a prize for the best penegyric upon that art, which

which is of all others the most useful to society, as well as the most arduous, and most noble, and the most sublime, in relation to the virtues which it requires: I mean the art of a lady's hair dresser. To modify into pleasing forms those long and slender filaments, which nature seems to have intended for the sport of every gale; to give to them a consistency of which no one would suppose such materials were susceptible; to give to abundance regular order in the place of confusion, and to supply a want with fictitious riches, which would deceive the sharpest eye; to soften the coarseness of features; to increase the brilliancy of the eye, by contrast of colours, and even sometimes by reflected union: to effect all these miracles, without any other means than a comb, and some powder of different tints, these are the characteristics of the art, and yet constitute but a small part of a lady's hair dresser's daily occupation.

If his industry entitles him to the rank of artist, its subject ought surely to give him a distinguished place on the list.

The pencil of the painter is exercised only upon the canvas; the chisel of the statuary, upon the marble block. Cold copyists of the charms of which they only present the image, their labours necessarily bear the mark of dependence. They must have models to direct their imagination and their hand. Their greatest merit is faithful imitation; and the inanimate shadow which they sell so dear to luxury, is but an imperfect sketch of the original, of which it teaches us to lament the loss.

What a difference between them and the lady's hair-dresser! It is living beauty that he embellishes;

it is a sex, to which all the world pays homage, that implores his aid. Has nature lavished upon it all her treasures? He improves their *eclat*. The forms and features of the sculptor and painter are all borrowed. The model is before their eyes. Not so with the coiffeur. He must have a peculiar genius for invention, a superior taste for combination.

He must be able, at the first sight of a physiognomy, to ascertain what sort of decoration will suit it. He must adhere to the general fashion, yet modify the dress to the individual. One woman would appear horrible, in the style which makes another lovely. The coiffeur must therefore be always uniform, yet always vary his productions. It is true, the industrious hands, to which the canvas and the marble owe their metamorphosis, have a superiority in one sense over the coiffeur. Their works possess a solidity which immortalizes them. Each succeeding generation enriches itself with the labours of the preceding. The coiffeur has not that good fortune. The fruits of his art are more fleeting than those of the spring. Like the coquets, whose brilliancy they possess, they disappear with the day which has seen their growth, and find their tomb in the sleep from which the beauties they adorned derive new freshness. This is indeed a disadvantage; but ought the coiffeur to feel humbled on that account? In this particular, his art resembles that which we admire most in nature. It is the fate of every thing beautiful to fade away and vanish, at the moment when arrived at the highest degree of perfection. The coiffeur always triumphs over this envious fatality by new creations. Every toilet is a fertile

tile field, where he scatters his roses, and the prodigality of the evening is only a pledge of the abundance of the next day. I have hitherto considered him as a mere artist, but what if I were to enter into a detail of all his virtues? Are not discretion, reservedness, patience, punctuality, virtues? Of all artists, is there one to whom they must be more familiar than to the coiffeur? Admitted to the mystery of the toilet, must he not, like Job, make a compact with his tongue and his eyes? The more unreserved the confidence, the more circumspection is required. How great must be his vigilance to keep himself constantly upon his guard against the charms which are placed in his hands? A new pygmalion, does he not run a risque of having his head turned by the divinities whose heads he is employed to adorn? What scrupulous modesty does he not require to bear him safe through such variety of danger? He must not be merely as silent as Job, he must be equally patient. It is not a piece of inanimate metal that he forms; they are beings of quick sensibility, beings of delicate taste, accustomed to empire, and who regard every curl of their hair as forming part of their crown. He must therefore follow with his eye their interested and penetrating glances—he must divine the effect of a curl or tress—he must seize in a moment all the immensity of rapid combinations which every motion of the comb produces, and answer with this instrument even the silent objections to his procedure. It will be easily admitted then, that the exercise of this art supposes a calm temper, excessive virtue, attention, and inexhaustible patience.

As to punctuality—only think for a moment what disorder would

arise in society upon all such essential occasions as balls and assemblies, spectacles and birth-day galas, were a coiffeur to neglect his duty, or slip his memory! how many empty boxes, how many distressed families, how many broken engagements, and hence what confusion, what embarrassment, both in public and private!

ARMORIAL BEARINGS; A TROT- TING HORSE.

Sheriff's Court, July 17.

SHARPE V. TROTTER.

THIS was an inquiry before the Secondary (judgment on an action having been suffered to go by default in the Common Pleas) at the suit of Mr. Sharpe, an eminent herald painter, against Alexander Trotter, Esq. for the recovery of twenty guineas, for a splendid painting on vellum of the armorial bearings of the defendant. It appeared in evidence, that in or about the beginning of October last, the defendant had applied to the plaintiff for a painting of his arms, crest, mantling, &c. and had given the most particular and critical instructions relative to the style of the execution, which he wished to be in the true antique taste. Many communications had taken place on this important subject, and so much did the defendant's attention appear to be directed to the crest, in particular, which is a trotting horse, that the plaintiff, in the doubt of being able to satisfy his precise notions of excellence, had been induced to propose to him to obtain specimens of the trotting horse from some artist who had made the anatomy of the horse his particular

particular study, and mentioned the distinguished names of Gilpin and Stubbs. To this the defendant objected; alledging, that what either of those artists should produce he would not approve! The taste of the plaintiff, therefore, under the defendant's particular cognizance, was deemed sufficient to produce the required effect. In consequence, several drawings of the trotting horse were, at different times, submitted to the defendant, who chose from them one which should be the plaintiff's example in the work. After a troublesome correspondence, the work had been executed to the apparent approbation of the defendant; but he refused to remunerate the artist to the extent of his moderate demand.

Several gentlemen from the Herald's College, and some ingenious artists, appeared, to bear testimony to the value of the work, as well as to the plaintiff's ability in his particular art, and general honourable character.

Verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount.

THE

FASHIONABLE GAME OF FARO.

(From the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*.)



(Concluded from page 354, of our last.)

MODE OF PLAY.

THE partners, or persons they employ for the business, officiate as dealer and croup. A large oval table is provided, which is covered with green cloth, and has a line described with white, yellow, or red tape, or a wooden rim about an inch high, and about eight inches within the circumference of the ta-

ble, to divide the cards punted on from the livrets. At the sides of this table, and opposite to each other, the dealer and croup seat themselves, that they may better command a view of the punters who surround it. Several hundred guineas, part loose in the well, and part in rouleaus of fifty guineas each, lie between them. The office of the tailleur is to deal and settle the game of the punters on each side of him. The croup shuffles another pack in the mean time, watches that no mistakes are made, or advantages taken by the punters; that no parolis stand which are lost and should retire, that no cocks are imposed on them, pays and receives stakes, &c. Each ponte is furnished with a livret or book, containing a suit of thirteen cards, and four cards denoting the same as noticed above, viz. the little figure, the yellow, the black, and the great figure. The use of these cards is, that the player, if disposed to punt on ace, deux, trois, or 4, 5, 6, or 7, 8, 9, 10, or knave, queen, king, he may avoid the trouble of selecting the particular cards, by using the representative figures, and the dealer and croup form a more prompt and comprehensive idea of the play, than if the punters had ranges of many cards before them. When the pontes have selected a card or cards, each from his livret, or drawn one out without choice, or desired a neighbouring punter to draw one for him, or he has found the card which he had a presentiment should win, he lays it before him, just *within* the line, taking care to keep his other cards *without*; on this card, or that he may with the more facility change it as often as whim or caprice may direct, on a head card placed face downwards, he lays his *couche*.

couche, or the sum he stakes. The *tailleur*, or dealer, having shuffled during this time a common pack of cards, which are cut by the nearest punter; holds the pack in his hand, and turns it up to shew the bottom card, as a caution to the players not to punt on it too near the close of the deal, as although it will be dealt on the left hand, yet being the last card, and known to every one, it never wins. That the punters may not forget the bottom card, the croup selects from a *livret* with the corners cut off to distinguish it, laying in the middle of the table, the similar card, and places it on the top. The dealer then deals the pack deliberately in coups, that is, one on his right hand, and another on his left, declaring audibly what they are; thus, at some banks in the old manner, knave loses, ace wins; seven loses, ten wins; but generally the dealer only declares the card, as knave, ace; seven, ten; queen, queen, or queens, &c. The croup between each coup looks round, and of all that had punted on the losing card, he receives their stakes: of all these who had punted on the winning cards, he inquires if they will receive what they have won, or will make a *paroli*. If a punter wins a *paroli*, he may make another for a *sept et le va*; if the next event is in his favour, he may *paroli* again for a *quinze et le va*; after that for a *trente et le va*, which if he wins he may receive thirty-one times his stake, or make another *paroli* for a *soixante et le va*, or sixty-three times his stake, but this only desperadoes or madmen attempt. The making *parolis* is tantamount to receiving what a *ponte* has won, and adding it to his stake. To avoid the trouble and save the time it would take to pay

every punter every favourable event, and to promote play, the mode of bending the corners of the cards was invented. If an event is against a punter, all the *parolis* he may have made retire of course, and he loses his stake. He might have played a less ardent game by making a *paix* or *pont*, as it is called, which is equal to receiving and continuing his first stake, by bending his card in the middle, and making it stand like a chevron, thus . he may attempt to win a large sum on what he has won of the banker, without hazarding his own money again, by making a double *paix*, thus , treble *paix*, &c. or after having won the *paroli*, he might, in order to save his stake, have made a *paix-paroli*. If a punter had set a stake on a knave and an ace, or any two cards that happen to be dealt in one coup, he would win by one and lose by the other, which is said to be *une pour l'autre*, or one for the other. The *tailleur* proceeds in his deal by coups of two cards each throughout the pack, settling the stakes and regulating the chances of each punter after each coup. When doublets are dealt in the same coup, as queen queen, or any others, the gamblers lose half their stakes, who punted on similar cards; this they pay or make a *pli*, to have it determined by the next event whether the banker or punter has all. This, with *hochy*, which is the last card but one—the last card being a cypher—are the only acknowledged profits of a *faro-banker*.

A punter may change his cards as often as he will between the coups in the course of the deal: he may masque his card for one or more coups, by placing another card with its face downwards on it, or by turning his card, and then display

play it again; he may decline putting in the middle of a deal after any coup, unless he has an event undetermined when the dealer has only eight cards in his hand: in this case he claims the chance of hochy, the odds are then four to three in his favour, as he has four chances of winning of the ponte, and only three of losing. The first card dealt is not valid till the second appears. The two cards constitute a coup, and have such dependence on each other, that if the second card is never dealt for the ponte, the first which was dealt on the right hand for the banker, is useless, and cannot win.

When the last coup is deficient, it must have arisen from the dealer having misdealt; and, as it is often impossible to determine whether it was accidental or wilful, deception is imputed; and the punters having had part of their game inverted, losing where they would have won; and as it would be almost impossible to take an accurate retrospect of the game, and adjust the differences; the banker forfeits all the money the punters may have on their cards at the moment of discovery.

Faro is so bewitching a game, by reason of the several specious multiplications and advantages which it seemingly offers to the avarice of an unwary punter, that it intoxicates many to that degree, that they seldom come to their senses, or discover that they have not been playing on the square, until they have no more money or credit to punt with. In the above-mentioned Encyclopædia a calculation of the chances in favour of the banker is clearly set forth, and also a table shewing the loss of the punter in every circumstance of the game.

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EXTRACT
FROM
A JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION
TO THE
HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

*Comprising a Fragment from the Memoirs
of a Young Recluse. Translated from
the French.*

(Continued from page 212.)

HAVING parted with Mezentius in the metropolis, I set out for a distant province, in compliance with an engagement from which I had hoped to derive considerable gratification. My reception was as flattering as I could desire, and I had for some time no reason to regret my visit. The gentleman at whose house I was staying, had for several years been married to an amiable woman of noble birth; and though incapable of feeling any serious attachment, had so far manifested his respect for the sentiments of the public, as to conduct himself with all the externals of the most refined good breeding.

"He was a native of Madras, and having speculated with success in commerce of a particular description, he determined on a residence in England. For this purpose he purchased a considerable property in a remote northern province; and the éclat of his possessions procuring him an easy introduction to the first families in the country, he made honourable proposals to the daughter of a person of high rank, and shortly after the marriage ceremony was solemnized between them. But as the lady had consented to the union rather in compliance with her father's wishes, than from any attachment of her own, she could entertain but

slender

slender hopes of long retaining her husband's affections. Indeed he very soon evinced symptoms of dissatisfaction; and articles of separation were often proposed as consonant to their mutual wishes. But as it is impossible, in transactions of this nature, entirely to shelter even the innocent from the blasts of calumny, the friends of each party had severally interfered, and the appearances of good understanding were still consulted and preserved. They were indeed often absent from each other: and though the officious malevolence of the lady's acquaintance would frequently allude, in terms far from equivocal, to her husband's breach of nuptial fidelity, yet as her heart was not interested in the discovery, and as these narratives were calculated to irritate the feelings of pride, rather than to wound the more tender affections, she suffered no anguish in the recital, but listened to the effusions of their zeal with the calmness of incredulity.

"Affairs were in this situation when I arrived at their mansion; where, at the close of the second week, a despatch was brought to the gentleman, which he assured us required his instant obedience. As he was incapable of stating exactly how long he might be detained, he recommended me in very polite terms to the attentions of the lady; trusting to the disparity of our age for the prevention of any intimacy; which might be considered as trespassing beyond the remotest idea of decorum.

"I believe I have some where heard it remarked, that a very young man, whose taste is not vitiated by sensuality, and whose mind is of the sentimental and pathetic cast, will be more sensibly affected by a woman, who has passed the meri-

dian of her charms, than by the florid fascinations of youthful beauty. At the period to which I am now adverting, I had not reached my nineteenth year, and the lady had considerably exceeded her thirtieth.

"The mansion was large, spacious, and gloomy; and totally destitute of every recommendation, which could reconcile the fair tenant to her lot. The day succeeding her husband's departure passed over with that strained interchange of civility, which might be supposed to result from our situation. Each seemed to feel the embarrassment, though at the moment incapable of any efforts to relieve it. Thus circumstanced, I determined on making every exertion to obviate those occurrences which I feared would otherwise obstruct any intercourse with my engaging hostess.

"I was anxious to induce her to relax from that melancholy reserve, which seemed to absorb her natural vivacity; and making my approaches with a most respectful inquiry after her health, I proceeded to remark, that I fancied I could discover a brilliancy in her eyes, which seemed to satirize the mournful appearance in which the rest of her countenance was enveloped. She smiled at this effort of complimentary rodomontade, and presenting her hand with a grace peculiarly her own, assured me of her entire approbation. The gratification I derived from this unexpected change in her conduct, a temper less ardent than my own is totally incompetent to appreciate. I instantly clasped her hand, and while I eagerly pressed it to my lips, no votary of knighthood ever bowed before the mistress of his affections with more fervent or sincere devotion!

"Henceforth

"Henceforth all affectation of reservedness was discarded from between us. Superior to the idle fopperies of her sex, she did not hesitate to intrust me with her society; and conscious of the rectitude of her own principles, she reposed an equal confidence in mine.

"In these moments of unreserved security, she would sometimes give a loose to sorrow, in disclosing the source of her afflictions. But while she wept over the cruel neglect of the man to whose interests her own had been united, she generously sought to palliate his defection. Far unlike those irritable ladies, whose avarice of pleasure makes them uneasy that another should be admitted to a participation, the contemplation of her husband's conduct awakened in her mind no feeling but such as regret alone could dictate.

"Fascinated by the attractive charms of her conversation, I always retired from her society with reluctance. Existence which I had before regarded with indifference, now asserted claims to my gratitude. The melancholy languor, which the ravages of disorder had thrown over my features, gave her an interest in my indisposition, and inspired her with a wish to relieve it. Influenced by this generous motive, she condescended to the most endearing offices of friendship, and while she "made her arm a pillow for my head," my disorder became bereft of its severity, and seemed insensibly suspended in its progress.

"In this manner she had continued her attentions nearly a fortnight, and I was rapidly approaching to convalescence, when one evening presuming on the privileges of an invalid, I seated myself as

usual on the sofa, and gently reclining my head on her bosom, I gave a loose to those emotions which my situation instinctively inspired.

At the disclosure of this interesting transaction, which perhaps escaped from him more entirely than he designed, he looked as if weighed down with sorrow. While recounting the first particulars of the scene, his manner grew unusually energetic. His quick blue eyes were lighted up with animation, and a vermillion hue flushed over his features. It was however but the hectic of a moment. At the close of the detail, a sudden idea seemed intruding on his memory, and he struggled to oppose its entrance; but the effort was for some time ineffectual. The recollection of some deed, connected with this correspondence, which perhaps his conscience could not justify, filled his senses with depression.

Suddenly he sprang from his seat, and strode across the room with a firm and determined air. As suddenly he stopped; he bent his eyes towards the ground, and the tears fell copiously from him. Soon he resumed himself, and advancing to his chair, he compelled a look of composure, and proceeded.

(To be continued.)

SMITH AND YOUNG GRIFF.

From the Oracle.

WE are far from wishing to promote quarrels or dissensions: but, in justice to an apparently injured man, we insert Mr. Smith's letter, and from the gentlemanly and energetic language it

contains, we have no doubt but he will endeavour to keep his word.

TO THE EDITOR.—“ Sir—The Morning Chronicle has attempted to *do me over*, by saying that Young Cribb *tipped it* me so at the last mill, that it will be three weeks before I shall be able to pike it. Howsomdever they're *running their rigs*—this here is the prime thing—one *picker* was rather *queer*, and I had been *lushing* too much; but, when I'm all right, I'll close up his *peepers*, as my Pall, Nicholson, did his *fraters*. So no more at this here time from your's, &c.

JOHN SMITH.”

ON THE
NATURE AND HUNTING OF THE
BLOOD-HOUNDS
USED IN
THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

For the Sporting Magazine.

FROM a very elegant and interesting work, just published, entitled “An Historical Account of the Black Empire of Hayti; comprehending a View of the principal Transactions in the Revolution of St. Domingo, with its ancient and modern state: by Major Rainsford.”

This work is illustrated by several fine engravings, descriptive of the mode of training blood-hounds, for the horrid purpose of destroying the human race, &c. and contains near 500 pages of letter press, in quarto. The following is a part of the Appendix, p. 423.

“ Among the numerous rude inventions of barbarous ages to attain a superiority in war, was that of the use of beasts in a variety of

ways, in conjunction with their regular armies. In Virgil the effect of bulls sent in terrible array against an opponent is recorded, and Moses affords a ludicrous employment of foxes*, driven with firebrands towards the enemy's camp. The war-horse and elephant are also represented as taking an active share in the battle at all times. The introduction of dogs, however, is not so generally used, and one which is considered as likely to avail but in a very confined degree. The first particular mention of their use, in acting with troops, is by Herrera, the Spanish historian, when describing the first conflict of Columbus with the Indians in 1492; the Sleute-hound of the Scots was in much repute as being early applied to discover the haunts of robbers; and Strabo is said to describe an attack upon the Gauls by dogs of the present description. The character of decided enmity to man, however, seems to have been preserved only in Spanish America, and the writer is induced from many circumstances to think that the quadruped which is the subject of this account is, though of a similar species to the Irish wolf-dog breed, a native of the South Seas. “ Whether or not the dog in a savage state would devour his master, as is asserted, shall not here be argued; it is certain that on the mode of rearing, and subsequent discipline for use, in war, much has always depended, and that—to the disgrace of human beings so employed—their education has been reduced to such a system, as to leave little of the natural character remaining.

“ With the persons who breed and have the care of these animals in Spanish America, the public are

* Or Jackals. See Thomson's Scriptural Translations, p. 273.

already

already sufficiently acquainted; but there are some facts which are not equally known, both as respect these people, and the mode of rearing the dogs, as particularly practised in St. Domingo, to which attention is at present confined. The first of these subjects will be explained by a comparison easily made; and of the latter the writer is indebted for an accurate knowledge to an intelligent friend, who had the care of those animals and their keepers in their troublesome

passage from the Havannah to Jamaica, the same which forms a prominent subject of the history already given to the public on the occasion*.

"Among the remains of the Buccaneers—which are every where prevalent in St. Domingo and its vicinity, in the different Trou's which retain their names, and several local expressions—are the costume and mode of life, in the Spanish chasseurs who conduct the blood-hounds. The hog-skin trou-

* Dallas's History of the Maroons. Mr. Quarrel, through the medium of a writer always intelligent, and sometimes eloquent, has excited the interest of the public to the whole of his services in relation to the expedition from Jamaica to Cuba, for the purpose of obtaining blood-hounds and their leaders; he has described a long round of difficulties, of

"Moving accidents by flood and field,"

all of which were overcome by the superior talents, the local, and even maritime skill of the commissioner! According to this account, the minutest object in the arduous business of the expedition was not only managed by him, during sickness or convalescence, but his bark was directed through peculiar courses, and battles fought successfully against a superior power, with a crew somewhat like Falstaff's regiment. But Mr. Quarrel forgot to name the captain of the vessel which carried him to Cuba, and returned with the blood-hounds to Jamaica, or the wonder would have ceased; and this is the more singular, in a man of letters and enterprise like Mr. Quarrel, from the exquisite delight and extensive information he must have received from the society of Capt. Campbell; a gentleman with enlarged ideas, high literary talents, the most consummate bravery, and unbounded nautical skill, who almost prefers, under existing circumstances, the command of a little vessel like that which conveyed Mr. Quarrel and his charge! and which is generally, or a considerable share, his own property, peculiarly on account of its being absolutely under his own direction; and with a crew such as the commissioner very justly describes, he has performed more intrepid actions, and visited with success, more parts of the globe than any other officer of his age, which is happily not yet far advanced. The writer had reason to hope from the pen of him who has traced the steps of the injured Bruce in Abyssinia, a valuable paper on this, as well as other subjects relating to the Western Archipelago; but this, as well as other valuable communications intended for the public, in the possession of a mutual friend, was neglected, when

..... "Old Ocean smil'd,
And, dancing on the tide of pleasure wild,
Brist Fame high-bounding, blew her echoing horn."

PURSUIT OF FAME.—A Poem.

gers

were drawn on their limbs warm from the animal when shot wild in the woods, and the mode of preparing their food, (*boucaner*, a name at present synonymous with cooking in the island,) being common to both; and, in fact, every part of their dress, their migratory life, power of forbearance, and savage habits in the woods, all exhibit the ancient Buccaneer in the modern chasseur; and the portrait of one when young, robust, and daring, is a very complete resemblance of the other.

"The character of these people differed somewhat in the numbers which joined the French army, and were increased by tyros, when their operations became such a favourite relief in the actions between it and that of the blacks.

"With respect to the dogs, their general mode of rearing was latterly in the following manner. From the time of their being taken from the dam, they were confined in a sort of kennel, or cage, where they were but sparingly fed upon small quantities of the blood of different animals. As they approached maturity, their keepers procured a figure roughly formed as a negro in wicker work, in the body of which were contained the blood and entrails of beasts. This was exhibited before an upper part of the cage, and the food occasionally exposed as a temptation, which attracted the attention of the dogs to it as a source of the food they wanted. This was repeated often, so that the animals with redoubled ferocity struggled against their confinement, while in proportion to their impatience the figure was brought nearer, though yet out of their reach, and their food decreased, till, at the last extremity of desperation, the keeper resigned the figure, well charged

with the nauseous food before described, to their wishes. While they gorged themselves with the dreadful meat, he and his colleagues caressed and encouraged them. By these means the whites ingratiated themselves so much with the animals, as to produce an effect directly opposite to that perceivable in them towards the black figure; and, when they were employed in the pursuit for which they were intended, afforded the protection so necessary to their employers. As soon as they were considered initiated into their business, the young dogs were taken out to be exercised in it, and trained with as much exactness as possible. In some instances this extended to a great length, but in general their discipline could not permanently retain them under the command of their leaders, the consequence is obvious.

"The common use of them in the Spanish islands was in chase of runaway negroes in the mountains. When once they got sent of the object, they immediately hunted him down—unless he could evade the pursuit by climbing up a tree—and instantly devoured him: if he was so fortunate as to get from their reach into a tree, the dogs remained about it yelping in the most dreadful manner, till their keepers arrived. If the victim was to be preserved for a public exhibition of cruelty, the dogs were then muzzled, and the prisoner loaded with chains. On his neck was placed a hoop with inverted spikes; and hooks outward, for the purpose of entangling him in the bushes, or elsewhere. Should the unhappy wretch proceed faster than his wearied pursuers, or attempt to run from them, he was given up to the dogs, who instantly devoured him. With horrid delight the chasseurs sometimes pre-
served

served the head to expose at their homes, as monuments of their barbarous prowess.—Frequently on a journey of any length these causes were, it is much feared, feigned for the purpose of relieving the keepers of their prisoners, and the inhuman wretch who perpetrated the act, on his oath of having destroyed his fellow creature, received the reward of ten dollars from the colony!

If the most dreadful accidents among the blacks were ascribed, and it is apprehended justly, to the troops of blood-hounds in the very spots on which they were reared, what was not to be expected on the seat of war, amidst innumerable prejudices, and the powerful motive of self-preservation? when every one conceived himself justi-

fied in contributing an act of barbarity to the common-cause, while it arose, perhaps, out of his own cruel disposition. The writer shrinks from the task of description in this place, yet the concealment will not excite the detestation he urges against the very idea of ever again introducing these animals under any pretext to the assistance of an army*. But indifferently kept, the dogs frequently broke loose in the vicinity of the Cape, and infants were devoured in an instant from the public way! At other times they proceeded to the neighbouring woods, and surprising an harmless family of labourers at their simple meal, tore the babe from the breast of its mother, or involved the whole party, and returned with their hor-

* The defence of his friend—certainly a most laudable motive in these degenerate times, notwithstanding the old proverb *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas*—has led the ingenious writer before alluded to, Mr. Dallas, to some arguments in favour of blood-hounds, however cautiously introduced, not less glaringly false. Such is that, of the use of house dogs. The writer need not call the attention of this gentleman, with whose sensibility of character he is not unacquainted, to the following obvious facts in behalf of their mutual country. The house-dog commonly used in the United Kingdom, is the barking cur, who is not capable of a dangerous attack, and his use is only to create alarm; and even when a more powerful species are used, as the Newfoundland breed, they never kill or wound, except they are aggravated, of which several curious instances have recently occurred; two are in the immediate recollection of the writer; one, he believes, at an inn near Hounslow, where a servant being detected by the faithful guard in the act of robbing the house at night, he threw him down on the spot, and placing himself upon him, held him there uninjured till the morning, when he delivered him into other custody. Another was, when an housekeeper remaining in a house alone, where a quantity of plate was deposited, borrowed, for one night, the dog of a neighbouring butcher to protect her, who in the following morning presented her with a culprit before the side-board, in the person of a relation of her master:—the rest of the story is too invidious. If at any time an accident occurs, which is not frequent, of a dog injuring any one in the smallest degree, the writer never yet knew a master who would not immediately destroy him, and surely none desire to see even the nightly thief lacerated and devoured, instead of his injury prevented; but if even the position of Mr. Dallas were just, the case would by no means apply,

rid

rid jaws drenched in the gore of those who were acknowledged, even in the eyes of the French army, as innocent, and therefore permitted to furnish them with the produce of their labour. Huts were broken into by them, and * * * * * the picture becomes too dreadful for description even for the best of purposes.

*Monument at Harefield Church,
Tame Fox, &c.*

MR. EDITOR,

IF you think the following worthy of insertion, it is greatly at your service; from your constant Reader,
J. W. M.

Against the north wall of Harefield Church, Middlesex, on the outside, is a monument, with a representation in bas-relief, of a game-keeper and his dog, put up by Mr. Ashby, in memory of his faithful servant Robert Mossendew, who died in 1744. Underneath are the following lines:

In frost and snow, thro' hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods, and trudg'd the plain;
The steady pointer leads the way,
Stands at the scent, then springs his prey;
The tin'rous birds from stubble rise,
With pinions stretch'd, divide the skies—
The scatter'd lead pursues the sight,
And death, in thunder, stops their flight;
His spaniel, of true English kind,
With gratitude inflames his mind:
This servant in an honest way,
In all his actions copied Tray.

SAMUEL SALTER, Esq. of Rickmansworth, Herts, has at this present time a fox that lies constantly in the kennel with his harriers; and, what is very remarkable, he is completely master of the feeding yard, not suffering a hound to eat near him until he has satisfied himself.

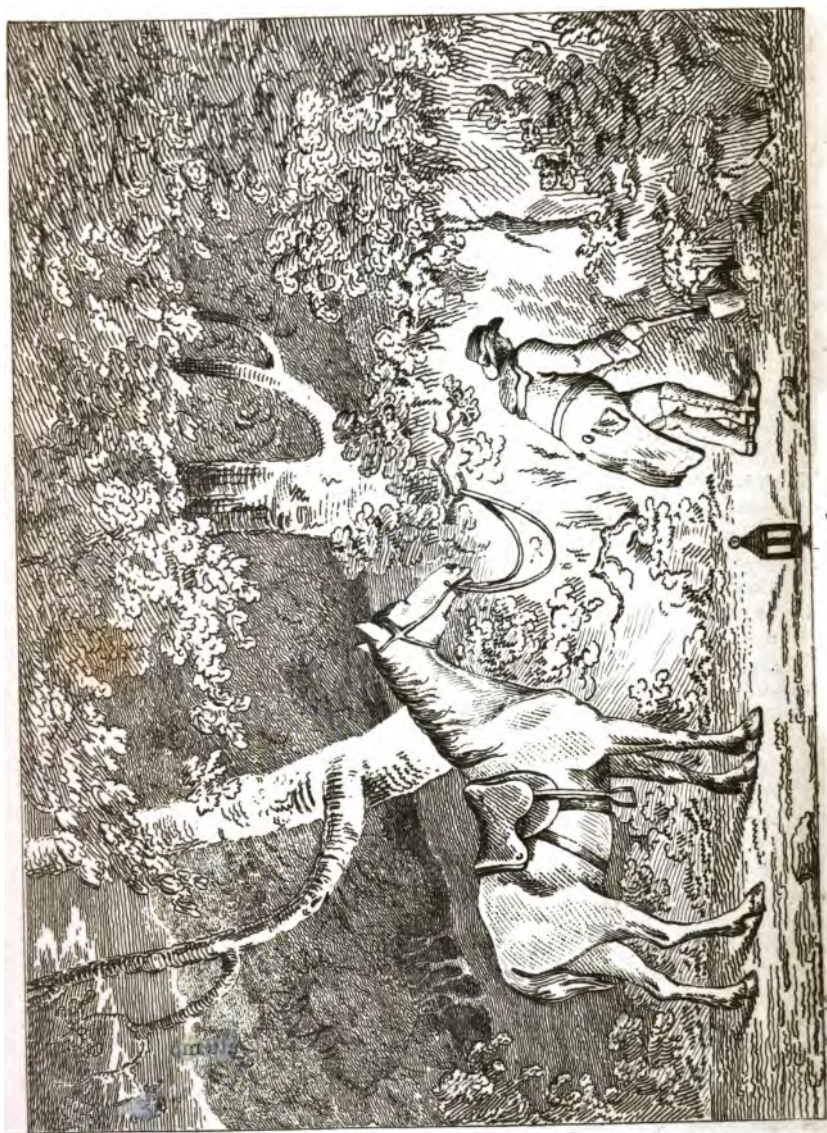
SPORTING IN VIRGINIA.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a plain Virginia farmer, resident on the estate of one of the largest landholders in our country, and one of the greatest sportsmen we have; and I often amuse myself by seeing his stud, which consists generally of from six to twelve horses in training; among them some of the best we have, namely, Peacemaker, Topgallant, Hambletonian, &c. I sometimes peruse, with great pleasure and satisfaction, your useful Magazine,—lent me by my neighbour, who is one of your subscribers—and particularly note your account of extraordinary races, which reminds me of one I witnessed some time ago, as much worthy of record as any I have seen; I will therefore give you an account of it for that purpose:—Col. Taylor's grey gelding Leviathan, was matched against Major Hoskins's Wildair, a single five mile, for 200gs. Leviathan carrying 180 pounds to Wildair's 110 pounds. The bets were ten to one in favour of Wildair, in consequence of the extraordinary weight Leviathan had to carry; notwithstanding which, after a severe contest for four miles and a half, he headed his opponent, and won his race by a head; running the five miles, with this wonderful weight, in eleven minutes precisely, which, I trust you will agree with me, is worthy of a place in your amusing and valuable publication. This valuable horse broke down in running for some of our plates, many of which he won, and is now used as a trooper, or more properly a charger. Hoping this will prove acceptable. I am respectfully yours,
AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



The Earth Stopper.
The figures by Morland. — Landscape by Girtin.

THE EARTH STOPPER.

The Figures by Morland—Landscape by Girtin.

THIS etching we lay before our readers precisely as we received it. To some connoisseurs

these slight sketches are more acceptable than highly finished engravings; be that however as it may, "variety is charming," we last month gave one of Morland's, executed in a masterly style, and this month we present one of a less laboured description.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

EXTRACT of a letter from Brighton.—A serious *fracas* occurred at this place, between the city *Thais* and her *dashing corn-factor*, which was likely to occasion the lover's speedy return to Mark-lane, and the nymph's restoration to the liberties of the Cyprian republic. Poor Mr. *Meslin*, who so recently dreamed of *reaping* such a *harvest* of pure love, found, alas! all his blooming hopes *blighted*; for the green-eyed monster *jealousy* had sown *tares* amongst his *corn*, *smutted* his flourishing *crops*, and, what is still worse, set the gossips *tittering*, and the punsters *quibbling*, at his expence.

The man of *meal*, measuring the lady's *corn* by his own *bushel*, reckoned upon an exclusive *monopoly* of her charms, as though she had been a field of *wheat* or *barley*; but the nymph, a votary for *free trade*, protested against *engrossing*, preferred a *fair market*, and gave some *samples* of her cargo to new bidders, unknown to her owner. This reached his knowledge: he looked *rye*, talked *big*, blustered about *breach of contract*, would make no *grains* of allowance—upbraided the lady with her living in *clover* at his expence—asked her, was this her gratitude for his paying her *ticks* at her coachmakers and milliner's?

The gentle nymph was so terrified that she could not say *pease*, but dissolved into tears. Her angry swain cared not a *bean* for her grief, but, threatened to *grind* her into dust. At length, however, she plucked up courage—menaced in her turn to *thresh* him—called him an arrant *grub*—displayed all the *flour* of her rhetoric—told him he was the very *bran* of society, and gave him no *quarter*.

He swore he would not be *hen-pecked*, and threatened to give her a *dressing*. The lady *heated* with rage, *bolted* from her dwelling, at the still hour of midnight, vowing to throw herself over the cliff, or take a *cooler* on the Steyne. Mr. *Meslin*, like a true *night-errant*, instantly *milled* after her, quite in a *fume*—apologised for his rashness—bestowed on her caresses by the *load*—lamented that the *seeds* of discord had ever been sown in his mind—called her by all the aromatic names of his *carraway*, his *coriander*, his *anniseed*, and by gentle force endeavoured to aid his entreaties. The lady was *hot* as *mustard*, and threatened to swear a *rape*, if he attempted to force her: but he invoked the Powers of Love, and the *sea-born Goddess* was propitious to his prayer, and restored her at length to his fond embraces.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HAPHAZARD who was intended to meet his former antagonist Marcia, at York August Meeting, is now soiling at Raby-Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, preparatory to his setting off for Newmarket.

DONCASTER St. Leger Stakes.—**Betting.**—Three to 1 against Staveley; 7 to 1 against Hippomenes; 8 to 1 against Cleveland; 9 to 1 against Sir J. Lawson's colt; 10 to 1 against Langton; 10 to 1 against the brother of Hippocampus; 12 to 1 against Sir Paul; 100 to 10 against Caleb Quote'em; 100 to 9 against Young Roscius; 100 to 8 against Hyppolitus; 100 to 4 against Moor-Monk.

Even betting, Staveley, Hippomenes, and Cleveland, against the field.—6 to 4 Staveley against any one; 5 to 4 Hippomenes against any one, except Staveley.

DONCASTER Meeting, 1805.—**Last Day.**—Mr. A. Chamberlain's br. c. Tally-O! 9st. against Mr. J. Bailey's ch. poney, 7st. four miles, 200gs. p. p.

THAT well-bred, and favourite stallion Delpini, sire of the two celebrated runners Vesta and Evander, is intended to cover next season, by subscription, twenty-five mares only, at 10gs each, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, at Huntington, near York.

Mr. Mellish has purchased Sir Launcelot of Sir M. Masterman Sykes, for 500 guineas.

SIR M. Masterman Sykes has presented his brother, Mr. Tatton

Sykes, with Sir Bertrand, for a hunter.

MR. Thomas Kirby of York, has purchased Evander, son of Delpini, of Mr. Gartforth, for 500 guineas. He was bought for Mr. Watt, and we are informed, that gentleman intends running him for the Gold Cup at Boroughbridge races, which commence on the 28th inst.

LORD Darlington has purchased Ferguson of Mr. Peirse; we believe the sum is 1000gs.—And we learn, that his Lordship has offered 1500gs. for Staveley, the first favourite for the St. Leger Stakes.

Mr. J. W. Wardell has bought Stretch of Mr. N. R. Hodgson, for 250gs.

INTERESTING Matches.—**Newmarket Houghton Meeting, 1805.**—**First Day.** His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Orville, 8st. 11lb. against Lord Foley's Hippocampus, 7st. 10lb. B. C. 300gs. h. ft. Great betting, and large sums laid as soon as the match was closed. Orville rather the favourite.

NEWMARKET Craven Meeting, 1806.—Duke of Grafton's Pelisse, 8st. 10lb. against Lord Foley's Little Peter, 8st.—Ditch In, 200gs.

LEWES Course.—**Day before Brighton, 1806.**—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Pavilion, against Mr. Mellish's Sancho, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, 4000gs.

BRIGHTON Meeting, 1806.—**Last Day, Sancho, 8st. 7lb. against Pavilion 8st. the last mile, 1000gs.**

LEWES

LEWES Meeting, 1806.—Day before Brighton. — Mr. Mellish's Lady Brough, 8st. 5lb. against Mr. Howorth's Elizabeth, 7st. 1lb. four miles, 300gs.

Last Day.—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Haphazard against Mr. Mellish's Samcho, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles 1000gs.

VARIOUS and great sums have been refused for Mr. Fletcher's Staveley, the first favourite for the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, but we can now with authority say, that Staveley was purchased on Monday, the 26th inst. by Mr. Mellish for 2000gs, and is arrived at Dringhouses, previous to his going off for Doncaster.

YORK Races.—The weather was particularly fine, and the course in the best condition:—Many of the races were contended in the first style, and the greatest praise is due to all the riders, for their exertions and excellent display of jockeyship. —Amongst the company on the grand stand, and at the assembly rooms were the following, viz, the Duke of Rutland; Lords St. Vincent, Darlington, Scarbrough, Stourton, Strathmore, Foley, and Coleraine; Countess of Pomfret; Sir G. Armytage, Sir Francis and Lady Boynton, Sir Erasmus and Lady Borrowes, Sir W. Foulis, Sir T. Frankland, Sir T. Gascoigne, Sir John Giffard, Sir William and Lady Gerard, Sir Henry and Lady Ibbetson, Sir W. M. Milner, Sir Thomas and Lady Liddell, Lady Mary Stapylton, Sir Charles and Lady Turner, Sir Rowland Winn, Sir John Shelley, Sir F. Standish, Sir James Strong, Sir M. M. Sykes; Hon. Mr. R. Cathcart, Hon. Mr. L. and Mrs. Dundas, Hon. G. Monson, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles, Hon. Mr.

R. Neville, Hon. Thomas Steele; Mr. P. Wentworth, Mr. Garforth, Mr. H. Peirse, Mr. R. W. Peirse, Mr. C. Norton, Mr. Acklom, Mr. G. Baker, Mr. C. Bowman, Mr. F. Boynton, Mr. Broomford, Mr. C. Burton, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Daly, Mr. T. Gascoigne, Mr. C. H. Harland, Mr. G. Hartley, Mr. L. Hartley, Mr. N. B. Hodgson, Mr. E. L. Hodgson, Mr. Jadis, Mr. Lambton, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Sotherton, Mr. Starkie, Mr. T. Sykes, Mr. Thoroton, Mr. Vausittart, Mr. J. H. Wharton, Mr. C. Wilson, Mr. Willoughby; Colonels, Bruce, Childers, Dalton, De Grey, Holmes, Johnson, Plumer, Thompson, Thornton, Vavasour, Wood, &c. &c.—There were upwards of four hundred subscribers to the assembly rooms.

BOROUGHBRIDGE Races.—On Wednesday, August 28, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, was won by Lord Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old; beating Mr. Kirby's Evander, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, and five others.—Five to 4 against Evander.—Won by half a head.

RACES TO COME.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| EGHAM..... | Sept. 3 |
| Richmond..... | 3 |
| Warwick..... | 4 |
| Abingdon..... | 10 |
| Litchfield..... | 10 |
| Pontefract..... | 10 |
| Bedford..... | 11 |
| Lincoln..... | 11 |
| Shrewsbury..... | 16 |
| Kingscote..... | 17 |
| Leicester..... | 18 |
| Doncaster..... | 23 |
| Oswestry..... | 23 |
| Walsall..... | 25 |
| Beccles..... | 26 |
| Newmarket 1st Oct. Meeting.. | 30 |

TIME-MATCH.

TIME-MATCH.—James Farrar, of Bury, Lancashire, is engaged to run four miles in the course of the present month, (August) in 21 minutes, for 200gs, p. p. giving 48 hours notice previous to the time of starting.

THE principal noblemen, gentlemen, and landholders of the county of Kent, have to the number of sixty-three, very commendably, signed and published a resolution not to shoot partridges, on account of the backwardness of the harvest, till the 14th of September.

THE actions brought by Mr. Napper, against an officer in the army, for a trespass, and offending against the game laws, and which were to have been tried at the last Sussex Assizes, were compromised on the defendant's paying costs in both actions, and making an apology.

A PARTY, consisting of only three gentleman, from Whitehaven, shot nearly sixty brace of grouse last week, upon Stanmore, all of which, except six or seven, were old birds.

At Derby Assizes, Mr. William Bateman, a substantial farmer of Mugginton, in that county, was convicted of an assault on the person of the Rev. Edward Wilmot.—Samuel Cooper, a servant of the defendant, after the conviction of his master, pleaded guilty to an indictment for a similar offence; for which Mr. Bateman was fined £10 and Cooper £5. It appeared in evidence that the prosecutor, with his brother, Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart. were hunting over a fallow field of the defendant Bateman's in the month of February last, when they were met by the defendants, who accosted them with the most abusive and opprobrious language,

and afterwards committed an assault on the prosecutor. The Learned Judge in passing the sentence of the Court, observed, that there was too much reason to apprehend the offence was premeditated; and it was not even pretended that the gentlemen were doing the least possible injury, but that the defendant Bateman, had suffered a morose temper to interrupt them in their amusements, and to carry him to very unwarrantable lengths; that conduct so gross and improper must be discountenanced; and that the defendant, Bateman had since his conviction, thought proper to apologise for, and acknowledge his offence; that his humiliation came too late, and that he should have shewn an earlier contrition.

THE special jury causes at Taunton Assizes were all of little importance, except to the parties, though some of them had caused much conversation among sportsmen: these were actions brought by Mr. Champneys, of Orchardleigh, on that never-failing source of litigation, the game laws. One was an action against the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Wolverton, for a trespass; damages laid at £100—The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, which carries also a farthing costs. In an action brought in the name of Wm. Corner, against Capt. Richard Thornhill, the well-known writer of a sporting tour, the Judge, thinking the proceedings harsh, recommended to the Counsel to take a nominal verdict against Capt. Thornhill, which was acceded to. On the trial of an indictment of Captain Thornhill, for writing and sending a challenge to Mr. Champneys, the defendant was found guilty, and will receive judgment in the Court of King's Bench next term.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE WHIM OF THE DAY.

*The celebrated new Song, sung at Vauxhall
by Mr. Dignum.—The Words by the
Author of "The Soldier's Return," and
the Music by Mr. Hook.*

MY mother, good woman, says she,
O Tonty, when you go to town,
If you do not listen to me,
You'll be thought a sad ignorant clown.
Now, she was a woman of sense,
Important instructions she gave,
Which, *pro bono*, I mean to dispense,
To shew you how I must behave:
Learn to dance—fence and prance,
Hat so white—boots so bright,
Gaining praise—driving bays,
Haud'em in—tandem in;
This is "The Whim of the Day," says she,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."

Imprimis, I must wear a wig,
So furiously frizzled now think
How beautiful, burley, and big,
With my stockings a delicate pink;
And then a flat opera hat
With tassels, tuck'd under my arm,
My quizzing glass, rings, and all that,
The dear little angels I charm.
Pretty lass—cocking glass,
Taking snuff—talking stuff,
Start in face—with a grace,
How d'ye do?—how d'ye do?
This is "The Whim of the Day," says she,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."

The wife must be little I wed,
For fairies are now all the taste;
Her cheeks and her ribbands all red,
And her handkerchief tied to her waist.
VOL. XXVI. No. 153.

And she, too, must wear a gay wig,
No pockets so heavy to drag;
For fear of appearing too big,
She must carry her clothes in a bag:
A vermicule—ridicule
Pretty soul—parasol
Spencers blue—see 'em through,
Hanging vails—catch the gales;
This is "The Whim of the Day," says she,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."

Little girls, so all things are revert,
In trousers appear, I declare,
Then for girls, sure this age is the worst,
So early the breeches they wear.
Yet one thing poor mortals must cheer,
That females are so full of graces,
If failings in fashion appear,
They sink when you look in their faces.
Beautiful—dutiful,
Fashions all—follies call,
Pardon beg—make a leg,
Wish for more—say encore.
This is "The Whim of the Day," says I,
Yes, this is "The Whim of the Day."

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE MR. SUETT.

HERE lies, to mix with kindred earth,
A child of wit, of glee, and mirth;
Hush'd are those powers which gave de-
light,

And made us laugh in reason's spite:
Thy gibes and jests shall now no more,
Set all the table in a roar!
Sons of mirth and humour come,
And drop a tear on Suet's tomb—
Nor ye alone, but all who view it,
Weep and exclaim, Alas! poor Suet!

N n

J. M.

THE CASE OF PUZZLE.

*A Tale, by Jonas Sow-well, of Cardiff, in
South Wales.*

FROM THE LEWES JOURNAL.

MISS Clear-all was a spanking lass
With voice of Stentor, lungs of
brass,

At balls the tightest dancer;
So shrill her clack, so stout her lungs,
You'd think she wag'd a score of tongues
When mounted on her prancer.

'Twould disconcert the veriest stoick
To hear her shout her tallyoick,
When on her hunter mounted;
You'd think she had the aid of witch,
So neat she clear'd both hedge and ditch,
And six-barr gate surmounted.

When father time, with cruel shears
Had cropt the blossom of her years,
And she no more could race it;
She bought a poney; stout and good,
Compos'd of leather, wire, and wood,
Whereon at home to pace it.

Thereon she took full many a ride,
At morn, at noon, and eventide,
The gentle beast ne'er pranced;
A child thereon might keep its seat,
And as he never did retreat,
Likewise he ne'er advanced

Such steeds you'll find in life's short race,
Keep jogging on in equal pace,
Nor poorer nor yet richer;
'Twere well if all could fit this mark,
Nor, rambling to the well in dark,
Return with broken pitcher.

Now near Miss Clear-all dwelt a wight,
Who rose before the morning's light,
The tim'rous hare to kick-up;
At eve with friends, all jovial souls,
Indulg'd in mirth and flowing bowls,
And went to bed with hiccup.

In kennel near his house, he coop'd
Fleet footed hounds, that barked and
whoop'd,

And this he term'd fine music;
Miss Clear-all joy'd in't, so did he,
And yet I'd bet a gold guinea,
'Twould make or me or you sick.

The neighbours all made loud complaint,
Said 'twere enough to vex a saint,
They felt they could not tell how;
They e'en had nearly lost their senses,
Nor scarce could tell their moods from
tenses,

Disturb'd by this shrill bow-wow.

With Clear-all it was no such matter,
She doated on this canine clatter,
Wah her 'twas all the go, Sir;
She mounted quick her steady palfrey,
In voice deep ton'd as bells in belfrey,
Cried, Yoicks! Tallyho! Sir.

Next to Miss Clear-all dwelt Sam Sneer,
All his delight in gibe and jeer,
Jokeful was he and funny;
Could he but lead some oaf a dance,
From France to England—England,
France,

To him 'twere milk and honey.

To him he strides polite and civil,
Than whom we'd rather see the devil,

Of taxes the collector;
Squeeze-all, with other jovial souls,
Solacing was o'er flowing bowls
Of punch, poor mortals' nectar.

Says Sneer—prompt, I observ'd, to tease-
all—

"Resolve me pray, good Mister Squeeze-
all,

In your collecting table,
Is name of Clear-all to be found?
Her horse you know, should pay two
pound,

And well to pay she's able."

"I understand what you'd be at,"

Squeeze-all replies—"I smell a rat!

"Thanks for your information!"

Then with arch leer and knowing wink,

"She fain would jockey us I think;

I'll read her a jobation!"

Squeeze-all asserted—Miss denied,

Invectives flow'd in double tide,

To Justice Squeeze-all paces:

"'Gainst Miss Clear-all I summons axes,

To come and settle these here taxes—"

"Well! tell us what the case is?"

"An't, please your worship, is it fit
That this here Miss should ride her tit,
Yet tax to pay unwilling?

I says as how the case is triable,
Surcharged, in double tax she's liable
To pay twice forty shilling.

Says

Says Miss—a Dacier quite in Latin,
And well she knew to throw it pat in—
“*Alteram audi partem!*
And then with justice you'll be able,
On me, if wrong to turn the table,
And act *secundem artem.*”

“My Horse, your worship, is a dead one,
Has got no tail, nor yet a head on,
A fig for all such fellows;
A congregate of wood, wire, leather,
By art mechanic put together,
Jogs up and down like bellows.”

Quoth Justice, “tis a case of puzzle,
A horse without or tail or muzzle,
Yet you admit you ride it;
The palfrey ambles though tis dead,
Than mine 't would puzzle wiser head,
How justly to decide it.”

His worship seeming in the dark,
Up rose his more enlighten'd clerk,
Of judgment keen and acute,
“Sir, if so be't as how you please,
The matter you may judge with ease,
Just let me read the statute,”

“Each gelding, horse, or mule that passes,
How came they to omit the asses!
For one they'd pence take twenty;
Asses keep passing on by dozens,
Ye smart town beaux, and country cou-
sins,
Your pockets soon'd be empty.”

“And further we hereby enact—
Gadzook's I'm reading turnpike act,
Beg pardon—I've mistaken;
O now I've hit on the right plan,
And let Miss Clear-all, if she can,
Evade and save her bacon.”

“'Tis here laid down, by line and rule,
For ev'ry gelding, horse, or mule,
Or draught or rode in bridle;
Case clear as two and two make four,
Miss pay the tax and say no more,
Demurring sure were idle.”

“Proceed, read on,” the justice said,
“Is't said for horse alive or dead?
For there the nonplus hitches:
Miss's, though dead, performs its function,
When with her bottom in conjunction,
Sens aid of spurs or switches.”

“On that the statute, Sir, is mute,
It only specifies the brute,
Our case no key t' unlock it;
To me it seems, this horse *sans* head,
Acting as if alive, though dead,
Should touch Miss Clear-all's pocket.

“Were she dismiss'd from tax scot free,
How many next would urge like plea,
Exceeds all calculation:
Of Price* the talents t' would require,
To calculate the wood and wire,
And headless, through the nation.”

“The point is knotty, time draws late,
A case I think we'd better state,
Of counsel take opinion:
To lawyer G— the case pray show,
No head's so clear as his you know,
Within the King's dominion.”

* A celebrated calculator.

LAMENTATIONS AT MARGATE.

GO gentle gales, and bear my wish
away,
Come Nuncky, come, I've nothing left to
pay;
Through rooms and halls the name of
money sounds,
Money each room and echoing hall re-
bounds.
Ye powers what pleasing frenzy soothes
my mind,
Is it a dream, or is my Nuncky kind?
He comes, my Nuncky comes, now cease
my lay,
Here are the bills, and Nuncky he must
pay.

From this curs'd garret I'll to morrow
move,
For who can sleep while cats are making
love.

Resound ye hills, resound my mournful
strain,
And sea-nymphs say if causeless I com-
plain;
Where yonder cliffs their rugged sum-
mits rise,
I rose, and seem'd half way to meet the
skies,
I labour'd up, o'ercome with toil and
heat,
In hopes when there to find some cool
retreat:

But

But ah! arriv'd, no friendly shade was
seen,
The devil a thing, but my new coat, was
green.
One leap from yonder cliff shall ease my
pains.
My Money's gone, and now here goes
my brains.

Thus sing the cockneys, till the moonless
night,
And pitchy darkness aid the debtors
flight;
When from thier garrets, many a bounding
blade
Descending, leave their arm-long bills
unpaid.
Kingland.

J. M.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

WHO wash'd my face and comb'd
my hair,
And put my little shirt to air,
To make me clean to go to fair?

My Granny.

Who spread my roll with butter thick,
And gave me cakes that made me sick,
And let me faithful Toby* kick?

My Granny.

Who gave me a huge corking-pin
That I the cock-chaffer might spin,
And smil'd to see my childish grin?

My Granny.

Who put me on a donkey's back,
And gave the whip to lash and smack,
Till its poor bones did almost crack?

My Granny.

Who put the spelling book aside,
Because I blubber'd, scowl'd, and cried,
And could not bear the dunce to chide?

My Granny.

Who took correction from my mother,
Burnt one good rod, and broke another,
And let me pinch my little brother?

My Granny.

Then while I live, thou Granny dear,
My alter'd love thou needst not fear,
But if I'm hang'd—oh guard thine ear!

My Granny.

* A favourite dog.

† Alluding to the fable of the spoilt
child biting his mother's ear when he
was going to be hanged.

ANACREONTIC.

BACCHUS! God of cheering wine!
Shed on me each bliss benign;
Thine are joys I dearly prize,
From thy presence sorrow flies;
Ever be it mine to prove,
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

Does despair thy soul annoy,
These shall rouse it into joy;
And should grief with want appear,
These shall check the rising tear;
Of earthly pleasures let me prove,
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

Still, the man who knows no feast,
But when he sinks beneath the beast;
Whom drunkenness alone can please,
Who finds no joy in social ease;
I pronounce unfit to prove,
Friendship, wine, and mutual love.

J. M. L.

EVENING.

THE day declines—again the dappled
fawns,
Timidly starting leave the cool retreat,
And, bounding o'er the daisy-painted
lawns,
Affright the lev'ret from her ferny seat.

In murky clouds, and cawing as they
fly,
The sable rooks explore the distant
wood,
And reach, ere coming darkness veils the
sky,
Their callow young, impatient of their
food.

The gen'rous steed, his daily labour done,
And loosen'd from the plough, his stall
regains,
From hedge to hedge the calling coveys
run,
And the gay pheasant quits the chilly
plains.

Till wrapt in silence awfully profound,
In dewy sleep the whole creation's
bound.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

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Embellished with, I. A highly finished Frontispiece for the 26th Volume—Diana surprised in the Bath by Actæon.

II. A Vignette Title Page for ditto.—III. An elegant Engraving of the Stags entangled.

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AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

IT is no small degree of satisfaction to acknowledge, that the revolution of time, since the commencement of the *Sporting Magazine*, has uniformly continued to increase our obligations to a generous and discerning Public, whose constant countenance of our endeavours has cheered us in every branch of our undertaking, and consequently diminished the impetus of the few obstacles which have occasionally presented themselves. In our efforts to meet the ideas of the Sportsman, the Man of Pleasure, Spirit, and Enterprise, we have never supposed ourselves beyond the reach of censure, or admonition: to both, as they have been actuated by candour, we hope as we have, we ever shall continue to attend. On this ground we may pride ourselves upon communications from the *Peer* down to the *Peasant*; with the *Classic* and the *Connoisseur*; and which, as long as the talents of the Artist, and the taste of the Printer shall continue their assistance, we have no doubt will secure us that patronage, which is the mutual endeavour of the Editors and the Proprietors of the *Sporting Magazine* to deserve.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHILE we are much obliged to Venaticus, we are sorry he should have the trouble of transcribing the very affecting ballad of *Beth Gellert*: most of our Readers may recollect its appearance in our Magazine, about two years ago.

The sketch of a Long Story, by S. Tiresome, Esq. appears in the present Number.

The Tyger, &c. are reserved.

J. J. B.'s Hints to the *Junior Lambs of the Law*, are left, as desired, at the Publisher's, for the best of all possible reasons, viz. they have for the most part appeared before.

The Conclusion of the Hartz Mountains in our next.

Duncan's learned Extract from Dr. Jamison's Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language, is received; and as it relates to the potatoes of the Goths, &c. shall have a place as soon as possible.

J. M. L. &c. &c. will perceive some of their poetical favours in the present month; the rest in rotation.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF

*Saxoni, Delpini, Phenomenon, and
Fitzherod.*

SAXONI was sold about the 25th of August last, to Mr. C. Strubberg of Berlin, for 500 guineas—He ran a trial against Cleveland, by Overton, over Hambleton, on Friday morning, the 30th ult. and arrived at Mr. Knapton's stables, the Star inn, Stonegate, York, in the evening, where he stopped until Sunday morning, when he proceeded for Hull, where he has since been shipped for Hamburg.

PEDIGREE.—*Saxoni* (a chesnut horse, fifteen hands two inches high, and foaled in 1800) was bred by Mr. Ellerker, of Hart, near Hartlepool, in the county of Durham, and got by that favourite and well-bred Stallion Delpini; his dam, called Charmer, (Cleveland's dam) by Phenomenon; grandam by Fitzherod—Young Cade—Regulus—Mr. Lister's Snake, out of a daughter of Mr. Croft's Partner.

Delpini was got by Highflyer, (son of King Herod); out of Countess, (Cobscar, Vizard, Greybeard, Horatia, and Achilles's dam) by Blank.—*Horatia* was dam of Mr. Teazle, Stamford, Archduke, &c.

Phenomenon was got by King Herod, out of Frenzy, by Eclipse. And

Fitzherod was got by King Herod; his dam, Miss Barforth, by

Snap, out of an own sister to Young Cade.

PERFORMANCES.—1803.—At Preston, *Saxoni* won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, (7 Subscribers) with 30gs added, two miles, beating Adam:—2 to 1 on *Saxoni*. The next day, He won 50l, two mile heats, beating Laudanum very easy:—10 to 1 on *Saxoni*. At Richmond, He won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, (6 Subscribers) once round the Course, beating Lord Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Heroine; and Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Star:—2 to 1 agst *Saxoni*. And about half an hour after, He won the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and 30gs in specie, for all ages, four miles, beating the Ormond rolt, Ashton, Dick, Elemere, and Spitfire:—7 to 4 agst Elemere, and 10 to 1 agst *Saxoni*. Won easy.

1804.—At Manchester He won a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, (6 Subscribers) for all ages, four miles, beating Ashton, Citizen, &c. He also received 30l. not to start for the 80l. Plate won by Ashton. At Newton, He received 10gs not to start for the Plate won by Jack Tar;—and walked over for a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (4 Subscribers) with 20gs added;—also received 20gs not to start for the Plate won by Citizen. At Preston, He won a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (6 Subscribers) with 30gs added, for all ages, four miles, beating Lord Darlington's

lington's Ormond colt :—6 to 4 on Saxoni. And on the same day, He walked over for the 50l. Plate, for all ages, four mile heats.

1805.—At Skipton, in April, He won a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, (5 subscribers) with 20gs added, for all ages, two miles, beating in a canter, Mr. Smith's chesnut colt by Hambleton :—High odds on Saxoni. At York Spring Meeting, He won the Stand Plate of 50l. for all ages, four miles, beating Evander, Archibald, Newcastle, and Honest Starling :—2 to 1 agst Saxoni, 5 to 2 agst Evander, and 3 to 1 agst Honest Starling.—A remarkable fine race, and won by half a length. Run in seven minutes and 28 seconds. At Newcastle, He ran for the King's Plate, three mile heats, 10st. agst Honest Starling and Susan, when he won the first heat from Susan, and was beat for the other two, with great difficulty, by Honest Starling. The second heat was for some time disputed, and the third was won by only half a-head. This was the last time of Saxoni's racing in England. He is intended for a Stallion.

ROWING MATCH.

FRIDAY, September 20, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a rowing match took place, between John Gregory, of Vauxhall, and James Kitley, of Westminster bridge, for ten guineas. Though the wager was only for ten guineas, a great deal of money was pending; some of the amateurs, knowing ones, were taken in. They started from the Old Swan, London bridge, and rowed to the Old Swan, Chelsea. At starting, Gregory had the inside boat, but Kitley got the lead; Gregory then fouled him, and got a-head; and, on shooting over to the Surry side, Kitley touched him upon his upper quarter; Gregory recovered this, and shot a-head. When they came into the eddy at Bankside, Gregory was about a boat's length a-head, and kept that distance, with gaining a little, till they came to Millbank, when Kitley gave in. Kitley, notwithstanding this defeat, offered to row his antagonist, any time he might think proper, for fifty pounds. It being a fine day, a vast number of boats were on the water.

Frontispiece to Volume XXVI. of the Sporting Magazine.

THE late subterranean researches in Pompeii have been attended with unusual success. An ancient edifice has been discovered, in which have been found some medals and vases, in high preservation, and of exquisite beauty; also some instruments of music, with the statue of Hercules, in bronze, in the act of seizing the hind on the course. On the walls of the structure is a design of Diana surprised in the bath by Actæon. This intruder is already attacked by the dogs, with whom he joins in unequal combat, and his figure is finely contrasted with the fair daughter of Latona.

The subject last mentioned in the above article, is that chosen for our Frontispiece for the present Volume; but it is to be observed, that Actæon, in this design, is the principle figure; and "The fair daughter of Latona" faintly depicted in the back ground.

DONCASTER

DONCASTER RACES.

Continued from Page 68 of Racing Calendar, in the present Number.

WE feel ourselves highly indebted to the York Herald, for enabling us to go to Press with the last Day's Sport, in time for publication.—What is here inserted, will be given in next month's Racing Calendar, so that the series of Races will not be interrupted in that department of our Magazine.

THURSDAY, September 26, The 100l. Plate for three and four year olds.—Two mile heats.

Col. Childers's b c Langton, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb, (R. Spencer.)... 6 1 1

Sir H. T. Vane's b c Master Betty, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb (stakes 48gs.). 1 5 4

Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Chariot, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 3 2 3

Mr G. Hutton's br c Cleveland, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... 4 4 2

Mr Flint's b c Scampston, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... 5 3 5

Mr Johnson's br c Sir Andrew, late Norval, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb.. 2 dr

Five to 2 agst Master Betty, 14 to 9 agst Young Chariot, and 5 to 1 agst Langton; after the first heat, betting nearly the same; after the second heat, 6 to 5 on Langton.—Won easy.

Sir W. Hunlock's ch f Gallina, by Overton, out of Palmflower, beat Mr Bond's b f by Moorcock, dam by Match'em, 7st each.—Two miles, 100gs.—Seven to 4 on Gallina.—Won very easy.

Mr J. Bailey's ch p, 7st, beat Mr A. Chamberlain's br g Tally O! 9st.—ur miles, 200gs.—Ten to 1 on the poney.—Won very easy.

Mr Hewett's br f Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter, 8st 2lb, reed. ft. from Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Cowslip, by Moorcock, 7st 11lb 10 oz.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

Col. Childers's b c Langton, by Precipitate, reed. ft. from Lord Foley's b c brother to Hippocampus, 8st 2lb each.—Two miles, 300gs, h. ft.

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Monday August 5, and two following days, was played in Lord's Cricket Ground, a Grand Match of Cricket, for one thousand guineas a-side, between twelve of Surry, and twelve of all England.

ENGLAND.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------|-----|---------------------|----|------------------|--|
| Small..... | 0 | b T. Walker..... | 10 | run out..... | |
| Pointer..... | 0 | run out..... | 2 | b Lambert..... | |
| Howard..... | 0 | c Studwick..... | 1 | not out..... | |
| Captain Becket..... | 0 | run out..... | 0 | c T. Walker..... | |
| Lord F. Beauclerk.. | 102 | not out..... | 13 | run out..... | |
| Hammond..... | 19 | b Hampton..... | 0 | c Beldam..... | |
| Freemantle..... | 3 | c T. Walker..... | 0 | b T. Wells..... | |
| H Beutley..... | 10 | b Lambert..... | 1 | c Studwick..... | |
| Bennet..... | 13 | stump'd Beldam..... | 1 | c T. Walker..... | |
| Barton..... | 8 | c Ditto..... | 2 | c Beldam..... | |
| T. Mellish, Esq..... | 0 | b Lambert..... | 2 | b Lambert..... | |
| S. Cooper..... | 6 | c T. Walker..... | 0 | c Studwick..... | |
| Byes..... | 5 | Byes..... | 0 | | |

SURRY.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|----|--------------------------|-------|-------------------|
| Robinson..... | 93 | b Bennet..... | | |
| Lambert..... | 10 | c Bentley..... | | |
| T. Walker..... | 1 | stump Hammon..... | | |
| Beldam..... | 3 | c Mr. Mellish..... | 21 | not out..... |
| T. Wells..... | 0 | c Howard..... | | |
| G. Leicester, Esq..... | 21 | b Bennet..... | 8 | stump Hammon..... |
| Colonel Maitland..... | 3 | c Hammon..... | 8 | run out..... |
| Bridger..... | 0 | b Lord F. Beauclerk..... | | |
| Sparks..... | 3 | c Ditto..... | 23 | not out..... |
| J. Lawrence, Esq..... | 3 | c Freemantle..... | | |
| Studwick..... | 0 | b Lord F. Beauclerk..... | | |
| Hampton..... | 1 | not out..... | | |
| Byes..... | 0 | Byes..... | 1 | |

—138

—61

Surry won by Ten wickets.

STATE of the Grand Match played in Lord's Ground, on the 13th and 14th of August, between twelve of Surry and twelve of all England, for a thousand guineas a-side.

ENGLAND.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|----|-------------------|---|-------------------|
| Ward..... | 1 | c Beldam..... | 0 | stump Hammon..... |
| Nunn..... | 1 | b Lambert..... | 6 | b T. Walker..... |
| Howard..... | 13 | b J. Wells..... | 0 | c Beldam..... |
| Small..... | 8 | c Ditto..... | 4 | c Ditto..... |
| Hammon..... | 0 | stump Beldam..... | 4 | c J. Wells..... |
| Lord F. Beauclerk..... | 11 | b Lambert..... | 2 | c Studwick..... |
| Bennet..... | 9 | c Studwick..... | 0 | c Ditto..... |
| Freemantle..... | 3 | c T. Walker..... | 8 | not out..... |
| H. Bentley..... | 16 | b Lambert..... | 0 | b T. Walker..... |
| Warren..... | 16 | b J. Wells..... | 6 | run out..... |
| Fenner..... | 0 | not out..... | 5 | b Lambert..... |
| T. Mellish, Esq..... | 0 | b Lambert..... | 0 | b J. Wells..... |
| Byes..... | 4 | Byes..... | 2 | |

—82

—57

SURRY.

| | | | | |
|------------------------|----|--------------------------|-------|--------------|
| Lambert..... | 43 | b Lord F. Beauclerk..... | | |
| Sparks..... | 2 | b Wood..... | | |
| Bridger..... | 14 | b Lord F. Beauclerk..... | | |
| Robinson..... | 27 | stump Hammon..... | | |
| Beldam..... | 6 | stump Ditto..... | | |
| T. Walker..... | 4 | b Ward..... | | |
| J. Wells..... | 6 | c Bennet..... | | |
| G. Leicester, Esq..... | 6 | c Nunn..... | | |
| Colonel Maitland..... | 0 | c Fenner..... | 9 | not out..... |
| Studwick..... | 1 | not out..... | | |
| Hampton..... | 1 | run out..... | | |
| J. Lawrell, Esq..... | 0 | did not go in..... | 0 | not out..... |
| Byes..... | 0 | Byes..... | 1 | |

—110

—10

Surry won by Eleven wickets.—Five to 4 on Surry at starting.

RICHMOND.

RICHMOND.—State of the Grand Match of Cricket, played on Richmond-Green, August 21 and 22, between ten of the Richmond Club, with Lord F. Beauclerk; and ten of the Homerton Club, with Beldam; for five hundred guineas.

RICHMOND.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------------------|----|----------|-------|
| G. Headworth | 1 | stump Veck | 21 | b Beldam | |
| Hallow | 2 | c Beldam | 17 | b Veck | |
| Holland | 1 | leg before wicket | 0 | c Jones | |
| J. White | 1 | c Beldam | 8 | c Warren | |
| Lord F. Beauclerk | 39 | not out | 59 | c Capel | |
| Joseph White | 5 | c Hambleton | 3 | b Jones | |
| F. Ladbroke, Esq. | 8 | b Jones | 5 | c Warren | |
| Walpole, Esq. | 2 | c Capel | 6 | b Veck | |
| J. Headworth | 8 | b Beldam | 2 | b Beldam | |
| Long | 1 | b Ditto | 5 | c Capel | |
| Rooke | 2 | leg before wicket | 3 | b Beldam | |
| Byes | 0 | Byes | 1 | | |
| —70 | | —129 | | | |

HOMERTON.

| | | | | | |
|------------------|----|---------------------|----|---------------------|-------|
| Walford | 0 | run out | 2 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | |
| Jones | 0 | b J. White | 1 | stump Rooke | |
| Beldam | 19 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | 14 | stump Ditto | |
| Warren | 0 | b J. White | 0 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | |
| Hambleton | 49 | c Long | 5 | run out | |
| Veck | 3 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | 3 | b J. White | |
| J. Lawrell, Esq. | 3 | b Ditto | 2 | b Headworth | |
| Capel | 0 | b J. White | 4 | b J. White | |
| Aislabie | 4 | c Rooke | 3 | c Headworth | |
| Bridges | 2 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | 0 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | |
| Elyard | 0 | not out | 2 | b Ditto | |
| Byes | 0 | Byes | 0 | | |
| —80 | | —36 | | | |

Richmond won by 83 runs.—Six to 4 on Richmond at starting.

DEAL.—On Monday the 26th ultimo, a Grand Match of Cricket was played in the Upper Barrack Yard, Deal, between the Officers of the Guards, with Razell and Winsor given, against the Marquis of Tavistock, and the East Kent Yeomen, with Mr. Cooper, for one hundred guineas.

GUARDS.

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-------------------|----|---------------|-------|
| Colonel Lambert | 17 | not out | 7 | not out | |
| Razell | 32 | c Cooper | 1 | c Willes | |
| Todd | 22 | b Willes | 0 | stump Cooper | |
| Capell | 0 | run out | 0 | stump Cooper | |
| Wynyard | 16 | c Clifford | 0 | b Greenstreet | |
| Winsor | 7 | b Garner | 10 | c Clifford | |
| Lambert | 3 | c Greenstreet | 0 | b Greenstreet | |
| Joddrell | 0 | run out | 0 | b Willes | |
| Saltoun | 1 | leg before wicket | 0 | stump Cooper | |
| Udney | 8 | c Greenstreet | 2 | b Greenstreet | |
| Gartwright | 0 | stump Cooper | 0 | c Elgar | |
| Byes | 2 | Byes | 1 | | |
| —104 | | —21 | | | |

EAST KENT.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------------------------|----|-------------------------|---|
| Cooper | 3 | b Winsor | 9 | b Colonel Lambert | 2 |
| Garner | 6 | c Wynyard | 24 | not out | 0 |
| Willes | 18 | run out | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Elgar | 15 | run out | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Clifford | 4 | b Winsor | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Cook | 0 | b Winsor | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Greenstreet | 13 | run out | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Bushell | 6 | not out | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Willes, jun. | 0 | run out | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Tavistock | 1 | b Lambert | 0 | not out | 0 |
| White | 0 | leg before wicket | 0 | not out | 0 |
| Byes | 21 | Byes | 7 | not out | 0 |

—87

—40

Won by East Kent, by Nine wickets, after some excellent play.

HERTS.—The following Match of Cricket was played in Lord Essex's Park, Herts, on Saturday, the 24th ult. between nine of the St. Alban's Club, with Lord F. Beauclerk and Beldam; against five of the Rickmansworth Club, with Mr. Lord and Pontefex, and four from Uxbridge, for five hundred guineas.

RICKMANSWORTH.

| | | | |
|----------------|----|---------------------------|---|
| Webb | 1 | c Ord | 0 |
| Shackle | 16 | b Beldam | 0 |
| Stevens | 4 | b Ditto | 0 |
| Bud | 0 | b Ditto | 0 |
| Pontefex | 46 | not out | 0 |
| Lord | 1 | b Beldam | 0 |
| Capel | 6 | b Lord F. Beauclerk | 0 |
| Ecles | 5 | b Beldam | 0 |
| Timber | 0 | b Ditto | 0 |
| Clarke | 8 | b Ditto | 0 |
| C. Ecles | 1 | b Ditto | 0 |
| Byes | 1 | | |

—89

ST. ALBAN'S.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|--------------------|----|------------------|---|
| Paul | 6 | c Pontefex | 3 | c Pontefex | 0 |
| Beldam | 6 | c Bud | 24 | not out | 0 |
| Lord F. Beauclerk | 5 | b Timber | 1 | c Stevens | 0 |
| Vandemuland | 1 | c Shackle | 0 | b Timber | 0 |
| Laws | 0 | b Timber | 0 | run out | 0 |
| Pinneck | 3 | c Bud | 0 | ditto | 0 |
| Buddle | 3 | c Pontefex | 0 | c Shackle | 0 |
| Ord | 3 | c Bud | 3 | b Pontefex | 0 |
| C. Ecles | 1 | stump'd Webb | 3 | b Timber | 0 |
| Vandemuland, jun. | 0 | not out | 0 | b Ditto | 0 |
| Smith | 0 | not out | 4 | run out | 0 |
| Byes | 2 | Byes | 1 | | |

—30

—36

Rickmansworth won by one innings and twenty-three runs.—Six to 4 on St. Alban's at starting.

THE

THE SALMON FISHERY, &c.
ON THE
RIVER TWEED;

*Is a Letter from a Clergyman at Newcastle
to his Friend.*

THE produce of this river is variable, being seldom two years alike, and for many seasons together unproductive; while another time, for many subsequent seasons the salmon are remarkably plentiful. To obtain an account of the number of salmon caught in the river Tweed, in one year, with tolerable accuracy, I have, by the assistance of a well informed person, collected a rental of every separate fishery in the river, for about 14 miles from its mouth, in all about 41, the rents amounting to about £10,800 annually. The same person, also thoroughly acquainted with the yearly expences necessarily attending each individual fishing water, moderately computes the whole charges at £10,000. Now the number of salmon to pay these annual rents and charges, cannot be less than twenty times that sum, viz. 404,000, exclusive of the gilses and trout. The gilses are the salmon fry, and therefore of the same species; for, by the best informed people, this is an admitted fact, that they return from the sea a well-grown salmon.

In the latter end of the year the salmon make as far up the river as possible, in order to spawn; and when they meet with a place suitable, the he and she conjointly form a hole in the sand or gravel, about 18 inches deep, wherein they cast their sperm together, and carefully cover it over with the same materials, where it continues till the spring, if not disturbed by the winter's floods. One of the two roes of the she-fish, will at this

season, be sometimes twelve inches in length, and six in circumference. As to the size of the milt of the he-fish, I cannot say.

About the latter end of March, or beginning of April, the young fry shew themselves alive, very small at first, but gradually arrive at the size of about four inches in length, and are then termed here snowtes, or more properly smelts; though they certainly have no affinity, in shape or hue, with which you decorate a dish of Tweed salmon at your London tables. This young fry hasten to sea with no small expedition. About the beginning of May the river seems to be all alive. You cannot conceive any idea of their numbers. If a land flood then happens, they are swept away to sea more effectually, as after it scarcely any are to be seen.

Near the middle of June the earliest of them take the river again, they are then in this second stage called gilses, and are about 12, 14, or 16 inches long. Thus they increase in numbers and size till about the middle of July, which is, as we call it, the middle of gils-time, a period much looked for by the industrious and laborious poor.

The season for the salmon fishery commences on the 30th of January, and ends on the 30th of October. The method of fishing for salmon is by a net of considerable length, which the fisherman coils up on the square stern of a flat-bottomed boat, nine or ten feet long, and four feet wide. The net is loaded to sink at bottom, and buoyed up with cork at top, and in the centre of which is a pouch or bosom for the fish to be retained in. With his boat thus arranged, the fisherman at the proper times of tide, which must be consulted,

P p pushes

pushes off, and makes his circuit equal to the length of his net, while his friends on shore, or mounted on temporary stands in the river, are on the watch, with their advice and with their assistance, to forward his wishes, by helping the fish to, and keeping them in the nets.

The number of salmon, gilses, and trout, taken in this manner, is almost incredible. They swim together in shoals promiscuously, but generally a large salmon leads the van. While they take the river, or advance to sea, this remark is the more observable, for then the light troops appear to be kept under the convoy of the captain of the squadron.

Prodigious numbers are every day caught in some part of the river; sometimes a boat load or two on a stand, at one tide. Nay, there was no less than 37 score—the way of counting among the fishermen—taken some years ago at one haul or draught. It is common to take near 100 thus at once.

It is an object of regard for the farmer of the fishing water to procure servants, with whom he contracts for the season as sharers of, or co-partners in a small degree with him, in the profits. As they must often work while their master sleeps, interest and advantage will necessarily excite in them, care and vigilance.

Most of, or generally all the salmon taken in April, or to the setting in of warm weather, is sent to London in baskets, fresh, or more properly raw, unless now and then a vessel is prevented sailing by contrary winds; and then the fish is fetched from on board, to the cooper's office, boiled, pickled, and kitted. When the season changes, and the weather becomes warm, the salmon

is all boiled, and pickled, and sent up to London in kits of about eighteen pounds weight, where it often fetches a high price.

About the middle of July, the London market being well stocked, and the demand less, they send only a part thither, thus boiled, pickled, and kitted. The Berwick coopers, about twenty in number, during this plentiful season, salt down the overflow of fish, in casks, for foreign markets. They have also another way, which they have newly adopted, of preparing salmon with spices, and other aromatics, which they also send abroad, under the name of spiced salmon.

The dried salmon should also be mentioned, by which they dispose of very many. They are split down the chine, laid open, and salted for many days; then tied up by the head, and hung up in an airy place, shaded from the sun, till quite dry. They are dried with the head upwards, for one obvious reason, viz. that the essential oil, and the juices of the fish, more abundant in the head and jole, and on which its true flavour depends, are thus preserved in its interior substance. In a contrary position it would, from the head, soon be lost, and much injure its preservation; if not, in close warm weather, even prevent its cure. They have the name of kippered salmon, and are sold in London from 9d. to 1s. per pound.

The general price of salmon at Berwick is, at the river side, in the beginning of the season, very high. A good sound fish, for some at this time are not so, will fetch from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per pound. Most of the time that salmon is sent away fresh, the prices are from 5s. to 9s. per stone, dependent on a fair wind for London, and the plenty of fish caught. When the hot season comes in, and salmon

salmon can no longer be sent fresh up to town, and even pickled salmon is less in request there; we have it sold here for 1s. 10d. and 8d. per stone, which is less than a halfpenny per pound, as a stone of salmon is eighteen pounds ten ounces and a half avoirdupoise.

I am now to answer your inquiries on our trout, which you commonly call salmon trout, from a popular opinion that they become salmon. This idea is universally deemed ill-founded. They are called here whittings, and are certainly a distinct species of fish. The proprietors of our London smacks send them thither in the wells of their vessels, being apartments so constructed in the bottom of the ship, as to convey them to Billingsgate alive.

The whittings are contracted for by the season with the farmers of the fishing waters, at the rate of sixpence a piece, large and small, when they provide covers, or small hulks full of holes, for the fishermen to keep them in, till they are sent for by a double or boat, with a well in it, to convey them to the smacks' well; which they do not fail to do once every day, if not every tide.

The whiting is like the salmon in the scales, shape, and colour of the fish. Their flavour when fresh taken, and well-dressed, is most delicious; and I am told, superior to any trout in this kingdom, the much talked of Fordwich trout, of the Stour, near Canterbury, not excepted. They are thought here, to be peculiar only to the main body of the river Tweed, and not generated in, or frequenting its branches; as they are seldom seen in the Whitater, the Till, or any of the higher branches of the river.

There is in the Tweed another

kind of trout, called the bull-trout, of a larger size, and proportionably longer than the whiting. This trout is only found in the months of January and February; it is often a dozen pounds in weight, and is sold in London, in these early months, for salmon. It is inferior in quality to the whiting, being less firm, and of a paler colour.

PUNS IN PARLIAMENT.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the Imperial Parliament you will frequently observe a *Bishop* and his *Chaplain*, with *Parsons* for their seconds, boxing about a *Hussey*, all the time a *Young French Bastard* is playing the *Fyde*, which in my mind shews the *Mann* without *Manners*.

You will see two *Bakers*, each with his *Bag* well filled with *Whitbread*.

One *Cooke* is just going to apply the *Steel* to the throat of a *Bullock*, another *Cooke* is plucking *Cocks*, whilst the two other *Cookes* are dressing a *Drake*, a *Cockrell*, and a *Gamon* of Bacon. The *Stewart* is buying *Cale* and *Lambs*, and *Dick* the *Butler* is squeezing *Lemons*—he keeps the *Peel* for puddings. There is a *Savage Scott*, a kind of *Shewman*, with two *Spencers* on him; he is throwing a *Somerset* to the great entertainment of a *Cooper*, a *Taylor*, a *Cartwright*, a crowd of *Smiths*, and such kind of *Folks*; he exhibits a *Brown Rose*, a *Rooke* grown *Grey* with age—and a *Forrester* has just brought him a *Green Ram* and a *Whyte Fox*, both caught in the same *Pit*. There is a *Honeyman*, who has a very nice *Combe*, but he is such a *Hardman* you can't *Hope* for any of it, except at a great *Price*.

There is another *Chapman*, with a *Strutt* like *Alexander*; but poor *Matthew* swears by his *Dickins* he has nothing to sell but the *Best Wood Brooms*.—I suspect that both he and the *Horse-Ryder*, who is not able to *Sitwell*, have been drinking *Porter* with some honest *Fellow* at the *Barne* by the foot of the *Hill*, where three *Brookes* overflow their *Banks*, turn *Mills*, and water an *Orchard*.

QUIZ.

THE
LONG STORY, SHOOTING,
&c.

A PREVALENT DISORDER.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is a certain malady, which is very liable to attack people at the decline of life, and even sometimes is to be met with in persons not so far advanced, which appears to me well worthy of note; and as I have never yet seen any regular treatise upon the subject from any professional man, I have taken the liberty to write down, and send you a few words upon it. The malady I allude to is one that generally goes by the name of the long story, and is indeed a most troublesome and tedious disease. It is the peculiar property of this disorder, that at the time the fit is at the greatest height, the patient, so far from being himself put to any inconvenience by it, appears to receive the greatest enjoyment from it; while, on the other hand, the company that he is with, generally feel to a degree incommoded, as it has an unaccountable tendency to produce great weariness and sleepiness in all around. There are several symptoms by which the fit

may, in some degree, be discovered in its approach. The patient is generally seized with, as it would appear, a sort of tickling in the throat, which causes him to send forth a number of hem's and ha's while he endeavours to clear his windpipe. Not unfrequently he attempts to draw his chair close to some unfortunate member of the company, and never appears content till he has laid violent hold of a button, a watch-chain, or something of this nature. All at once he breaks out into a long relation of innumerable trifling circumstances, generally in an interrupted and often unintelligible stile, not without considerable gestures of the hands, the head, and even sometimes the whole body. It is astonishing to observe the long-windedness of these people, for they will frequently—unless stopped, which is very difficult—go on at the same rate for several hours. To stop them as I have before said, is very difficult, but may be sometimes accomplished, though the method to be made use of must be very strong. Should another person, who is not subject to these fits, attempt to talk them down, he would find it impossible, for the want of wind; and the louder the tones of this person, the louder in a regular proportion would be those of the diseased man. There are, however, pretty certain remedies. Sneering, ridicule, and laughter, sometimes have a good effect; but whoever tries the latter, must be careful that it is not thought by the diseased to be excited by his wit, for this will make it ten times worse; for to do the poor men justice, I really am half inclined to think they are not aware always that they are unpleasant to the company. If you stand upon form and politeness with them,

them, you have nothing to do but sit perfectly still, and not fall asleep, if you can, at least not snore, till he is out of breath, then suddenly start up and propose a walk, a game at cards, &c. If you do not stand so much on ceremony whistle a tune, or beginning to sing, or halloo in a loud voice, will generally be found effectual. But of all remedies Foote's is indubitably the best, viz. the tongue of a Xantippe. If you turn your back to him the fit will generally subside, but you must take especial care he does not seize you by the button, or all is over. Lest you should not perfectly understand what I mean by the long story, I have here given you an instance, copied from the mouth of a person in the fit.

Simon Tiresome, Esq. about the age of 50, was suddenly taken with a violent fit of the long story, on Friday last, whilst sitting over a bottle of old port with some of his intimate friends. Some one of the company had been speaking on the subject of shooting, when unfortunately the fit came upon him with great violence.

Mr. Tiresome began, "Egad! now you mention shooting, did I ever tell you the curious circumstance that happened to me last season a partridge shooting in the South.—D—n it, it was a most remarkably odd thing—you must know then, that I had an invitation to shoot for a day or two with an old friend in Norfolk. Well, Sir, I went down there—let me see—(musing) the 10th, no, it must be the 13th of September, I got there to dinner—cursed good dinners he gave, I remember; why, Sir, we'd two carp—no, carp were they?—Yes, two carp, at least 12lb. each, and a haunch of the best venison I ever eat of—and I have eat good in my

time, and enough of it too for that. —After dinner we must taste his claret, and better egad I never did taste; we were taking a bumper of this all round, to the health of King George, for you must know my friend is a loyal old buck, never forgets his Majesty—God bless him—Well, Sir, after we had taken a few glasses, and the ladies were withdrawn, we began to talk a little of shooting, on the next day. I began to praise a double barrelled gun I meant to shoot with next morning, and said I thought few guns would kill at a greater distance, or carry closer. Old Sir Harry Buckskin, a confounded good shot as any in England, says to me, "Tiresome," says he, "I'll shoot you, shot for shot, to-morrow, with my own little gun, for what you please."—"Done," says I, "for five guineas, I kill more birds than you out of the same number of shots." The wager was then settled, not for five guineas, but a rump and dozen, to be served up to the company at large—for there were some jolly dogs amongst us—there was that rum fellow Bob Hellfire, and Dick Damme was there too; both neat ones.—Let me see, I think Jem Hearty was there too—no—now I recollect he came in after, and took a glass or two, but he was in when the wager was made.—Jem was in pretty pickle; he and I were at school together at old Thwackum's. We must all go to bed early at night, for early work in the morning—it was about four o'clock, no, nearly five when we turned out for business. The morning was misty, such as are frequent in September and October. Do you remember Jack—addressing one of the company—once when you and I went out a shooting at old Tom Longshot's—it might be much such another morning as that. Sir

Harry

Harry says to me, first word, well Tiresome, my old boy, remember the wager—for though Sir Harry often gets muddy or so at night, he never forgets his bets—nearly as good as Ben Burgess for that.”——

Here I stop, Mr. Editor, but here I did not stop my friend.—Let me know whether you approve this letter, and you will hear again, perhaps before long, from your's &c.

BREVIS.

THE TOADSTER OF TADLEY.

YOU often, Mr. Editor, treat us with amusing relations of the attachments of brute animals to the human race, and as one good turn deserves another, I will now treat you and your numerous readers, with a singular instance of attachment in one of the human race, to brute animals. I lived formerly in the adjoining parish; and can vouch for the truth of what I am going to relate.

Tadley, in Hampshire, near the Bath road, and on the borders of Berks, is proverbially called poor Tadley, with much reason, and is the unspeakable disgrace of the county; for the peasantry have been there, immemorially, in a most deplorable state of poverty, at least their condition had not been amended fifteen or twenty years ago. Here dwelt, about that period, the hero of this memoir, a lone man, about fifty years of age. He inherited his house, with garden, orchard, and one field, from his ancestors, some of whom had made away with the land which had composed the original estate. What had particularly disgusted him with the world, and with human society does not appear, and the

probable cause was a constitutional turn to misanthropy. On the death of his father and mother, and departure of his sister into the world, he at once gave up all human society, and attached himself to that of animals generally, keeping cats, dogs, poultry, &c. with which he constantly held communion; and they all lived together in a comfortable state of perfect equality of rights, until the original contract was broken by the cats, which the president of the society perceived, at length, busy in destroying all intruding rats and mice. Cats were instantly banished for their anti-social and murderous principles, and were never again admitted: an owl, which had been admitted from compassion, was afterwards dismissed for a similar reason. After this a toad became a candidate, and urging his plea every morning, whilst the man was in his garden, it was at length attended to, and many conversations took place between the parties, equally intelligible and interesting as those of old, between Mr. Toad's ancestor and Mrs. Eve. The man now feeding the toad daily, with whatever he himself ate, it came at the appointed hour, and even followed him about the garden, until at length this chief, regretting that so good a citizen of his community should be without shelter, and wishing to have his new friend always ready at hand for conversation, he actually built the toad a small wooden sty, into which the animal willingly crept, and in that place was daily fed, until he became of enormous size, and actually resembled a duck. The instant he heard his master's voice, the monster would crawl out, panting from his vast bulk, and with his fine eyes, greet his patron in loving and grateful

grateful expression. He however knew the man's voice so well, that he would neither listen nor stir to any other, though several persons attempted to call him out. Whether the man was tempted by money, or persuasion, is unknown, but he at length sold the toad to a surgeon at Reading, and it was confidently asserted, that when dead, it would not go into an half peck measure. The loss of the toad, however, affected the misanthrope much, and he seemed to be, as it were, stung by his conscience, for such a piece of treachery, as the sale of a fellow animal, when most fortunately, one Sunday morning, a snake of respectable bulk and appearance, made his addresses, and begged admission into the society. This new comer was fed constantly, until at length it agreed to take the deceased toad's lodging, which it occupied many months, to the man's infinite solace and content, who now found himself indemnified for the loss of his toad. Indeed this speckled inmate was far more cheerful and conversible, and would writhe and route himself in playful attitudes, whilst the sun beams glittered on his polished scales. He would rear himself up on end, in order to reach the meat from his feeder's hand; and drink milk from a saucer like a cat. The man was delighted, and his snake was thriving to an enormous bulk, some say the size of a human leg, when certain good church-going gossips in the neighbourhood, taking it into their wise heads, that snakes were not christians, which being the case, they ought not to eat christians' victuals, they conspired, and, in the owner's absence, murdered the snake! The man never after held up his head, sickened, and soon died. PAMBRENSIS.

EARL PEMBROKE'S WILL.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately had an opportunity of making several curious extracts from the last will and testament of that famous and magnificent Earl of Pembroke, who flourished in the reign of Charles I., before the civil wars, I beg leave to present them to you, for the use of the most entertaining and popular miscellany of the present day, the *Sporting Magazine*; and I am, Sir, with much respect, your obedient servant,

AN ANTIQUARIAN AMATEUR.
Salisbury, August 10.

IMPRIMIS.—For my Soul.—I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not: they tell me also of another world where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither.

While the King stood I was of his religion, made my son wear a cassock, and thought to make him a bishop; then came the Scots, and made me a Presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered, I have been an independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can have a soul, I may claim one; therefore, if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it him who gave it me.

ITEM—I give my body, for I cannot keep it, to be buried: do not lay me in the church porch, for I was a lord, and would not be buried where Colonel Pride was born.

ITEM—my will is, that I have no monument, for I must so have epitaphs and verses, and all my life long I have had too much of them.

ITEM—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve

preserve them, because he denied the king a buck out of one of his own parks.

ITEM—I give nothing to the Lord Say, which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

ITEM—To Tom May I give five shillings: I intended him more, but whoever has seen his History of the Parliament, will think five shillings too much.

ITEM—I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

ITEM—I give up the ghost.

BOXING.

YOUNG RYAN AND OLD CALEB.

THE long pending battle between Ryan and Caleb Baldwin, for 50 guineas, was decided on Tuesday the 6th of August, at Blackheath. It was to have taken place on the Monday before, but it was put off on account of the amateurs being engaged at Brighton, Lewes, &c.—Monday night Willsdon was fixed upon for the scene of action, and many repaired thither on the morning of the 6th, by mistake, it having been settled by the committee of pugilism, at a late hour, that Blackheath should be the spot. A ring was formed at eleven o'clock, and the combatants entered with their seconds. The Game Chicken and Mountain for Caleb, and Tom Jones and Little Puss for Ryan. Caleb is a well-known bottom man of the old school; and from his action and game, he was considered as an equal match for Ryan, who lost a good deal of his fighting fame in the last battle with the

younger Belcher. He is a fine young fellow when stripped, and weighs considerably heavier than Caleb. Current betting before setting to was nearly level, although Caleb was so much to be depended on as a lusty little fellow, that the odds were, in some instances, betted on him.

THE FIGHT.—1st Round—Continued sparring; Caleb at length put in two blows; both closed and fell.

2d. Caleb hit and closed, in which he received a hard blow, which cut him much; both fell.

3d. Caleb hit some hard body blows; Ryan closed and threw his man.

4th. Ryan had a black eye; Caleb hit him and gave him a complete somerset—Bets level.

5th. Very hard round—much in favour of Caleb, who hit his opponent twice, and closed; they both fell, Ryan undermost.

6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th rounds, were in favour of Caleb, who maintained his strength, and fought in a determined manner.

11th. Caleb run in upon his man, and gave him another complete somerset.

12th. Ryan received a very clean blow on the head, and fell.

13th. Caleb repeated his blow, and closed and threw his opponent to advantage.—5 to 4 on Caleb.

14th. Ryan shy; no blows were struck.

15th. Ryan rallied, and put in some expert clean blows—Caleb fell apparently exhausted.

16. Very much in favour of Ryan—Caleb grew weak, and it was manifest that he could not withstand the strength and skill of his opponent.

17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st rounds were in favour of Ryan, who, although

although very much fatigued, constantly threw his man.

22d. Caleb summoned his little strength, and made some very handsome hits; but they were to so little purpose, that Ryan made a feeble rally, and Caleb fell, and, as it was thought, would not face his man again; he however fought four or five more rounds to a disadvantage, although he exerted himself in a manner which would have satisfied the *Captain*, had he been present, that he backed a game one.

In the round which ended the contest, the ring was broken, for as Caleb fell, literally speaking, lifeless, Ryan gave him a hit, and it was roared out by the friends of Caleb that it was a foul blow, but in reality it was no such thing. A plea however was attempted to save the stakes, and while the cognoscenti were debating respecting the bets, a formidable party of the artillery from Woolwich were descried *charging* the ring. All was uproar and confusion, and, we lament to add, that some casual spectators were severely injured; and, as report says, one of them was killed by one of the dragoon's horses. He was a drummer in the East London Militia. The spectators, who were not so numerous as on former occasions, retired, and left the cavalry in possession of the ground.

The combatants were put into a post chaise, both being *milled decently*. The fight was termed a good one by the amateurs, for Caleb, although an old man when compared with his opponent, was *busy* throughout. He generally rallied, and gave Ryan some hard hits; but youth prevailed; and it will be seen by the rounds, that Caleb had to contend with a scientific young man of no ordinary strength and bottom.

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Amongst the regular amateurs, were many noblemen and gentlemen of distinction, and of course a string of professional men, from the *Chicken* to the lowest of the order. The fight lasted half an hour.

SMITH AND HARRIS.

A few days after a pitched battle was fought at Marsden Green, near Acton, between George Smith, a London bruiser, and a countryman of the name of Harris. This match was made among some of the little sportsmen who were at the above-mentioned contest between Caleb Baldwin and Ryan, in consequence of Harris the countryman, as a casual spectator, having received a blow from his present opponent. At setting to, Harris received some sharp hits, without having an opportunity of returning them with effect. Smith had the best of the battle until about the 20th round, when he became weak, and the countryman, notwithstanding his being severely punished during the fight, gave him some of the hardest blows ever witnessed, and he was declared the victor, after a hard contest of 40 minutes. Smith was carried off the ground completely recompensed for his former conduct.

Egham races were attended by most of the first rate bruisers from town; and a boxing match took place, after the races were over on Tuesday, September 3, between Levi, a fighting Jew, and a Don from Maidenhead, of the name of Poovey. The contest lasted three quarters of an hour, and it was well maintained on both sides, but the countryman was ultimately obliged to yield to the superior skill of his opponent.—A second fight, as usual, was on the eve of taking place, be-

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tween the noted Gulley and George Morgan, to use the phrase, a *Wind-sor Bounce*. George was willing to display his manhood, and he would fight none but a London bruiser. Gulley was compelled to give him a taste, and in one round he gave him two blows that satisfied him. Jones was the next on the list who wished to keep the countrymen in order.

MANNERS AND DIVERSIONS OF A SYRIAN VILLAGE.

By a late Traveller.

FROM Antioch we proceeded along the plain during the whole day, and reached the village of Salkeen, where we passed the night; and meeting with the guards who had been discharged by Mr. J. at Antioch, several of them joined our party. On the following day the road was by no means good, and the heat of the weather proved inconvenient. In the afternoon we had arrived at Marravaun, of which we had heard sufficient to excite the curiosity of the most torpid traveller. In truth, the extraordinary customs of the inhabitants are so irreconcilable to our ideas of propriety, and so diametrically opposite to every thing we imagine a principle of devotion, that, were not the facts ascertained beyond a doubt by many authors of respectability, I should scarcely venture to expose my veracity to the suspicions which may arise from a detail of the occurrences witnessed.

Upon entering the village, the inhabitants flocked around us, and, before we could dismount from our horses, eagerly seized upon some

part of our clothing, and invited us to accompany them home. Men and women were equally solicitous, and equally loud in endeavouring to attract our attention. Amongst them a well looking man, in company with three or four females, no less favoured by Nature than himself, in spite of their olive-coloured complexions, whispered into my ear the Turkish words, '*Keff-var, Keff-var-geld!*' "Much pleasure awaits you, come with me!"—My companion, as well as myself, was well disposed to enjoy the hospitable offer; and, resisting the repeated attempts of others to withdraw us from our exulting host, we entered the doors of his mud-walled residence. The women were dressed in loose vests, with a head-dress rising in a point, and unlike any we had seen, they were joyous, familiar, and vociferous. Unfortunately the conversation was almost confined to themselves, for of Arabic I understood not a word; and my companion, whose knowledge of the eastern language was extensive was too recently arrived to be familiar with the pronunciation of our new associates. The house continued a scene of hurry and activity, until a smoking piloh and a roasted kid engaged us all at the same table. A spirituous liquor was handed round, and the highest conviviality was manifested by all our hosts and hostesses, of whom we had three men and four women.

After paying a serious attention to our meal, coffee and pipes succeed. The men disappeared one after the other, then returned again amongst us, for a few minutes; seemed amazingly well pleased with the jokes which circulated among themselves, accompanied by gestures evidently intended to impress us with the idea that we were perfectly

fectly at home; and at length we remained without interruption in the full enjoyment of the ladies' society.

Such a contrast to the jealous prohibitions established throughout the countries in which we had travelled, and even to the prevailing manners of those immediately surrounding the village itself, was calculated to excite our curiosity as much as our surprise; and to have ascertained the reality of circumstances, which, when reported to us, we could only regard as the invention of pleasantry or fiction, was a subject of astonishment, which afforded us ample room for discussion during the rest of our journey.

In the morning we were greeted with the most friendly and obliging salutations. The women as well as the men accompanied us to the house where the horses had been put up; and a present of a few piastres to our liberal host closed their compliments and our adventure.

The history of these people is still but little understood, although the Europeans resident at Aleppo have frequently paid a visit to the village of Marravaun as well as to that called Tefteen, which, at a few miles distance, is inhabited by the same race. They are said to be of the sect of the Ansarians; a tribe, whose origin is traced to an old man, who lived in the year 891, at a village named Nasa, near Kooffa; and amongst a variety of extraordinary tenets, a principal object of their devotion is the distinctive attribute of the female sex. From hence, as a natural consequence, may be deduced their religious attention to a multiplication of its enjoyments; and, with a pious regard to their opinions upon the subject, they embrace every oppor-

tunity thrown in their way by the arrival of strangers, without any kind of attention to their age, their rank, or their religion!

"They hold frequent assemblies, where promiscuous connection is the conclusion of such ceremonies as they have thought proper to adopt in the fulfilment of their worship; but what these previous ceremonies are, seems to be unknown, or involved in doubt or obscurity. The men are of a much darker complexion than the women, and pay little attention to the external ornaments of their dress, which is similar to the common habit of the Arabs. Many of the women were not only clean, but much more attractive than has been expressed by several travellers, whose reports were rather grounded upon hearsay than positive evidence. Their limbs are finely formed, as is generally the case where Nature is not confined by the trammels of dress; and their teeth are beautifully white."

ANCIENT MODE OF BIRD CATCHING.

MR EDITOR,

LOOKING the other day into Young's translations from Anacreon, &c. I was surprised at a curious oversight occasioned by that gentleman's unacquaintance with the ancient mode of bird-catching. It is in a note on that passage of the second Idyl of Bion, where the young fowler is represented as joining all his reeds to catch cupid: which the translator supposed to mean, that he joined them all together to form a cage large enough to hold cupid when caught.

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But the fact is, that the reeds were used in former times for the purpose not of encaging, but of catching the birds, and the mode appears to have been this:—The fowler having concealed himself among the bushes, or otherwise, rubbed bird-lime to the end of one reed, then added another and another reed to lengthen his rod, as our modern anglers do with their joined fishing rods, and so continued adding, until it was of a sufficient length to reach a bird at some distance, when he suddenly struck, and caught it with the end of the rod.

Hence these lines in Martial—

Non tantum calamis, sed cantu fallitur ales,

Callida dum tacita crescit arundo manu.

Propertius and Apuleus also mention the joined reeds as a single rod, in the same manner as we do an angling rod, though composed of many pieces.

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.

ENSIGN DADLEY.

HELD at Hull, Aug. 2, 1805, by virtue of a Warrant to Lieutenant General Vyse, commanding his Majesty's forces in the Yorkshire district, for the trial of Ensign Dadley, of the 3d Royal Lincoln Militia, upon a charge preferred against him, by Colonel King, commanding the 3d Royal Lincoln Militia.

The Members Names—Lord Viscount Cranley, President; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir David Rae, Royal West Middlesex; Major W. Bird, Royal West Middlesex; Major Holbeach, 1st Warwick; Major E.

Bayley, Royal West Middlesex; Captain J. Taylor, Royal West Middlesex; Captain T. Townshend, 1st Warwick; Captain H. Binley, 2d Royal Surry; Capt. E. Wingfield Dickinson, 1st Warwick; Captain F——, 2d Royal Surry; Captain C. O. Reilley, 1st Warwick; Lieutenant R. Carter, Royal West Middlesex; Lieutenant W. Maddock, Royal West Middlesex; Lieutenant W. Symonds, 1st Warwick; Lieutenant S. Robinson, 2nd Warwick.

The members being met and seated according to seniority, and the prisoner and audience admitted, the warrant was read empowering Lieut. General Vyse to assemble the Court Martial, together with his order for that purpose; also the deputation to Capt. T. W. Vaughan to act as Deputy Judge Advocate. The members names were then called over; the prisoner objecting to none, the Court was sworn, as well as the Deputy Judge Advocate. The Charge was then read:—

“For improper and ungentlemanlike conduct, and unbecoming an officer, in using language against the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, on the 14th June, 1805, tending to subvert all order and military discipline. Signed N. King, commanding the third Royal Lincoln Militia.”

To this charge the prisoner pleaded *Not Guilty*.—Colonel King was then called upon, who produced a paper, which was read and delivered to the Court, of which the following is a correct copy:—

“Little did I expect, and less could I wish, to have appeared before this Court, in the prosecution of an officer in my own regiment. To extenuate the errors of the unfortunate, and even to forgive trifling injuries, is a lesson which

we

we are taught by humanity to adopt.

"But when the character is attacked, not by an avowed and open enemy, but in a secret and clandestine manner, it would, when discovered, shew a pusillanimity to overlook it, as also a consciousness of deserving it.

"If indulgence has the power of creating respect, or the recollection of past favours of producing gratitude in the heart, very different treatment I might expect to have received. Should it be urged by Ensign Dudley in his defence, that his confinement has been severe, the severity arose from the misapplication of the indulgence which had been granted; for, instead of walking out for his health, which he solicited, he was seen at a place of public resort.

"The irregularity of his conduct justified the act. By the order of the different Generals of each garrison, Ensign Dudley was put under close arrest. If then, from the evidence which I shall produce before the Court, I can sufficiently establish the charge preferred against him, I trust you will do me the honour to acknowledge I have acted from a duty I owe to the service, as also for the vindication of my own character and conduct."

Colonel King then stated to the Court, that on the 14th of June, he heard from Lieutenant Pitchford, that, at Lieutenant Walpole's lodgings at Beverley, Ensign Dudley had used very disrespectful language towards Colonel King, the prosecutor, and the lieutenant-colonel, calling them two d—d scoundrels; in consequence of which the prosecutor sent for Ensign Dudley, in order to put him under arrest, or give him the liberty of leaving the regiment.

To substantiate the charge, Colonel King called upon

LIEUTENANT THOMPSON, Who was duly sworn.—Questioned by the prosecutor—Were you at Lieutenant Walpole's lodgings, at Beverley, on the 14th of June? I was.

Was Ensign Dudley in company with you? He was.

Did you hear him make use of any disrespectful language against Lieut. Colonel Brackenbury and me? I conceive I did.

Please to state to the Court what that language was? I heard Ensign Dudley say, that they, (i. e. the colonel and lieutenant-colonel) were two scoundrels.

Cross-examined by the prisoner—Have not you, since I have been under arrest, declared to several officers of the regiment, that you never heard me speak disrespectfully of the colonel or lieutenant-colonel, or any other officer in the regiment? Not to the best of my knowledge.

Were you not asked, when you left Mr. Walpole's quarters, on the 14th of June, what conversation had passed there, and by whom were you asked that? I was not; not at that time.

Did you not say so at my quarters on the 14th of June, in presence of Captain Preston and Lieutenant Walpole? I said I was asked, but not at that time.

Who was it that asked you? Colonel King.

Have I ever endeavoured to excite in your mind a disposition to subvert order and discipline? Not at all.

The Court having no farther questions to put, Lieutenant Pitchford was duly sworn; but his evidence being only hear-say, was objected to by the prisoner, and the objection was allowed by the Court.

LIEUT.

LIEUT. WALPOLE—Questioned by prosecutor—Was Lieut. Thompson at your lodgings on the 14th of June last? He was.

Questioned by the Court—Was Ensign Dadley in company with him at that time? He was there.

During the time that Ensign Dadley was there, did you hear him make use of any disrespectful language against Lieutenant-Colonel Brackenbury and Colonel King? I cannot call to my recollection Lieutenant-Colonel Brackenbury's name or Colonel King's being mentioned in any respect, except as to the muster-rolls.

Will you relate what that conversation was, as to the muster-rolls? To the best of my recollection, Ensign Dadley said, that probably Colonel King might be in a predicament about the muster-rolls being altered.

Questioned by the prosecutor—Did you never inform Mr. Pitchford, the paymaster, that a strange conversation had taken place on the 14th of June, at your lodgings, and that you—the witness—did not chuse to enter into it? I never mentioned words to Mr. Pitchford to that effect; or more than that relative to the muster-rolls being altered, which, I observed, I thought to be a strange thing.

The question was repeated by the Court, to which witness answered then—I did *not* speak to that effect.

Questioned by the prosecutor—Did you not hear Ensign Dadley on that day call me and Lieutenant-Colonel Brackenbury two scoundrels? I did not.

Questioned by Court—Had that expression been made use of, could it have passed without your knowledge? Possibly it might.

Cross-examined by prisoner—Do you conceive that the language

I used relative to the muster-rolls could possibly be construed into speaking disrespectfully of the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, or an intention to subvert order and discipline in the service. So far as my opinion leads me, I do not.

Have I ever endeavoured to excite in your mind a disposition to subvert order and discipline? Never, to my recollection.

Since I have been in arrest, have you not heard Lieut. Thompson declare, that he had never heard me speak disrespectfully either of Colonel King or Lieut. Colonel Brackenbury, or any other officer in the regiment? Repeatedly.

The Court having no farther questions to ask:

LIEUT. PITCHFORD was again called—Questioned by the prosecutor—Did not Lieut. Walpole inform you, at your lodgings, that some strange conversation had passed on the 14th of June at Lieut. Walpole's lodgings, at Beverley? He did.

Did that conversation tend at all to the muster-rolls being altered? I do not recollect that it did.

Questioned by Court—Can you bring it with any precision to your memory, whether such a conversation took place or not? I am positive, to the best of my recollection, that nothing was mentioned respecting the muster-rolls or pay lists.

The prosecutor having no further evidence to produce in support of the charge, the prisoner was put upon his defence, when having requested the indulgence of the Court till Monday the 5th, to enter upon his defence, from the absence of necessary assistance, the Court agreed to adjourn till Monday the 5th. To which time it adjourned accordingly.

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The Court having met pursuant to adjournment, the prisoner entered on his defence, which he read, and delivered to the Court. The following is a correct copy:

"My Lord President, and Gentlemen of the Court—I now appear before you, under a criminal trial, for a supposed *verbal offence*, after having suffered six weeks confinement, of unexampled rigour, and attended by every indignity that deliberate disdain could devise, or silent scorn inflict. I humbly trust, however, that these embarrassing and appalling circumstances will not be suffered to operate to my disadvantage in the minds of any of the Court. I am persuaded that my story cannot be heard at such a tribunal with a cold or unwilling ear.

"Here, at least, I can have no personal indignation to encounter. You, Gentlemen, and I, as indeed is absolutely requisite in both our situations, are unknown to each other; but I have already observed enough of the liberal attention, and candid judgments of the Court, to rest assured, that my defence will be impartially estimated.

"I believe I may venture to assert, that, throughout all the proceedings of British jurisprudence, no instance can be produced, in which any prisoner has ever before been required, in any criminal court of justice, to answer to a charge so vague and indefinite: and I have good authority to confide incontrovertibly, that I was not bound to answer to a charge so shaped and expressed.

"Conscious, however, of innocence in the strictest sense, and persuaded that it was not in the power of the prosecutor to substantiate his charge in any degree, by evidence, from the first intimation which I

received from the prosecutor, of his design, as expressed by him in his own statement to the Court, when he sent for me, and acquainted me that he should immediately put me under an arrest, or that I should then leave the regiment; I explicitly desired to know the express language that was charged against me, and declared my earnest wish to be confronted with my accusers; I disdained to abandon my duty, or to shrink from investigation, and thus to prove myself a recreant and a criminal; after the excessive, severe, and unexampled restraints, and accumulated indignities, which I have so long endured, upon so flimsy a charge, I was eager to lay before the Court an undisguised narration of the whole series of my sufferings, as well as the futility of my alledged offence; I determined not to shield myself under any legal objections; and was eager to meet the prosecutor on his own ground.

"The crime charged against me is, that of "using disrespectful language against the colonel and lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, tending to subvert all order and discipline." There is this glaring absurdity in the charge, that it pretends to ascertain the tendency of the language supposed to have been employed, without ascertaining the language itself. Witnesses were therefore to be produced to prove to the Court, that I had used language of a certain alarming and dangerous tendency. It was then a tendency to a crime, which was, in fact proposed to be proved against me. This tendency, however, was positively, and distinctly disproved, by each, and all of the prosecutor's witnesses, on their separate cross-examinations.

"One witness, Lieut. Thompson, and only this one, conceived, whilst

whilst he was in Court, that on the 14th of June, he heard me apply the single epithet, "scoundrel," to the colonel and lieutenant-colonel; but he did not think proper to state to the Court, what the occasion was, which produced the epithet, or a single syllable of the context of the discourse with which it stood connected. If the Court could conceive, with the witness, that such an epithet had ever been used by me, without any context, or any cause then existing to produce it, no construction whatever could possibly be put upon it. As it stands in evidence it is perfectly isolated and nugatory. At first sight it might appear of tremendous import; but, it will be found, upon accurate investigation, to be incapable of any meaning except one—purely ironical. It is certain, that the inaccuracy of this witness's conception whilst in Court, or his want of memory when out of it, has rendered his testimony, in the present instance, altogether unworthy to be depended upon in any criminal court of justice.

"It has already been positively proved to the Court, in the course of the evidence for the prosecution, that the witness, Lieut. Thompson, has repeatedly declared, that, "he never heard me speak disrespectfully either of the colonel or lieutenant-colonel, or any other officer of the regiment." Four or five other officers of the regiment, whom I shall call upon as witnesses, will also prove, that they have heard him make the same declaration.

"After the view which I have taken of the prosecutor's evidence, which does not include the smallest tittle of matter besides what has been noticed, relevant to the charge, I might safely close my defence; but I feel it a duty incumbent upon

me, both as personally aggrieved, and as interested in the exposition of excessive cruelty and flagrant injustice, to lay before the Court a statement of the rigours of my arrest and confinement:—Rigours which I may venture to affirm, without fear of refutation, have never before been equalled in His Majesty's service under similar circumstances.

"A discretionary power, I admit, is invested in the commanding officer, both as to the nature and degree of arrest under which a prisoner may be placed pending his trial by a court martial. That power, however, like all discretionary power, has its limits, beyond which prudence and humanity will not, and rashness and malevolence—without being liable to the censure of superior authority—cannot pass.

"The abridgment of liberty is, in itself, no inconsiderable species of punishment, particularly when aggravated by indignities and severity.—The humane principles of British jurisprudence, and the practice of martial law, absolutely require that the duration of restraint previous to trial, should be as short, and the degree as light, as the circumstances will admit. The British law positively concludes every man innocent until he is found guilty by his peers: we are, therefore, bound to exert every precaution to avoid punishing the innocent. Widely different has been the tendency of the measures which have been adopted by the prosecutor, in the present instance. He has evinced no reluctance to employ unusual force, and to multiply restraints and indignities against me: he refused to regard the most powerful plea of humanity; and debarred me of those indulgencies which my wants and my health imperiously claimed.

"As the charge against me was personal,

personal, and the injury alledged private and verbal, delicacy might have suggested mild, and prudence should have forbidden rigorous treatment: but the indignation and resentment of the prosecutor were not to be regulated by the standard of the ordinary feelings of mankind, or customary modes of proceeding.

"When first the accusation was announced against me, I was immediately ordered into close arrest. In a few days after, when I had obtained liberty to walk out for two hours in a day, I was again confined to my quarters, on a false pretence of having broken my arrest; one sentinel was placed at the door of my lodging, and another appointed to follow me about the interior of my dwelling, and to remain with a drawn bayonet at my chamber by night; guarding me like a traitor to my country, or a prisoner accused of some most heavy felony;—an indignity to an officer under no capital charge, which, I believe I may venture to affirm, is unparalleled in the service. In the whole, it is strikingly apparent that I must already have endured no trifling punishment under the rigours and contumely of such a confinement, continued for the space of six weeks.

"My Lord and Gentlemen of the Court, the case which I have stated is no exaggeration. It may doubtless appear extraordinary to men of honour and humanity; but I shall be able to substantiate every fact I have related, by the testimony of honourable witnesses; and produce, if requisite, the most satisfactory evidence in refutation of the aspersions attempted to be fixed on my honour and character.

"I beg to offer my acknowledgments of, and to express the grateful sense which I entertain, for the

patient and candid attention which I have received from the Court.—I appeal to the honour, the justice, and the humanity of the Court, for redress; as gentlemen, and as officers, you will shield me from indignity; and afford the completest illustration of my fame."

The prisoner then called upon CAPT. PRESTON, who was sworn.

Questions from the prisoner, put by the Judge Advocate:—Have you at any time, and when, had any conversation with Lieut. Thompson, respecting the charge exhibited against the prisoner? I had conversation with him upon the parade ground, and at other times, respecting the charge.

Have you heard him say, whether he ever heard the prisoner speak disrespectfully of the colonel or lieutenant-colonel of the regiment? He has said in my hearing that he never heard him speak disrespectfully of the colonel or lieutenant-colonel, or any other officer of the regiment.

Did he not inform you of his having been summoned as a witness to this Court, and that he knew nothing of the matter? He did.

Were you not one of the party at Mr. Walpole's on the 14th of June? I was.

Did you hear the prisoner at that time make use of any disrespectful language against the colonel or lieutenant-colonel? No, I did not.

If any such language had been used, were you in such a situation as that you must necessarily have heard it? Yes, I think I should certainly have heard it.

How long was Lieut. Thompson present at Mr. Walpole's on the 14th of June? I should suppose about half an hour.

Have you at any time heard the prisoner use any language tending

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to subvert order and discipline? Never.

Are you frequently in his company? Yes, very frequently.

What is your opinion of the general character of the prisoner, as a gentleman and an officer? I look upon him with the highest esteem both as a gentleman and as an officer.

The prisoner having no further questions to put, the witness was cross-examined by the prosecutor.

Did you hear, on the 14th of June, at Lieut. Walpole's lodgings, any conversation relating to me? There was something said about muster-rolls being altered, after they were attested, or to that effect; that is all I recollect.

Questions by Court.—By whom was that conversation introduced? I am almost persuaded it was by me, and the subject was mentioned by Mr. Dadley.

Was any disrespectful phrase made use of by Ensign Dadley, against the colonel or lieutenant-colonel on that occasion? Not any, in the smallest degree.

CAPTAIN MORRISON sworn.—

Questions from the prisoner, put by the Judge Advocate.—Have you, or have you not, at any time heard Lieutenant Thompson declare, that he never heard the prisoner speak disrespectfully of the colonel, or lieutenant colonel, or any other officer of the regiment? To the best of my knowledge, I have.

Was that since the prisoner has been in arrest? Yes, it was.

The prisoner having no further questions to ask, the witness withdrew.

Lieutenant Evans, and several other witnesses for the prisoner, not having arrived, but whom the Court understood to be on their way from Beverley, the prisoner declined

waiting, and closed his defence.—

The proceedings and sentence have been sent up to be laid before his Majesty, but the final result is not yet known.

SNIPS FROM THE SHEARS.

AT a late bean feast, a *Gentleman* taylor, celebrated for his liberality, gave a rich treat to his men, at his occasional country residence. It was called a *Bean Feast*; but, exclusive of the beans, the table literally groaned with bacon, cabbage, cucumbers, and, in short, every delicacy that he knew would *suit* the palates of his guests. At the head of the table sat a friend of the worthy Taylor, a brewer by profession, and selected for the purpose of seeing that each man did honour to the glass—that no person should be made a *butt* of—to check, as much as possible, any unpleasant *fermentation*—and, by the *sparkling* of his wit, to keep the conversation in a due medium between the *flat* and the *frothy*. At the bottom was seated an *Attorney*, fully qualified to commence *actions* against any person or persons who should dare to assault even the *ninth* part of any man in company. The dinner seemed to hit the *taste* of all persons, though one gentleman, whose stomach was not quite in condition, begged he might be indulged with not more than a *thimble-full* of brandy, by way of assisting digestion. Another immediately observed, it was setting a good *pattern*; and as he felt something like a *stitch* in his side, he would, with permission, join him. Good humour was every where prevalent; the glass circulated freely, and the greater part went so far beyond their

their measure that they became completely sewed up, and were unable to reach even the skirt of the town that day.

A RAMBLE

FROM

FARNHAM TO HINEHEAD AND BACK TO FARNHAM.

Wholesome Bread—Sweet Air—Indivisibility of Matter—Frensham—The Devil's Punch Bowl—Anacreontic—The Monument—The Poor Sailor—The Biter bit.

Health, like a summer morn returns, all fresh,

All gay, and ever full of cheerful song;
O! let me spurn excess, to make her mine;

All restless hate, all low-born passion shun,

And exercise the active limbs to keep
Her mine, still cheerful to the journey's end.

I AM at this moment in better spirits, than I have been any time since I left the great city, and I rejoice at the return of health, with all the thankfulness becoming a rational being. However I may be inclined to attribute the change to sweet air, and to early exercise, there is another cause equally powerful, and it must not be passed by in silence; it is

WHOLESOME BREAD.

Or the pure wheaten loaf, on which I make my daily repast. I went yesterday with a friend to visit a farmer near Frensham, and sat down to a plain but plentiful dinner, as the clock was striking twelve! Nay, do not start at the sound—

When Phoebus reaches the meridian line,
In town they breakfast in the country dine.

I inquired of the good wife, how she made the charming bread. I was at that moment eating. "With nothing," she replied, "but good wheaten flour, fresh yeast, and pure salt; give it a fair baking, and never cut a loaf till it has been drawn 24 hours. I know you in London have different methods; but such has been my custom, and shall continue so as long as I live." You will probably say this is small information; have patience and hear me to the end; for my intention is to warn you against evils, by which you are encompassed; a conduct in me you cannot refuse to applaud, as there is more friendship in preventing afflictions than in their cure. Afflictions! which to encounter has long become worthy the attention of the legislative powers; I mean the filthy practices of our common bakers, against whom we had better make war, than an host of political enemies, because the former open more doors in a secret way to death, than all the uplifted weapons of a public and natural antagonist.

Adulterated food, and foul air, are certainly productive of many of the greatest miseries of life: the one is only to be avoided by those who can afford to shift the scene at pleasure; the other, I am sorry to say, must remain a plague to society, till the laws are powerful enough to restrain the mercenary trader from his cruel, and unnatural pursuits.

When the tender mother hears the distressing cries of her infant, and beholds it wreathing in extreme agony, how great must be her surprise, when she is informed, that the very being to whose comfort and support her family is daily contributing, is the cause of the pangs which at that moment rend her affectionate bosom! It is her baker, who makes up his bread after the

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London practice; it is he who causes her distresses. Compounded of acid alum, corrosive chalk, inflammatory lime, and other impurities, that which was intended to cherish life, becomes its bane; and thus many unfortunate infants are sent to untimely graves, who had otherwise made a long journey to eternity, slipping easily at last from the shell of nature, like a full ripe acorn from the noble oak.

The next thing I have to acknowledge, is

SWEET AIR,

A blessing you can but seldom enjoy; 'tis my hygeia! the divinity of my highest adoration! and, if I have any drawback upon my pleasure, it is to reflect on the confinement my friends are doomed to endure in your mighty emporium, where sweet air but seldom salutes their respiration; where the custom continues to make the kitchen under ground, and where it is no uncommon thing to be disgusted with the following arrangement; the cupboard, the cookery, and the Cloacina, all as closely concatenated as links of the same chain; a custom more filthy cannot be found among Hot-tentots, covering the countenance with a yellow hue, always emitting an effluence unfriendly to health, and most of all things unpleasant to respiration, unless the inhabitants delight to amalgamate with their soil, or, like cucumbers, vegetate best upon a dunghill

The woodbine cell in summer let me share,
Where hums the bee, and butterflies repair,

Bending their bosoms to the balmy air.

A philosophical friend of mine has just been giving me a lecture on

THE INDIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

Among other curious discoveries

he has found that "a candle when alight has the power to distribute its own particles into space for three miles round." If then the particles of matter become so subtle, and are eternally floating in space, we of course must inhale them every gasp of our existence; they fill the vacuum of our stomach, they mingle with our food, and if they be ungenial to our comfort, they communicate disease to our system, when to get rid of their effects we apply to medicine, perhaps in its qualities, from interested motives of the vender, more pernicious than the first cause, or deeper impregnated with the evils we endeavour to remove. This clearly shews the necessity of avoiding situations of putridity, and of preferring the best ventilated air, that we may obtain a gentle decay in the last stages of longevity. But let us abruptly quit this subject to give you a description of the local beauties of

FRENESHAM,

A very delightful village in the neighbourhood, where once stood the celebrated Waverley Abbey, about three miles from Farnham, remarkable for three expansive meres of water, well stocked with delicious carp, and other fish. The largest is three miles in circumference, exhibiting at this moment a scene truly romantic; the aquatic herbage on the surface is covered with blossoms of every hue, which, together with the flowers of the weeds, and wild sedge surrounding it, diffuse a fragrance extremely agreeable. Myriads of butterflies and bees, attracted by these sylvan beauties, are wantonly fluttering about the quiet surface; the fish are leaping to the passing fly, and the whole makes up a most tempting station for the peaceful angler. While we were observing these

these natural curiosities, my companion remarked, that his friend, Elmer the painter, had frequently enriched his pencil from these waters, and with many a covey from their surrounding acres. The day being particularly favourable, the farmer and myself cheerfully mounted the Cherte, from the ridge of which we beheld some of the finest prospects in the county. Southward, Clendon Downs are particularly attractive, as is West Horsley, not least among the beauties of Surry, and to be remembered for being the depository of one of the wisest and most unfortunate heads in England. Mr. Carew Raleigh, son of Sir Walter, was lord of the manor of West Horsley, and lies buried in the chapel, the burying place to the manor house. Close to his coffin was lately found, upon digging a grave, the head of his father Sir Walter. It appears among the family records, that Mr. R. kept this sacred relic by him, to have it deposited in his own coffin. Here then, at West Horsley, we may say, lies one of the best heads that England ever had to boast of. It is a pity that the process against him, and the insults of his judge, pronouncing sentence, were not laid as deep, to conceal the shame which will ever be due to the murderers of this brave man.

The present lord of the manor is Mr. Nichols. In the gallery of the manor house is a beautiful set of pictures, exhibiting the portraits of all those persons who suffered in the royal cause of the First Charles. Amused with these beauties, we came in sight of Hinehead, the foot of which is better known by the name of

THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL.
A deep dell of great magnitude, be-

tween Godalming and Liphook, well known to those who travel the Portsmouth road through Petersfield, a place perpetually clothed with short heather, affording a complete cover for birds of game; and of these, if I am informed right, there is in the proper season, no small degree of plenty. Among other dwarf shrubs, it produces in abundance the sweet broom, the blossoms of which have such attractive charms for the vagrant bees, that multitudes of these winged visitors are seen between sun and sun. The honey they produce, when brought to market, is constantly known by the name of the dell honey, and has always a preference for its delicious flavour and potency. The timber, if such deserve the name, is dwarf oak, but thinly scattered; the cottages are full half a mile asunder, in general poor and miserable. Through the bottom of this singular excavation, meanders a perpetual current most admired for its coldness when the atmospheric air shews the thermometer at its highest degree of natural heat. So capacious is the place, that if it were possible to fill it with the element, the whole navy of Great Britain might ride at ease, and in safety, for no storm can affect it, the high lands being so particularly favourable to repose. The celebrated Humphry Coates, liquor merchant, of Pall Mall, among other eccentricities towards the close of life, took a great fancy to this situation; and having made a purchase of the spot, repaired and extended an old cottage to a rustic palace; and by way of house warming invited a select party of his friends, among whom were Mr. Charles Churchill, the poet; George Alexander Stephens, the player; John Wilkes, the patriot; Hogarth, the

the painter; Jebb, the physician; and Mr. Hickey, the attorney; with several other well-known public characters of that day. After Humphry had entertained his company with a splendid dinner, and no man knew how to give a better, he announced the approach of a good bowl of punch. Pinchey was created master of the ceremonies, and accordingly introduced a China vase, of great magnitude; entering with affected solemnity, and bearing a broom-stick in his hand, he was followed by a brace of stout fellows, who presently raised the caldron, and placed it before the guests. I have been favoured with its contents, and give them to you, from a Bacchanalian record once kept by the eccentric host.

To four gallons of aqua viva, from the dell; three gallons of the finest Coniac brandy, dashed with Jamaica rum of ten years standing; one quart of jelly; half a peck of the richest fruit; and three pounds of fine sugar.

The rim of the bowl was fantastically adorned with blossoms from the dell. Mr. Coates's tenant, J. Stokes, the itinerant Hurtleberry merchant, in his best blue smock frock, tucked in before, was made purveyor of the pipes and tobacco, and gave such satisfaction in the commencement of his office, that the facacious Humphry promoted him for life to the rangership of the Hurtleberry bowl. The deed of grant was drawn on the back of an old almanack by Mr. Hickey; the attorney, witnessed by all the company; and the Lord of the Manor sealed the conveyance with a pig's foot. Old John still lives to enjoy the station, and through the month of August has been heard in the streets of London crying the berries of the

bowl, with a voice as stentorian as ever distinguished Bamfield, the giant of Shire-lane, or the celebrated Champnes, of convivial memory.

Mr. George Alexander Stevens was called to the chair; and the Royal Family having been toasted in bumpers, with the following extemporary began the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

ANACREONTIC.

Let Homer and Virgil sing Troy's fatal fall,

Of wine-boozing Greeks, and their goblets so tall;

In measures poetic, these Bards let them tell ye,

O' the fam'd wooden horse, with a troop in his belly:

A fig for such nonsense, the wise must allow,

Fit only to match with Sir Guy and his cow;

O'er Thames, more delighting, I bear the controul,

Our boozers of Britain, and Humphry's brave bowl.

Let statesmen oppress us, still plot and contrive,

To pillage the land, that their creatures may thrive;

Let them spread new taxations and terrors around,

Till a guinea, like honesty, 's hard to be found;

Let spies, pimps, and Tories, like vermin increase,

To eat up our harvests, and ride our peace,

Plots, spies, pimps, and traitors, we hate from the soul,

May they never partake of our Humphry's bowl.

Here's a mess for the God's, come my boys, your cups fill,

Drink deep the specific! 'tis balm for your ill;

'Tis a cure for all evil, 'twill make us forget

The troubles of life, in the regions of wit;

By

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ASTOR, LENOX
FOUNDATION



Stags Entangled.

Published 1866, by J. W. & Co. New York.

By its potency warm'd, every eye sheds
 a spark,
 And thought sores with the eagle, to sing
 with the lark.
 Be this then the toast, see' old Time's on
 the roll,
 Here's Coate's, boys, for ever, the lord
 of the bowl.

The cabinet of pleasure being thus unlocked by Mr. Stevens, with the keys of harmony, the company followed that gentleman's example, till the Devil's Punch Bowl had been three times replenished; when, with three times three the company saluted the rising sun, and retired with all that order which distinguishes the true sons of genius, harmony, and sociability.

In turning from this dell, once the haunt of such choice spirits, the pleasing phantom that danced before the imagination vanished, to give place to that unpleasant memento, best known to the traveller by

THE MONUMENT,

A pile humanely raised by the government to commemorate one of the blackest actions that ever disgraced the human character.

Shortly after settling the Nootka Sound business with the Spaniards, a ship of war, employed on that service arrived, and was paid off at Portsmouth. Two of the crew, messmates, set off together, the one to bear his earnings to his wife and family, the other, who had squandered his all, for a less virtuous purpose; they had travelled, apparently, in a friendly way, till they arrived at this very singular place, when one of the parties invited the other to descend into the Devil's Punch Bowl, where, while the unsuspecting man was stooping to take a drink of water from the rill, his companion beat out his brains with the stake with which he had

been walking, and taking the few guineas from his murdered messmate, the execrable monster endeavoured to escape with his booty; but there is generally a rebuking spirit that follows actions of this cruel nature, a spirit that binds the feet more than fetters of iron, and loads the frame with a weight more ponderous than a rock of stone. The accursed villain was presently taken, convicted on his own evidence, and, amidst the execrations of thousands, hung in chains by the road side, and on the spot in the Dell, where the unnatural deed was perpetrated, the crown raised this melancholy record; and every passenger who reads the inscription, feels a pang for the depravity of man, and for the fate of this poor son of Neptune.

(To be continued.)

STAGS ENTANGLED.

AN ENGRAVING.

*From a Drawing by the celebrated
 Mr. Ridinger.*

NO creature of the forest can be more temperate, or less inclined to do mischief to man, than the male of the red deer, till the approach of that period called the rutting season; and then, by hasty degrees, no quadruped becomes more violent in assault, or more vigorous in his attachment to his own females. The foresters know this, and are careful to avoid the apparent consequences of his fury.

The symptoms of danger are seen in selecting his hinds; sometimes he appears the lord of a dozen females; about these he parades with a ferocious kind of dignity; his head is carried more erect, and his throat swells to a size greatly beyond

beyond what it is at another time ; in these moments nothing can interrupt his inclinations with impunity. It sometimes happens that another stag, strong and intrepid as himself, attempts to force him from the herd of his selection : the fight then begins, and continues in a manner quite terrible, till the most powerful becomes the master. In these struggles it often occurs, that if the antlers of the assailants are over branchy, or complicated, they lock so fast together, that the creatures are seldom separated with life.

Now urg'd by jealousy's fierce boiling
heat,

Rude, as in war contending armies meet,
The branchy-antler'd champions often
close ;

The forest trembles at their sturdy blows :
Horn lock'd in horn, they fall, no more
to part,

Till the keen hunter's knife betrays the
heart.

Under the design from which our plate was taken, is the following remark : " These two stags, one 14 hands, the other 12 hands high, were, on the 18th of November, 1756, discovered in the forest of Berg Strasse, in Hesse Darmstadt, with their horns entangled ; one of them was still alive, the other dead."

No man ever did more for his profession than Mr. Ridenger : this artist, for the love he bore to the study of animal nature, would withdraw himself from society, and penetrate alone the deepest of the German forests ; where, during the summer months, he would carefully attend to the economy of the birds and beasts that came in his way : and having faithfully committed his designs to paper, returned with them to his home, where his first care was to place them on the copper.

Mr. Ridenger's best works are in high estimation, and bring a good price to the dealers : but such are only to be found in the cabinets of the curious. Many Dutch and French engravers have attempted to imitate him, but for profit only, and they continue to circulate their surreptitious quires through every part of Europe. Mr. Ridenger seems to have attached himself to study the conduct of the stag before all other creatures. There is no part of the history of this majestic animal the artist has omitted, from the fawning to the death ; nor can we wonder at the preference, for something singularly grand is to be discovered in his whole economy. In the warm season of his love, he furnishes a lesson for the rational ; no grand Turk, in his own seraglio, ever surveys a new bevy of Circassian slaves with such sublimity, as the stag his favourite females : but if any one of these should stray beyond the limits prescribed by his fancy, like a cruel hashaw he forces her again to the herd, where the whole must entirely be submissive to his violent pleasures. As excess always brings with it debility, the stag is at length reduced to a state of feebleness, wretched indeed ; his sheath is cast with his horns, he becomes lean and pitiable to behold ; even he who before exhibited the rage of the lion, and the strength of the elephant, becomes so tame that a schoolboy may lead him in a garter ; but the kind, the unerring hand of Nature, now leads him to a salutary weed in the forest ; it is for this alone he has an inclination, and, for a time, seeks no other sustenance ; his veins now become purified, his health returns, his properties are restored, and again he appears the fleet, majestic, ranger of the ample forest.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE delicacy of the magistrates of Edinburgh, at the dinner given to Lord Melville, is highly to be commended. No bread was produced but *brown* bread and oaten cakes, as it was justly apprehended that his lordship could not stomach *Whitbread!*

A COUNTRYMAN on a trial respecting the right of a fishery, at the last Lancaster Assizes, was cross examined by Serjeant Cockel, who, among many other questions, asked the witness, "*Dost thou love fish!*" "*Yea,*" says the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "*but I donna like Cockle sauce with it.*"—A roar of laughter followed, in which the serjeant joined with his usual good humour.

A CURIOUS dispute took place lately between two Irish bricklayers' labourers, who were working at some new houses near Russel square. One of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he could carry a load to any height that might be required. The other contended the point with him, and the conversation actually ended in a bet made by the one party, that the other could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building on which they were employed. The experiment was immediately made: Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection on the day:
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ger he had escaped, the fellow who had been carried, paid the bet, observing to the winner, that, "to be sure he had lost; but," added he, "don't you remember, about the third story you made a slip, I was in hopes!"

A COUNTRY post-master, who is in the habit of rising every night to deliver the bag with the letters to the mail coach, as it passes through the town in which he lives, made a very ludicrous mistake. Hearing the sound of the horn, he started from his sleep, opened his window, and threw out the bag, as he thought, to the guard, who deposited what he received in the proper place. At the next stage, on the road to London, it was discovered, that instead of the bag, the post-master had thrown his breeches into the coach; the post-master, however, perceiving the blunder he had committed, set off express with the bag, and overtaking the coach, recovered his small clothes.

ETYMOLOGY of the word artichoke.—When this vegetable was first introduced in this country, by a Mr. John Calleron, he asked a party to dine, and giving one to a gentleman greatly skilled in the vegetable kingdom, to eat, he began to devour the leaves at the wrong end, which occasioned some of the company to laugh immoderately. The gentlemen observing his mistake, said, "well, I am happy as long as the error has occasioned a hearty laugh." "Yes," replied Mr. S. Calleron,

Calleron, "and egad I think also it has been a hearty joke !

EPIGRAM.

CELIA her sex's foible shuns ;
Her tongue no length of larum runs ;
Two phrases answer every part,
One gain'd, one breaks, her husband's
heart :
I will, she said, when made a bride ;—
I won't—thru' all her life beside.

At a dinner lately given by Lord Holland, there were two *Lambs*, a *Buck*, and a couple of *Nightingales*.

The young gentlemen of Eton, and those of Harrow, had lately a match at cricket, in Lords' ground, in which the former were victors. Immediately after the decision of the contest, an Etonian, feeling for the vanquished, wrote the following:—

CONSOLATION FOR HARROW.
Ye vent'rous youths of Harrow School,
Of cricket you've no knowledge ;
Ye play'd not cricket, but the fool,
With men of Eton College.

Thrice happy ! as ye could not play,
For giving them the trouble,
They did not thrash you well, and say,
" We'll make the beating double."

THE ANSWER.
Audi alteram partem.
Ye Eton Wits ! to play the fool
Is not the boast of Harrow School !
Who wonders then at our defeat ?
Folly like your's, could ne'er be beat !

ANECDOTE of Foote.—An eccentric barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, " shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers ; and over his door was scrawled the following poetry :

Here lives Jemmy Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England,
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, " Is Jemmy White at home ?" The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied, " No, Sir, he has just *popt* out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

An honest Cambrian, having lately lost his cow, as the most effectual means of recovering the same, circulated a printed hand-bill, of which the following is a literal copy. The author's *elegant* and *classical diction* is no less remarkable than the *orthographical correctness* of the printer.

" This whas to kiff noticee publick, that Evan Davies was loosed hur Cush out of hur packside at Llandeglo. Hur Cush was have four plack legs and a plack tail, and was loosed one teeth out of hur mouth ; and hur Cush was ferry fond to kick peopies who was commed nigh hur —Evan Davies was thought it ferry ott what was maket it coe from hur packside, because Evan Davies whas always kiff hur so much met as was fill hur pelly, which was make Evan Davies to think that some ferry pad meaining person was stoled hur. And whe heifer will pring hur Cush pack aken, shall haff so much pread and chese as hur can put in hur pelly without paying nothing for it.—*Cot save the King !*—and hur Cush has only cot one eye."

An Irish newspaper lately observed, that the Assize at Tralee proved a *Maiden* one, as there was only one man convicted of a *rape*.

PRESERVATION

PRESERVATION of Game.—The following advertisement is copied from a Dublin paper of the 29th ult.—Notice is hereby given, that the fox cover of Turnant is *poisoned*, for the preservation of the *Game*.

A FEW days since, a noble naval commander, at one of our sea-ports, who is a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken sailor in the street, with, "What ship do you belong to?" Jack, who was a dry fellow, notwithstanding he was *drunk*, and had a very eccentric countenance, answered with much *sans froid*, "Don't know." "What's your captain's name?" "Don't know." "Do you know who I am?" "No." "Why I am the commander in chief." "Then," replied the fellow, in a manner which raised the good temper of the worthy baronet to a loud laugh, "You have a d—d good birth of it—that's all I know!"

A CERTAIN noted physician, at Bath, was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, Doctor," said an Irishman, who was present, stepping up and making a very respectable bow, "I'll take two of them!"

IN an obscure church-yard, in Yorkshire, is the following epitaph. The subject of it was unfortunately killed by the descent of the stick of a rocket, as is indeed explicitly told us by the poet—

"Here I lie,
Kill'd by a sky-
Rocket in my eye."

Emulous of the praise which the above *ingenious* composition

received from the rustics of the village, a rival rhymester, on the death of a poor ostler who was driven over, produced two lines which "supplied the place of elegy." and ran thus—

"Here I lays,
Killed by a chaise."

A FOREIGNER hearing of an *ass race* to take place at Margate, and arriving at the scene of action before the *quadrupeds* had made their appearance, looking round upon the company assembled, innocently, though *appropriately* inquired, "ladies and gentlemen, me beg to know which *among all these* be de two *asses* to run?"

Two foreigners walking up and down a coffee-room in the city lately, one of them proposed to the other that they should shew the company they were not totally ignorant of the English language. The latter agreeing, addressed the former in a loud tone of voice, and inquired, "*Did it rain to-morrow?*" His companion very appropriately replied, "*Yes, it vas,*" to the no small amusement of those who were present.

A GENTLEMAN was taken before a magistrate the other day, for having plentifully regaled himself in a pastry-cook's shop, and when called upon for his money, had unfortunately nothing to pay for the gratification of his stomach. There was a good deal of the *maccaroni* about him; and when pressed for payment, he was very *tart* in his replies, and *puffed* himself off as a *gentleman*, and a man of *taste*; but when brought before the justice, he did not *preserve* his consequence, was quite in a *stew*, and looked very like a *cake*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

IN our racing calender the regular sport of the turf will, as usual, be faithfully recorded in this place, we shall furnish a few of the occurrences at some of the late races, by way of sporting intelligence.

AMONGST the great variety of carriages at Pontefract Races, a very singular one attended on the Wednesday, belonging to Mr. Richard Hirst, of Rawcliffe, a character who would furnish excellent matter for some of the publications on that subject. Amongst other peculiarities, he wears and uses such articles as he has ingenuity to make himself, in preference to any other. On this occasion, he appeared accompanied by a female in a carriage, the body constructed by himself, without any nails being employed: it is of long strong sticks bound together with hempen bands, and drawn by two mules, whose reins are also cords. The appearance of the man, with the oddness of his dress and carriage, attracted more notice than did the most elegant equipage on the ground.

A SHOCKING catastrophe occurred after the race, on the Wednesday of Reading Races. A young woman, 18 years of age, the daughter and only child of a respectable tradesman at Reading, was walking with a party of friends near the coming-in post, when two sons of Edward Golding, Esq. of Early Court, were running a race with their horses, without the knowledge of the clerk of the course, or the generality of the com-

pany. The horse rode by Edward Golding ran over the young woman in question, and killed her on the spot.

FATAL accident at Lichfield Races.—On Wednesday as, two men were riding their horses in a furious manner over the course, one of them ran against a lady on horseback with such violence, as to throw both her horse and his own to the ground. The lady was so fortunate as to escape unhurt, but the man was rendered insensible by the fall and died on the spot, his horse's shoulder was also dislocated by the concussion. On an examination of the head of this unfortunate victim to his own imprudence, it was discovered that a copious extravasation of blood had taken place in the brain from the injury received. We understand that his name was Thompson, and that he was a horse dealer at Derby.

On Tuesday, the 17th, the Kingscote Races commenced; the course is in the Park of Col. Kingscote, situated in one of the richest and pleasantest parts of Gloucestershire, and is without exception, the best Club-race in England. The Club have built an elegant room and accommodations for themselves at Hunter's Hall, in the neighbourhood of Kingscote, where the ordinary, for members only, was numerous attended, and a great deal of racing was made for the following days. A very serious accident had like to have taken place, in running for the Kingscote Stakes; Bagatelle

Bagatelle fell upon his head, as if he had been shot, and threw the Hon. George Germaine to a considerable distance, but did not hurt him materially; a medical gentleman attended, and conveyed him to Kingscote; we hear this morning, that he is in a fair way of recovery. Amongst the company were, Lords Charles, Edward, and Arthur Somerset, F. Bentinck, and A. Kea; Mess. Germaine, Lindow, Hawkes, Kingscote, Creswell, Herbert, Lumley, Cripps, Douglass, Saville, and Hodges; Sir H. Lippincott; Capt. Harvey, Rawlinson, &c.

WE are obliged with the following correct statement of this Meeting from a friend.—The corporation of the city of Lincoln have expended £500 in improving the race course, and it was, and must continue to remain, in most excellent condition; and owing to the indefatigable zeal of the clerk of the course, Mr. Drury, who had procured the appointment of special constables for the purpose, the foot people, as well as those on horseback, were effectually prevented from obtruding upon the course during the running; and though one horse fell among the crowd, it was owing to his swerving, the populace being on a part of the ground not appointed for the running.

About twelve or one o'clock on the Friday night of the races, the city was alarmed by the volunteer drums beating to arms. The volunteers assembled with the utmost alacrity, and marched to the race-ground, where a riot had taken place at the booths among a number of men who are employed in embankments near the city. They had endeavoured to force their way into a booth, but notwithstanding

their numbers, were effectually resisted by the landlord and a little boy, who desperately wounded two of the marauders, the landlord making use of a hatchet, and the boy a fork. Having received intimation of the approach of the volunteers, the rioters dispersed, and only one or two were taken into custody.

COCKING.—The following is the statement of the main of cocks fought at Lincoln during the race week.

| | HEWETT. | M. B. | NEWTON. | M. B. |
|--------------|---------|-------|---------|-------|
| Wednesday... | 2 | 2 | | 2 0 |
| Thursday... | 6 | 1 | | 0 0 |
| Friday..... | 3 | 0 | | 3 0 |
| | <hr/> | | | <hr/> |
| | 11 | 3 | | 5 0 |

THERE was a lane of near an hundred yards long, formed on Eggham race-ground of E. O. tables. They were attended by a number of common informers from town, and well known in the Courts, who publicly obtained hush money from the fellows who kept the tables, for every hour's play.

A BRILLIANT and crowded horse-race took place, upon the Sands, on the neutral ground, at Gibraltar, on the First of August, which was attended by most of the officers of the garrison, and by General Cartanos, the Spanish general, and all his suite, and a number of Spaniards, who seemed much delighted at the novelty of a race in the real Newmarket style—all the English officers riding in different coloured satin jackets, and jockey caps.

LAST month died, in Quay-street, Whitehaven, William Woodburn, formerly well known by the appellation of the huntsman of the three kingdoms, from the circumstance of his pack being composed of English,

English, Scotch, and Irish hounds, with which, in one season, he killed 147 Hares, without either changing, losing, or having one of them torn by the dogs. He was a native of London; and, at the time of his death, wanted only two months to complete his hundredth year. Of course, though he lived only in two centuries, he was a subject of four reigns. Though in a very enfeebled state for some years before his dissolution, he continued to walk out till within a few weeks of that period; and his faculties were so little impaired, that he could, almost to the last, recollect many remarkable instances of success in his profession, of which he delighted to talk.

As a piece of necessary information for sportsmen, the following Rules are hung up at the breakfast-room of a shooting lodge in Sussex:

| | | | | |
|---|---|----|---|---|
| Killing a hen pheasant. | £ | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Shooting at ditto..... | 0 | 10 | 6 | |
| Shooting at a pheasant on the ground, or in a tree..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | |
| Shooting at ditto, at more than 40 yards, unless before wounded..... | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| Shooting two or more partridges, at one shot | 0 | 10 | 6 | |
| Shooting at ditto, on the ground..... | 1 | 1 | 0 | |
| Shooting at ditto, at more than 45 yards, if not before wounded..... | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| Shooting at a hare in her form..... | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| Half the above fines go to the poor of the parish: the other half to the keepers. | | | | |

THE game upon the Earl of Guildford's estates in Kent, are, it seems, to have a jubilee this season. His lordship's sport is more of the convivial kind.

FRIDAY the 20th, as a boy was

walking up Ludgate-hill, with a brace of partridges in his hand, a young man, who followed him with a dog, who in all probability was desirous of having a bit of game, without the trouble of killing it, on a sudden exclaimed, "that's it," pointing to the partridges, and immediately crossed the way. The dog obeyed his master's bidding, seized the partridges, and followed his master, leaving the boy petrified with fear and amazement. The persons who witnessed the transaction, in vain urged the boy to a pursuit, but the game was completely out of sight before he began to think of following it.

EXCISEMAN's dog.—On the first day of partridge shooting, an exciseman in the neighbourhood of St. Andrew's, sallied forth with the intention of committing great havoc among the winged tribe. He was long unsuccessful; at last his dog made a keen and steady point—the piece was cocked—the exciseman advanced—the game did not rise; still advancing, the sportsman discovered with delight, that it was not a covey of partridges, but several ankers of gin, which his sagacious dog had pointed at.

A GENTLEMAN, of Newing-green, Kent, eager in coursing a hare on Thursday the 19th, inst. in a field near that place, thoughtlessly rode against a shock of wheat, which he expected his horse would have avoided, or by leaping have cleared; the animal, however, sprung into the midst of the shock, dismounted its rider, and pitching on its head, broke its neck and died instantly. The gentleman escaped luckily with a few slight bruises. The horse was valued at thirty guineas.

TIME Match.—James Farrer, of Bury, in Lancashire, having engaged

engaged to run four miles within the month of August, in twenty-one minutes, for 200gs, p. p. giving 48 hours notice previous to starting; the same was lately decided at Knutsford, when he performed his race in three seconds within the time allowed.

A BET for a considerable sum was lately decided at Pileassie, Fifehire. Mr. G. undertook to run one hundred yards, with a gentleman on his back, who weighed upwards of 17 stone, against Mr. L. who was to run 200 yards. Although performed by candle-light, it was gained by the former by the distance of 49 yards. At starting, bets were 15 to 1 in favour of the latter.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 1.—It rained incessantly here yesterday, until near 3 o'clock, when it abated for about half an hour. The amateurs took advantage of the fair moment, and the foot-race took place between the black trumpeter, and a young man from London, who arrived here this morning, and was successful. They ran 300 yards.—From the wetness of the day, there were very few spectators, but those interested in the bets, which included about thirty gentlemen. The black has run several times before, and been successful.

FRIDAY, Sept. 13, Balden, the abovementioned black trumpeter, and his former rival, the Lancashire man, again ran 300 yards on the Brighton race-course. The latter got the start, and kept the lead, nearly three parts of the distance, when Balden passed him, and led him in handsomely, winning by about a yard.

PEDESTRIAN Wager.—Mr. Kidson, of Knightsbridge, on Saturday morning, the 13th, started from the corner of Park-lane, at five o'clock, to walk to Windsor, a distance of

nearly 22 miles, which he had undertaken to walk in three hours and twenty minutes. He was an hour in walking to the shed near Kew bridge, where he should have arrived eight or nine minutes before; he took a glass of wine at Brentford, and reached the eleven mile stone at 35 minutes past six; the two next miles occupied 21 minutes, which were at a losing rate. He arrived at the eighteen mile stone at 48 minutes past seven, and having only 22 minutes to walk the remaining three miles seven furlongs, he was satisfied his farther exertion would be fruitless: he however walked another mile in ten minutes, and then resigned the contest.

THURSDAY Sept. 19, a foot race was run in White-conduit fields, Islington, for ten guineas, between a jeweller of the name of Humpty, at Pentonville, and Mr. Stevens, a celebrated performer at this kind of sport. The distance was 200 yards only, and the odds were in favour of Humpty, who was backed by his opponent's friends: It was a very good race, and Mr. S. won, although he was so closely tried, that the contest could scarcely be decided on.

WALKING Match—Friday, Sept. 20, at one o'clock, a young man named Black, started from Nag's-head-court, Grace-church-street, to make a regular walk to St. Giles's, and touch the church door, in thirty minutes; in spite of the great crowds in the streets, and all the obstructions, he effected it in 27 minutes, having to climb over the high iron railing of the church-yard to get at the door.

A BLIND man, at Hebden bridge, 57 years of age, has undertaken to walk betwixt Burnley and Halifax, without a guide, twelve times in twelve

twelve days, being twenty-two miles each day, for the sum of four guineas.

A BET for a considerable sum was lately decided on the London road, between Barton Mills and Bournbridge. Mr. Everard, of Barton Mills, engaged to trot his mare 41 miles, against Mr. Smith's horse, of Worlington, which was to make all speed. It was warmly contested till they arrived at the 35 mile stone, when the mare fairly left her opponent, performing the distance in three hours and twenty minutes, carrying 13 stone.

A PITCHED battle was fought on Wednesday Sept. 11, in Kilburn fields, between George Dawson, a fighting man, and Willson, a brick-maker. The combatants are brother's-in-law, and were each candidates for the fair hand of a young lady, who also makes bricks.—Dawson had much the advantage at setting to, but his opponent dwelt much on his superior strength and size which altogether failed, and he was severely beaten, after a contest of twenty-five minutes.—The triumph of the victor was but of short duration; for he was taken up by warrant, for an illegitimate child, before he quitted the seat of action.

A CURIOUS *fracas* took place on Sunday, Sept. 22, under Covent-garden Piazzas. Two damsels of the Cyprian order, meeting, in their search for lovers, one accosted the other with, "Vell, Ma'am, where's those white gloves what I lent you last vinter? I've no notion of those people as borrows other people's things, and then never returns them no more!" Indignant at this accusation the other immediately returned—not the gloves, but a tolerably smart slap on the cheek. This proof of the warmth of her

gratitude did not appear to be at all relished by her friend, and a sharp scratching conflict commenced, when crape, bugles, pearls, &c. were soon strewed about in all directions. But for the timely interference of the knights of the staff and lanthorn, very serious consequences might have ensued, as the fair ladies completely disencumbered each other of the "decent mourning" in which, in compliance with the orders of the Lord Chamberlain they had arrayed themselves, and were almost reduced to a state of nature.

ON the 23d of September, a hackney coachman, who is known by the nick name of George the Brewer, fought in Piccadilly, near Bond-street, with a gentleman's servant, a young man about 20 years of age. Though George the Brewer is well known as a fighting man, and is a most remarkably powerful athletic made man, the young man had so much the advantage of him in point of activity, that in less than a quarter of an hour he gave the experienced pugilist two black eyes, a broken nose, and several bruises about the body, without sustaining any material injury himself. The coachman finding it was likely that he should be worsted, endeavoured to lift him in his arms and dash him by main force against the pavement. Finding this fail, he then took different opportunities, when they closed, or were on the ground, to bite the young man, and the last bite nearly disabled one of his thumbs. The crowd then expressed their indignation at such brutality, by taking summary vengeance of the offender, and preventing the young man from fighting any more. He had got into the quarrel from a generous attempt to defend a woman against the insults on the coachman.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE YORK MATCH.—A NEW
JOCKEY SONG.*(Written by Mrs. Thornton.)*

TO the post we advanc'd, at the signal to start,

Brisk I flourish'd my whip over Louisa's ears;

When springing amain, by a resolute dart,

I gain'd a whole length of the jockey of peers;

That advantage to keep, as I rode fleet along,

Behind me full many a glance did I throw—

I soon found I'd the foot, but Allegro was strong,

And the jockey of peers carried weight, as you know.

I tried then to cut the third post pretty close,

At the same time, the length I had gain'd to preserve,

Gave whip to my mare; but she kick'd at the dose,

And—a vile little devil—attempted to swerve;

I thang'd, and a left-handed cut brought her to,

But Buckle 'tween me and the post made a push,

And lay neck and neck with me, all I could do,

Not seeming to value my efforts a rush.

I led him, however, at length to a slough,
Where he sunk to the fetlock at every stroke,

My Buck had the bone—he press'd hard at me now,

And seem'd to enjoy much the best of the joke;

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But I cross'd at the next post, and stretching my hand—

As I hope to be sav'd, without malice or heat—

I put all his trials of skill to the stand,
For the jockey Buck I nearly threw from his seat.

He recover'd his saddle, by seizing the mane,

My mare darted forward, as swift as the wind,

Nor heard I of the horse or of Buckle again,

Till I turn'd, and beheld them come panting behind;

My pleasure alone, that sensation defines,
Which the Laplander courts from the breeze of the south,

When I saw my Buck distanc'd, and dash'd up the lines

With my mare hard in hand, and my whip in my mouth.

THE
SPITALFIELDS SPORTSMEN.

A Song.

ON September the first,
And as tell truth I must,
'Twas a Sunday this year that it fell on;
Billy Button and I,
With a Spitalfield's fry,
Took a trip, which I'm going to tell on.

For on that there day,
As we sportsmen say,
The birds are condemn'd for to die, Sir,
So with powder and shot,
Which each of us had got,
We determin'd full soon to let fly, Sir.

T t

So

So as soon as 'twas light,
We set off outright,
And to Hackney we posted with pleasure;
But before we got there,
We started a hare,
Which we thought would turn out a fine treasure.

So Sam Shuttle's son,
Who had got a great gun,
'Twas a musket he'd borrow'd somewhere, Sir,
Cried out, "stand away,
And give me fair play,
For I'm sure I can kill that there hare, Sir."

So, by jingo, he fir'd,
And hit what he desir'd,
Down it fell, and off ran Smut and Towser;
And yet I declare,
It turn'd out not a hare,
But a precious large torter-shell mouser.

But as all was fair game,
This here cat that was tame,
We put in the bag of a weaver;
Then forward we went,
And our course now was bent,
To the fields by the side the Lea River.

Now for sport very great,
We determin'd to wait,
And Towser ran out barking loudly;
He seem'd on some scent,
For quickly he went,
Where a hedge by the river rose proudly.

There he bark'd and he bay'd,
At some game in the shade,
This was just the clean thing we'd been wishing;
So we fir'd all at once,
And, as I am a dunce,
Shot a man t'other side that was fishing.

He roar'd might and main,
And we ran cross the plain,
As fast as our legs let us go, Sir,
In a terrible fright,
As indeed well we might,
At length we reach'd Stratford by Bow, Sir.

In a public house here,
We met with good cheer,
And sat down very dull to our dinners;
For we kill'd by our plan,
A tom-cat and a man,
A pretty collection of sinners.

After dinner and pipe,
We look'd for some snipe,
In the ditches 'twixt here and Whitchapel;
Yet we shot but one lark,
And just as 'twas dark,
A fat pig, which we hardly dare grapple.

But he grunted his last,
And we hurried home fast,
With a pig, cat, and lark for our game, Sir;
And when cockneys so gay,
Take of shooting a day,
May their sport give them all as much fame, Sir.

J. M. L.

BURLESQUE ON A BURLESQUE.

See page 109.

WHEN I and my old wife were young,
Frisky, gay, and full of fun,
Love wing'd with mirth the happy hours,
And pleasure strew'd our path with flow'rs,
Dancing, jigging, giggling, bussing,
Never did I dream of nursing;
But dame Fortune, frail and fickle,
Long'd to leave me in a pickle,
And soon found means to damp my joy,
And give my wife a chopping boy.
I ne'er before had heard such squalling,
Screaming, squeaking, squealing, bawling,
For mother's darling, if 'twas not too sick,
"Would prove he had a soul for music."
Come, dear, put down that nasty fiddle,
And take my darling out to piddle,
My wife she did direct;
And then, as if to give it more effect,
Stamp'd upon my toe,
And reck'd her vengeance on my corn;
Angry she look'd, in dreadful ire,
Her pimpled face was all on fire;
Then, seizing from its peg a brazen horn,
Scoundrel,

Scoundrel, why art not gone? she said,

And lifting high her arm in air,
To teach poor me, in future, care,
She broke a loving husband's head.
'Twas then Despair first saw me sinking,
"And would have lent a helping hand,"

Had not my Fanny took to drinking,
"And got so drunk she could not stand."

Now Hope—as fled the fleeting gipsy,
On seeing my poor Fanny tipsy,
Quickly call'd and bade me to assist her,
"She aqual'd as loud, and like an Indian yell;"

At length I jump'd up all amazement,
Pok'd her head out through the case-ment,

When down some broken glass on Fanny fell.

Revenge! she cried, and up she rose,
And, cursing her cruel lamentable case,
She took me for a foe, I suppose,
For she seiz'd me directly by the nose,
And dabb'd a dirty dish-clout in my face.

Then with a look,
That my fabric quite shook,
By her red nose an oath she took,
And spoke so fast, so loud, and dread;
Word after word impetuous hurl'd,
She shook—the world,
And shook our next door neighbour out of bed.

I help'd the poor soul in, and then,
Hop'd she'd not meet with like again.
She knew my face, and said, dear Mr. Button,

My dear Button, she said;
Wife spoke again—it crack'd her head,
And down she fell, as dead as nutton.
Thy rage, O Fanny, now I sing,

Ah! was the strain to happier ditty;
When at my nose you made a spring,
I should have fled your nervous wring,
And not have trusted to your pity.
"With eyes turn'd up, alas! in doleful dumps,"

One day sat Fanny by the parlour door,
Her grubby offspring sat on their bare rumps,

Like little devils, on a dirty floor,
While ever and anon,
In angry tones escap'd a word,
At last she said—"tis gone,
No more the pleasing liquid sound is heard:

Thy head, she cried, 'twill make a smash on,

Then flung the bottle in a passion,
The empty bottle, at my gate,
I had the luck to miss its weight;
Up she got, and then a thund'ring kick
At me she made—prepare to trot to market;

She said, you know I'll have my will,
Prepare to go, for I am ill.
These naked boards make me quite sick,
Go, buy directly a new Turkey carpet.
Look cheerful, said the wicked hussy,
None of your sulky melancholy,
Be quick, denial is but folly—
I'm in a hurry.

Tir'd of hearing such a horrid din,
I bow'd, and was about retiring,
When wife scream'd out she was ex-
piring,

But beg'd she first might taste some Hol-
land gin.

With cordial to her help I flew,
She brisk arose, and briefly said,
My dear, you've nothing else to do,
Now go to bed—

Yet stop, first set a stove before us,
"Let's one select that all can sing,"
She then being rather mellow,
"Began to bellow
God save the king,"

And I, poor I, was 'blig'd to join in che-
rus;

For Fanny was a nervous maid,
And could, without a broomstick's aid,
Make many a noisy fellow cease,
And bring, all but herself, to peace.

Just as I'd finish'd my last stanza,
She open'd her eyes, like *Sensho Panna*,
And with Stentorian voice exclaim'd,
While at my head a blow she aim'd,
"What's all this cursed noise about,"
Out, out, you drunken dog, get out,
Murder and thieves, then up in rage
she flew,

Call'd me a scoundrel, beat me black
and blue:

Then said, my dear, I made a blunder,
What was I thinking of, I wonder,
To use you so, just now! why bless me,
The devil surely must possess me;
Vast odd, but ev'ry thing turns round,
She said, then squatted on the ground.
Is that your manners, Sir, to stare?
You drunken dog, go fetch a chair,
That done, she took some time in seating,
Which time I did employ—retreating.

Kingsland.

J. M.

THE MILCH BEAR.

IN days of yore, a good old grannum,
At two-and-twenty pounds per annum,
Was hir'd to keep the village school;
To learn the girls to knit—the boys to read,
And teach the little children, all, the creed;
To say their pray'rs,
And such affairs,
And each to practise well the golden rule.

So well this pious woman play'd her part,
Each scholar got the catechism by heart;
The bible too—
Though strange, 'tis true—
Was the sole book from which she taught 'em:
It was their chief delight,
Some passage to recite,
And by such gentle means, to love her brought 'em.

One day she call'd a pupil up to read,
Who, having found her place, did thus proceed—
The little maid
Was not afraid,
But boldly read from Gen'sis twenty-four;
And as she did rehearse
The forty-seventh verse,
She read these words—"Whom Milcah bore—"

"Stop! stop!" the lady cried in accents wild—

"You've read the passage wrong, I'm sure, my child;

Pray read that sentence o'er again."

At which the girl began to stare,
And stammer'd out—"Whom Milcah bore—"

"Aye, aye," replied the mistress,
"now tis plain,

"For they might MILK A BEAR—I knew 't before,

But 'tis impossible to MILK A BOAR."

THE HIGH METTLED HOUND.

THE dew lightly fell on the sweet briar thorn,
Aurora proclaim'd it was day;
Shrill echo repeated the sound of the horn,
Which zephyr bore softly away:
The dogs were uncoupled, the chase none did lack,
When Towler a staunch mettled hound,
That once was the boast of the loud op'ning pack,
Crawl'd forth to the musical sound.

For years he unrival'd was held far and near,
As staunch as e'er followed the chase;
O'er hedge, ditch, and stile, he would skim light as air,
Till age made him slacken his pace:
Turn'd out of the pack, yet unwilling to yield,
The remains of a mettlesome hound;
At the huntsman's loud shout he would hie to the field,
And yelp to the musical sound.

'Twas once when with hunting our speed 'gan to lag,
And sportsmen with dogs were behind,
That Towler like lightning flew after the stag,
Still scenting the prey fleet as wind:
But now blind and feeble, of vigour bereft,
Scarce able to stray o'er the ground,
'Twas the very last effort of former strength left;
To follow the musical sound.

Yet forc'd to dispense with bleak poverty's food,

He droop'd with old age, lean and poor;
Still huntsmen recounted his worth once so good,

And many a virtue told o'er:
No more the gay chase he awakes in the morn,

For, stretching himself on the ground,
His ears faintly hearing the echoing horn,
He died to the musical sound.

J. J. B.

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THE RACING CALENDAR.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING.

ON Tuesday, April 2, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st, rising three yrs old.—Last mile and half.—Eight Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Col. Childers's b c Langton, by Precipitate, out of Alonzo's dam | 1 |
| Mr Nalton's br c by Totteridge | 2 |
| Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Reginald, by Precipitate | 3 |
| Mr Garforth's b f Laura, by Traveller | 4 |
| Ld Fitzwilliam's c Norval, by Hambletonian | 5 |
| Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr c by Delpini, dam by Garrick | 6 |
| Mr Watt's br c by Precipitate, dam by Javeline | 7 |

Seven to 4 agst Sir Reginald, and 6 to 1 agst Langton.

The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for two yr olds 6st, three yr olds 8st, four yr olds 8st 9lb, five yr olds 9st 1lb, six yr olds 9st 5lb, and aged 9st 7lb.—Two miles.

| | |
|--|---|
| Sir M. M. Sykes's c Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, dam by King Fergus, 2 yrs old | 1 |
| Mr Burton's br f Heb, 3 yrs old | 2 |
| Mr Robinson's ch f by Abba Thulle, out of Barnaby's dam, 2 yrs old . . | 3 |
| Mr Garforth's b f Zara, 3 yrs old | 4 |
| Ld Fitzwilliam's Ducat, 4 yrs old | 5 |
| Mr Croft's b c by Cardinal, dam by Fitzherod, 2 yrs old | 6 |

Six to 4 agst Ducat, and 5 to 1 agst Sir Launcelot.

Mr Hill's b m Peggy O'Rafferty, rode by Mr Tatton Sykes, beat Mr Shepherd's h Blue Peter, rode by Mr H. Boynton, 12st 3lb each.—Four miles.—100gs.—Three to 1 on Blue Peter.

WEDNESDAY, April 3, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses &c. not thorough bred, 12st each; rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty-eight Subscribers.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr Tatton Sykes's Hudibras, by Huby, rode by the owner | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Teasdale's b g Experiment | 2 | 2 |
| Mr F. Boynton's b h by Overton | 5 | 3 |
| Mr Thompson's b g Welton | 4 | 4 |
| Mr G. Hotham's b g by Ruler, aged | 6 | 5 |
| Mr H. C. Leatham's b g by Acacia | 7 | 6 |
| Mr Watt's b h by Magnum Bonum | 3 | 7 |

Seven to 4 agst Hudibras.

Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds 7st, four yr olds 8st 4lb, five yr olds 8st 10lb, six yr olds and aged 9st.—Heats a mile and a half.—Mares allowed two pounds.—The winner of a fifty to carry three pounds extra.—The ages as in May.

| | |
|---|------|
| Mr Nalton's br c by Totteridge, dam by Falcon, 3 yrs old..... | 1 1 |
| Mr Ackers's f Heb, 4 yrs old..... | 8 2 |
| Mr Garforth's b f Zara, 4 yrs old..... | 4 3 |
| Mr Hutton's ro c by Ormond, 3 yrs old..... | 6 4 |
| Mr Bell's b c Jack Tar, by Pitch, 3 yrs old..... | 7 5 |
| Mr Calcraft's b f by Restless, 3 yrs old..... | 5 6 |
| Mr Barton's gr c by Aimator, 3 yrs old..... | 2 7 |
| Mr Burton's b m by Trumpator, aged..... | 3 8 |
| Mr Robson's ch c by Ormond, 3 yrs old..... | 9 ds |

Six to 4 agst Heb, 7 to 4 agst Mr Nalton's c, and after the heat 6 to 4 he won.

Soon after starting for the second heat, Mr Robson's colt leaped over the cords—his rider, J. Midgley, in endeavouring to bring him back, got hurt so severely that he died the following day.

Lord Middleton's Blue Devil, by Beningbrough, 8st 6lb, received forfeit from Mr N. B. Hodgson's Stretch, 7st 12lb.—Two miles.—100gs, h. ft.

SKIPTON—YORKSHIRE.

ON Wednesday April 3, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added; colts 8st, fillies 7st 11lb, rising three years old.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Preston's br c Cleveland, by Overton, dam by Phenomenon..... | 1 |
| Sir H. Williamson's b c by Hambleton..... | 2 |
| Capt. Chamberlain's gr c by Delpini..... | 3 |
| Two to 1 on Cleveland. | |

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters 12st; rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Six Subscribers.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Capt. Chamberlain's gr g Whynot, by Slope, rode by Mr. Dinsdale.. | 1 1 |
| Mr C. Parker's ch h by Cavendish, rode by the owner..... | 2 2 |
| Two to 1 on Whynot. | |

THURSDAY, April 4, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages; Craven weights.—Two miles.—Five Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr G. Hutton's ch c Saxoni, by Delpini, 4 years old..... | 1 |
| Mr Smith's ch c by Hambleton, dam by Slope, 3 yrs old..... | 2 |
| Two to 1 on Saxoni. | |

A Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Mr T. Hutchinson's br c by Overton, dam by Young Marske, 2 yrs old, a feather..... | 1 1 |
| Mr Dent's Sir Charles, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... | 2 2 |
| Mr Harris's b f by Hammer, 2 yrs old, a feather..... | 3 3 |
| Sir Charles the favourite. | |

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

ON Monday, April 15, the Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 100s each, for all ages; two yr olds carrying 6st, three yr olds 8st, four yr olds 8st 9lb, five yr olds 9st 1lb, six yr olds 9st 5lb, and aged 9st 7lb.—Across the Flat.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Sir H. Williamson's b c Ditto, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old 1
 Gen. Sparrow's ch c Castrel, 3 yrs old 2
 Ld Grosvenor's b c Agincourt, 3 yrs old 3
 Mr Dalmé Radcliff's b m Anniseed, aged 4
 Mr Ladbroke's b f Dora 2 yrs old; Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, 6 yrs old; Mr Kellermann's ch f Mary, 4 yrs old; Mr Mellish's b h Stockton, 5 yrs old; Ld Foley's gr c Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old; Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, by Moorcock, 2 yrs old; and Mr Wardell's b f Lady Brough, 3 yrs old; also started, but the Judge could only place the first four.

Six to four agst Lady Brough, 3 to 1 agst Ditto, and 4 to 1 agst Castrel.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb. R. M.—Those out of untried mares allowed 3lb; those got by untried horses, 2lb; and those by untried horses out of untried mares, 5lb.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey, out of Giantess 1
 Gen. Grosvenor's b f by Gouty, out of a Sister to Mother Bunch, both untried 2
 Mr Howarth's b c Sinbad, by Skyscraper out of Fidget's dam 3
 Seven to 2 on Lydia.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Across the Flat.—Four Subscribers. Ld Foley's b c Watery, by Waxy, 7st 9lb 1
 Mr Norton's b c Quid, 8st 1lb 2
 Six to 4 on Quid.

Gen. Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, by Buzzard, out of Lady Jane, 8st, beat Mr Craven's b c Jockey, 8st 1lb.—Across the Flat.—100gs, h. ft.—Six to 4 on Jockey.

Mr Watson's b c by Grouse, out of Dreadnought's dam, beat Mr Sitwell's ch f Sister to Cockfighter, 8st each.—Ab. Mile.—100gs, h. ft.—Three to 1 on Mr Watson's colt.

Ld Foley's br c Little Peter, by Sir Peter, 8st 6lb, beat Sir J. Shelley's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, out of Iris, by Brush, 8st 4lb.—Two yr Course, 50gs.—Seven to 4 on Little Peter.

Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, by Sir Peter, 8st 6lb, beat the Duke of Grafton's b m Penelope, 8st 7lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.—Five to 4 on Penelope.

Mr Watson's ch h Trombone, by Trumpator, 8st 7lb, beat Sir J. Shelley's br f Julia, 8st 3lb.—Ab. Mile, 100gs, h. ft.—Two and 3 to 1 on Julia.

Duke

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Duke of Grafton's br f Pelisse, by Whiskey, 7st 13lb, beat Mr Ladbroke's b c Bustard, 8st 3lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs.—Seven to 2 on Pelisse.

Mr Mellish's ch c Honesty, by Overton, beat Mr Jones's b c Freedom, by Buzzard, 8st 3lb each.—Across the Flat, 100gs.—Five to 4 on Honesty.

Mr T. Fisher's b f Two Shoes, by Asparagus, 7st, beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b f Elizabeth, 8st 11lb.—Ditch Inn, 100gs, h. ft.—Two to 1 on Two Shoes.

Mr Wyndham's b c Tallboy, by Tottenham, received forfeit from Sir J. Shelley's b c Skipjack, by Moorcock, 8st 3lb each.—Two yr old Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 8st 7lb, agst Sir J. Shelley's Julia, 6st 10lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.—Was off by consent.

TUESDAY, April 16, Mr Jones's ch c Junius, by Buzzard, dam by Pot8o's, out of Editha, by Herod, beat Mr Harris's b c Farmer, Brother to Allegranti, 8st each.—Across the Flat, 300gs, h. ft.—Two to 1 on Junius.

Duke of St. Albans's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, 8st 5lb, beat Gen. Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, 7st 4lb.—Ab. Mile, 25gs.—Six to 4 on Merryman.

Mr Mellish's b h Eagle, by Volunteer, aged, 9st 7lb, beat Mr Watson's b c Dreadnought, 4 yrs old, 5st 8lb.—Ab. Mile, 200gs.—Seven to 4 on Eagle.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each.—Two yr old Course.

| | |
|--|----|
| D. of St. Albans's b c Merryman, 8st 9lb | 1 |
| Mr Mellish's ch c Honesty, 7st 6lb | 2 |
| Sir J. Shelley's f by Hambletonian 7st 7lb | pd |

Seven to 4, and 2 to 1 on Honesty.

The First Class of the Outlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—D. I.—Eleven Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Kellermann's b c Alaric, by Petworth, out of Egham's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb | 1 |
| Mr Wardell's b f Houghton Lass, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb | 2 |
| Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb | 3 |
| Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb | 4 |
| Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb | 5 |
| Mr R. Boyce's ch c Brainworm, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb | 6 |
| Sir J. Shelley's br m Julia, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb | 7 |

Six to 4 agst Houghton Lass, 9 to two agst Margery, 5 to 1 agst Julia, and 6 to 1 agst Alaric.

WEDNESDAY, April 17, a Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds, for two yr olds carrying 7st, three yr olds 8st 7lb, and four yr olds 9st.—Two yr old Course.

| | |
|--|---|
| Gen. Sparrow's ch c Castrel, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old | 1 |
| Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 2 yrs old | 2 |
| Mr Wardell's b f Lady Brough, 3 yrs old | 3 |
| Mr Forth's br c Artichoke, 2 yrs old | 4 |
| Mr Howorth's br c Enterprize, 3 yrs old | 5 |

Five to 2, and 3 to 1 on Castrel.

The

THE RACING CALENDAR.

5

The Second Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—D. I.—Eleven Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Lake's b h Giles, by Trumpator, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... | 1 |
| Mr Watson's b h Duxbury, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb..... | 2 |
| D. of Grafton's b f Parasol, 4 yrs old, 9st 1lb..... | 3 |
| Mr R. Weatherill's ch h Flambeau, 6 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... | 4 |
| Mr Collett's b c Phoenix, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 6st 10lb..... | 5 |
| Mr Kellermann's ch f Mary, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... | 6 |
| Mr Wardell's b f Gratitude, 3 yrs old, 7st 13lb..... | 7 |

The following having declared forfeit by the 31st day of December, paid only 10gs each, which was divided between the owners of the second horses in the two Classes.—Lord Sackville's ch h Enchanter, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb; Mr Wardell's b f Lady Brough, 3 yrs old, 8st 3lb; Mr Ladbroke's b c Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb; Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb; Mr Mellish did not name.

Five to 4 agst Parasol, 3 to 1 agst Duxbury, 6 to 1 agst Giles, and 6 and 7 to 1 agst Gratitude.

Mr Parker's b h beat Mr Taylor's b h 8st 7lb each.—B. C. 25gs.—Three to 1 on the winner.

Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's b h Stockton, 8st 7lb each.—B. C. 300gs, 100gs ft.

Mr F. Neale's Bobtail, 8st 8lb, agst Lord Grosvenor's Cesario, 7st 12lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs h. ft.—Off by consent.

THURSDAY, April 18, D. of St. Albans's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, beat Mr T. Fisher's b f two shoes, 8st each.—Across the Flat, 50gs—Six to 4 on Merryman.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each.—Across the Flat.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, by John Bull, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb.... | 1 |
| Sir J. Shelley's br f Julia, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... | 2 |
| Mr Delmé Radcliffe's gr f Nitre, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... | 3 |
| Ld Sackville's ch h Enchanter, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... | 4 |
| Mr Howorth's ch h Malta, 6 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... | 5 |

Two to 1 agst Enchanter, 5 to 2 agst Absolute, and 5 to 1 agst Julia.

Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds, for two yr olds 6st 10lb, three yr olds 8st 5lb, four yrs olds 8st 13lb. five yr olds 9st 4lb, six yr olds and aged 9st 8lb.—D. M.—With this condition that the winner was to be sold for 200gs if demanded, &c.

| | |
|--|---|
| D. of Grafton's b h Pic Nic by Mr Teazle, 5 yrs old..... | 1 |
| Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b g Rebel, aged..... | 2 |
| Mr Wardell's br c Capias, 2 yrs old..... | 3 |
| Gen. Gower's b f by Gouty, out of Isabel, 2 yrs old; Mr. Williams's gr c Blue Bell, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old; Ld F. G. Osborne's b f Elizabeth, 4 yrs old; Sir J. Shelley's b c Skipjack, 2 yrs old; Mr Craven's b c Jockey, 2 yrs old; Gen. Grosvenor's ch f Humming Bird, 3 yrs old; Mr R. Goodison's ro f by Buzzard, out of Admiral's dam, 2 yrs old; Mr Lake's b c Mameluke, 3 yrs old; And Mr Abbey's b g Little John, 4 yrs old; also started, but the Judge could only place the first three. | |

Six to 4 agst Rebel, 5 to 1 agst Pic Nic, and 7 to 1 agst Capias.

Ld Foley's gr c Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, 8st, beat Mr Wilson's b c Ditto, 8st 9lb.—B. C. 200gs.—Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Ditto.

Mr Wastell's b f Lumbago, by Grouse, 8st, beat Mr Pantou's ch c Di-lettante, 8st 3lb.—D. I. 50gs.—Five to 4 on Lumbago.

Mr Mellish's b h Eagle, aged, 9st 7lb, recd. ft. from Mr Howorth's. ch h Malta, 6 yrs old, 5st 8lb.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

FRIDAY, April 19, Mr Hurst's c by Fortunio, out of Millamant, by Volunteer, 6st 4lb, recd. 100gs from Mr Jones's b c Freedom, 7st.—Across the Flat, 200gs.

CATTERICK BRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, April 17, the Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for two yr olds 6st, three yr olds 8st, four yr olds 8st 9lb, five yr olds 9st 1lb, six yr olds 9st 5lb, and aged 9st 7lb.—One mile and a half.—Five Subscribers.

Ld Darlington's b c by Ormond, 4 yrs old..... 1
Mr Riddell's b c by Beninbrough, 3 yrs old..... 2
Four to 1 on Ld Darlington.

A Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for two yr olds 8st 2lb, all above that age 8st 10lb.—Mares allowed 4lb.—Two mile heats.

Mr Dent's b c Sir Charles, by Selim, 3 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Stevenson's b f Wasp, 4 yrs old..... 2 2
Mr Field's b c Wafer, 3 yrs old..... 3 3

Wafer the favourite.

Produce Sweepstakes of 25gs each, h. ft. colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st—Those got by stallions untried at the time of naming allowed 3lb—Two miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr W. Fletcher's b c Staveley, by Shuttle, dam by Drone 8st..... 1
Sir W. Gerard's bl c Barouche, by Overton, 8st 3lb..... 2
Ld Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 8st 3lb..... 3
Even betting on Staveley.

THURSDAY, April 18, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two yr old colts 8st 3lb, and fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Wentworth's b c Silver Heels, by Hambleton, dam by Slope.... 1
Mr Riddell's b c by Overton, dam by Spadille..... 2
Mr Lonsdale's ch c by Pipator dam by Paymaster..... 3
Ld Strathmore's gr f by Overton, dam by Delpini; and Sir H. Williamson's b c by Hambleton, dam by Laurel; also started, but were not placed.

Mr Lonsdale's colt the favourite, and 3 to 1 agst Silver Heels.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old fillies carrying 8st.—A mile and half.—Three Subscribers,

Mr Watt's b f by Beninbrough, out of Judy, walked over.

Mr Burton's b g by Dubskelper, aged, received forfeit from Captain Hawkes's Miss Topping, 6 yrs old, 12st each.—Four miles, 400gs.

DURHAM.

DURHAM.

ON Tuesday, April 23, a Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, given by the Members of the City, for colts 8st 3lb, and fillies 8st, rising three yrs old.—Two mile heats,

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Lonsdale's ch c by Pipator, dam by Paymaster..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Uppleby's b c by Precipitate, dam by Magnet, bolted..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Hutt's ro c Diogenes | 3 | dr |

WEDNESDAY, April 24, a Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, given by the County. Members; two yr olds 6st, three yr olds 7st 9lb, four yr olds 8st 4lb, five yr olds 8st 9lb, six yr olds and aged 9st.—Three mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|-----|---|---|
| Mr Hutt's ro c Diogenes, by Ormond, 2 yrs old..... | 3 | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Sir H. Williamson's b c by Hambleton, dam by Laurel, 2 yrs old | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Phillips's ch c Sir Frank, by a Brother to Eagle, 2 yrs old, bolted..... | 1 | dis | | |

THURSDAY, April 25, the Lambton Hunt Stakes of 5gs each, for hunters 12st.—Two mile heats.—Twelve Subscribers.

| | | |
|---------------------------------|---|---|
| Mr Mason's ch h by Archer..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Lambton's b g Ardent..... | 5 | 2 |
| Col Seddon's bl h Sweeper | 4 | 3 |
| Mr Surtee's gr m Eliza | 3 | 4 |
| Mr Allan's ch m Fanny..... | 2 | 5 |

FRIDAY, April 26, Fifty Pounds, for two yr olds 6st 4lb, three yr olds 8st, four yr olds 8st 6lb, five yr olds 8st 12lb, six yr olds and aged 9st.—A winner of Fifty Pounds at any time carrying 3lb extra, of two fifties or a hundred, 5lb extra.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr J. Thompson's b c Newcastle, by Waxy, 3 yrs old..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Stevenson's b f Cantata, 4 yrs old..... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr W. Hutchinson's br c Didapper, 2 yrs old..... | 2 | 3 |

 NEWMARKET—FIRST SPRING MEETING

When any part of this Meeting happens in April the ages are considered as in May.

ON Monday, April 29, the First Class of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts carrying 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat.—Five Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ld Grosvenor's b c Goth, by Sir Peter, out of Nimble..... | 1 |
| Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey..... | 2 |
| Mr Watson's b c brother to Goaler..... | 3 |

Five to 2 on Lydia, 3 to 1 agst the brother to Goaler, and 6 to 1 agst Goth.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. 8st 3lb.—R. M.—Three Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Foley's br c Little Peter, by Sir Peter..... | 1 |
| Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b c Achmet, by Precipitate, out of Huncamunea | 2 |

Five to 2 on Little Peter.

Produce

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h ft, colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st—
Across the Flat.—Seven Subscribers

D. of Grafton's b f Dodona, by Waxy, out of Drab..... 1
Sir F. Standish's br f by Sir Peter, out of Storage..... 2
Mr Watson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Doubtful..... 3
Two to 1 on Dodona.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Ab Mile.—Five Subscribers.

Sir J. Shelley's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st 11lb..... 1
Mr Wilson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 8st 6lb..... 2
Mr Wyndham's b c Tallboy, 8st..... 3
Mr F. Neale's b c Punch, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 5lb..... 4
Six to 4 agst Mr Wilson's c and 2 to 1 agst Currycomb.

Mr Mellish's b h Eagle, by Volunteer, aged, 9st 4lb, beat Mr Wyndham's ch m Marianne, 6 yrs old, 7st 6lb.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.—
Seven to 4 on Eagle.

Mr Mellish's b c Diddler, by Pegasus, 7st 13lb, beat Mr R. Boyce's ch c Brainworm, 8st 3lb.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.—Even betting, and 6 to 5 on Brainworm.

Sir J. Shelley's f by Hambletonian, out of Brown Charlotte, recd 80gs from Gen. Grosvenor's f Grassini, 8st 7lb each.—Across the Flat, 200 gs, h. ft.

Ld Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, by John Bull, 5 yrs old recd 5gs from Sir J. Shelley's b c Strap, 4 yrs old, 8st each.—B. C. 200gs.

Mr R. Boyce's br c Sir David, by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb, recd 20gs from Mr Watson's b c Dreadnought, 4 yrs old, 7st 16lb.—R. M. 100gs..

Ld Foley's gr c Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, recd 75gs from Mr Howorth's Harefoot, 8st 7lb each.—B. C. 300gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, April 30, the Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—D. I.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Five Subscribers.

Ld Grosvenor's b c Bagatelle, by Sir Peter..... 1
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Young Whiskey, by Whiskey, out of Giantess... 2
No betting.

Ld Stawell's b f Gloriana, by Coriander, 2 yrs old, 7st, beat Mr Panton's ch c Dilettante, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.—
Two to 1. on Dilettante.

Ld Sackville's ch h Enchanter, by Pot8e's, 8st, beat Mr Mellish's br h Pipylon, 8st 3lb.—Ab. M. 50gs.—Even betting, and 6 to 5 on Pipylon.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for four yr old 7st 9lb, five yr olds 8st 3lb, six year olds and aged 8st 7lb.—R. C.

Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old..... 1
Mr Mellish's br h Pipylon, 5 yrs old..... 2
D. of Grafton's b f Parasol, 4 yrs old..... 3
Six to 4 on Walton, 7 to 4 agst Parasol, and 50 to 1 agst Pipylon.

The

The King's Plate of 100gs, for five yr old mares carrying 10st.—R. C.
—Was walked over for by the D. of Grafton's b f Parasol by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old.

Mr Norton's b c Quid, by Star, 8st 4lb, beat Mr Wastell's Lumbago, 8st.—D. I. 50gs.—Seven to 4 on Lumbago.

Mr Watson's b h Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 8st 8lb, recd 10gs from Sir J. Shelley's br m Julia, 7st 9lb.—R. M. 50gs, h. ft.

Mr Wastell's b f Lumbago, by Grouse, 5st 13lb, received forfeit from Ld Foley's b c Hippocampus, 8st 7lb, both 3 yrs old.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb received from Mr Jones's b c Freedom, 2 yrs old, 7st 5½lb.—Across the Flat, 25gs.

WEDNESDAY, May 1, Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb, beat Sir J. Shelley's b c Currycomb, 2 yrs old, 7st 7lb.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.—Five and 6 to 4 on Currycomb.

The second year of the Newmarket Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—D. M.—Twenty Subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey 1
Mr Biggs's ch c Bassanio, by Skyscraper, out of Portia 2
Mr Glover's ch f by Buzzard, out of Camilla, by Highflyer 3
D. of Grafton's b c brother to Duckling; Mr Wastell's br c brother to Whiskerandos; Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, by St. George; Lord Stawell's b f Gloriana; Mr Watson's b c by Grouse, out of Dreadnought's dam; Ld Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter, out of Cælia; and Sir F. Standish's sister to Duxbury: also started, but the Judge could place only the first three.—Three to 1 agst Bassanio, 4 to 1 agst the brother to Whiskerandos, and 5 to 1 agst Lydia.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each.—Ab. M.

Mr Ladbroke's b f Dora, by Driver, 8st. 1
Mr Wilson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 8st 5lb. 2
Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 8st 7lb. 3
Six and 7 to 4 agst Dora, and 7 to 4 agst Mr Wilson's colt.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—D. C.

Ld Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, by John Bull, 5 yrs old 7st 5lb .. 1
Mr Watson's b h Duxbury, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb 2
Mr Howorth's Harefoot, 5 yrs old, 7st 5lb. pd
Six to 4 on Captain Absolute.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for three yr olds 7st 4lb, four yr olds 8st 7lb, and five yr olds 9st.—D. C.

D. of Grafton's b f Parasol, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old 1
Ld Foley's b c Hippocampus, 3 yrs old 2
Mr Wardell's b f Houghton Lass, 3 yrs old 3
Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir David, 3 yrs old 4
Ld F. G. Osborne's b f Elizabeth, 4 yrs old 5
Mr Howorth's br c Enterprize, 3 yrs old 6

Even betting on Hippocampus, 4 to 1 agst Parasol, and 4 to 1 agst Houghton Lass.

Lord Foley's b c Watery, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 8st 12lb, received 50gs from Mr Howorth's b c Trumper, 2 yrs old, 7st.—Two yr old Course, 100gs.

THURSDAY, May 2, Mr Howorth's br m Julia, by Whiskey, 7st 4lb, beat Mr Mellish's br h Pipplin, 8st 7lb.—Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.—Six and 7 to 4 on Julia.

The Second Class of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts carrying 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat.—Five Subscribers.
Mr Glover's ch f by Buzzard, out of Camilla..... 1
Ld Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter, out of Cælia..... 2
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b c Achmet..... 3
Mr Pantom's b c Performer..... 4

Eleven to 8 agst Achmet, and 7 to 4 agst the filly.

Mr Mellish's b f Lady Brough, by Stride, 7st 7lb, beat Ld Sackville's b h Whirligig, 8st 9lb.—Across the Flat, 25gs.—Two to 1, and 5 to 2 on Whirligig.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds 11st, five yr olds 11st 9lb, six yr olds and aged 12st.—R. C.—was walked over for by Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, 5 yrs old.

Ld Barrymore's Merryman, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Wilson's ch c, by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 7st 9lb.—Ab. M. 50gs.—Off by consent.

FRIDAY, May 3, Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—R. M.

Mr R. Boyce's ch c Brainworm, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 9st..... 1
Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 2
Mr Mellish's ch c Honesty, 2 yrs old, 6st 7lb..... 3
Six and 7 to 4 agst Honesty, 7 to 4 agst Woodcot, and 5 to 2 agst Brainworm.

Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, by St. George, 8st 6lb, beat Mr Cra-ven's b c Jockey, 8st.—R. M. 50gs.—Five to 2 on Bumper.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15gs each.—Ab. M.—rode by Stable Boys.
Mr Howorth's br c Trumper, by Whiskey, 2 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 1
Mr Wastell's b f Lumbago, 3 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 2
Mr R. Boyces's b c Punch, 2 yrs old, 7st 1lb..... 3
Mr Wilson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 2 yrs old, 7st 10lb; Mr Watson's b c brother to Goaler, 2 yrs old, 7st 4lb; Mr Mellish's ch c Honesty, 2 yrs old, 7st 2lb; and Mr Wyndham's b c Tallboy, 2 yrs old, 6st 12lb; also started, but the Judge could place only the first 3.

Six and 7 to 4 agst Lumbago, 7 to 4 agst Trumper, 5 to 1 agst

Mr Wilson's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Tallboy.

The New Claret Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. colts carrying 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—D. I.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Six Subscribers.

Ld Darlington's b c Pavilion, by Waxy, out of Totterella..... 1
Mr Mellish's b c Sancho..... 2
Ld Egremont's b c Hannibal..... 3
D. of Grafton's br f Pelisse..... 4

Six to 4 on Sancho, 3 to 1 agst Hannibal, 5 to 1 agst Pelisse, and 7 to 1 agst Pavilion.

Mr Howorth's b c Heeltap, by Waxy, 3 yrs old, reed forfeit from Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, 2 yrs old, 8st each.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 7st 7lb, agst Mr Howorth's br c Trampler, 6st 9lb.—Ab. M. 25gs.—Off by consent.

CHESTER.

ON Monday, May 6, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for maiden horses; three yr olds 6st 12lb, four yr olds 8st, five yr olds 8st 10lb, six yr olds 9st, and aged horses 9st 2lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Six Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr E. L. Hodgson's ch c by Pipator, 3 yrs old..... | 1 |
| Ld Grosvenor's ch f Mony Musk, 4 yrs old..... | 2 |
| Mr C. Cholmondley's b c Green Dragon, by St. George, 4 yrs old..... | 3 |
| Ld Grey's b f Georgiana, by George, 3 yrs old..... | 4 |
| Mr B. Grey's b c Forester, by Old Tat, 4 yrs old..... | 5 |

A Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds a feather, four yr olds 7st 6lb, five yr olds 8st 6lb, six yr olds 8st 9lb, and aged 9st 12lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sir W. W. Wynn's b c by Buzzard, 3 yrs old..... | 1 | 1 |
| Ld Grosvenor's ch c by John Bull, out of Dido, 4 yrs old..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr C. Cholmondley's br c Welch Rabbit, 4 yrs old..... | 3 | 3 |

TUESDAY, May 7, Fifty Pounds, the gift of T. Grosvenor and R. E. D. Grosvenor, Esqs. for 3 yr old colts 6st 8lb, fillies 6st 6lb, and 4 yr old colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st 1lb.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|----|
| Mr Brooke's b c Optician, by Telescope, 4 yrs old..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Ld Grosvenor's ch f Mony Musk, 4 yrs old..... | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Bettison's b f by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old..... | 4 | 2 | dr |
| Mr E. L. Hodgson's ch c by Pipator, 3 yrs old, ran against a post 2 dr | | | |

The Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds 8st 2lb, five yr olds 8st 10lb, six yr olds and aged 9st.—Winners of one Match, Plate, or Sweepstakes, carrying 4lb, of two 7lb, and of three or more 10lb extra.—Thrice round.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr T. Tarleton's b c Jack Tar, by John Bull, 4 yrs old..... | 1 |
| Mr Ackers's b f Hebe, 4 yrs old..... | 2 |
| Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, 4 yrs old..... | 3 |
| Mr C. Cholmondley's b c Green Dragon, 4 yrs old..... | 4 |
| Mr Lord's b g Cockspinner, 5 yrs old..... | 5 |
| Sir W. W. Wynn's b m, 6 yrs old..... | 6 |

WEDNESDAY, May 8, the City and Corporation Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds a feather, four yr olds 7st 4lb, five yr olds 8st 4lb, six yr olds 9st, and aged 9st 4lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Clifton's b h Sir Ulic Mackilligut, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Simpson's ch h Rudstone, 5 yrs old..... | 2 | 2 |
| Sir W. W. Wynn's b m, 6 yrs old..... | 3 | 3 |

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for horses, the property of the Subscribers; four yr olds 7st 12lb, five yr olds 8st 10lb, six yr olds 9st 2lb, and aged 9st 5lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.—Six Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Tarleton's b c Jack Tar, 4 yrs old..... | 1 |
| Ld Grey's br c Gayman, 4 yrs old..... | 2 |
| Mr Clifton's b f Josephine, 4 yrs old..... | 3 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b h Baron Bull, 5 yrs old..... | 4 |

THURSDAY, May 9, a Piece of Silver Plate, value Fifty Pounds, the gift of Earl Grosvenor, for three yr olds a feather, four yr olds 7st 5lb, five yr olds 8st 2lb, six yr olds 8st 11lb, and aged 9st 1lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| Mr Clifton's b h Sir Ulic Mackilligut, 5 yrs old..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Brooke's b c Optician, by Telescope, 4 yrs old..... | 2 | 1 | 2 |

FRIDAY, May 10, the Ladies Purse, value Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds a feather, four yr olds 7st 5lb, five yr olds 8st 5lb, six yr olds 8st 12lb, and aged 9st 2lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—A winner of one 50l. Plate carrying 3lb extra, of two 5lb, and of three or more 8lb.—Four mile heats.

| | | | | |
|--|---|---|----|---|
| Ld Grey's b f Georgiana, by George, 3 yrs old..... | 5 | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Ackers's b f Hebe, 4 yrs old..... | 1 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Clifton's b f Josephine, 4 yrs old..... | 4 | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Lord's b g Cockspinner, 5 yrs old..... | 3 | 3 | 4 | |
| Sir W. W. Wynn's b c by Buzzard, 3 yrs old..... | 2 | 5 | dr | |

A Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Stewards.—Two miles.—*Bona fide*, the property of the Subscribers.

| | |
|--|----|
| Ld Grosvenor's ch c Vandal, by John Bull, out of Dido, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... | 1 |
| Mr Crowther's b c Forester, by Old Tat, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb..... | 2 |
| Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... | pd |

GOODWOOD.

ON Wednesday, May 8, the Goodwood Hunters Plate of 50gs, 12st.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|---|----|---|
| D. of Richmond's gr h You know me, by Gay..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Wyndham's gr h Grey Surry..... | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Sir G. Thomas's b g Leader..... | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Miss Le Clerc's b m Arachne..... | 3 | dr | |

The Goodwood Club Subscription, amounting to 50gs, 13st.—Rode by Gentlemen.

| | | | |
|--|---|----|----|
| Mr. W. Burrell's ch g Rinaldo, by Huby..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr P. Burrell's b g Quill-driver, by Pipator..... | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr R. Boulton's b g Master Morton..... | 4 | 2 | 3 |
| Gen. Lennox's br g Watchman, by Pot80's..... | 5 | 4 | dr |
| Sir C. M. Burrell's ch g Sarpedon, by Pot80's..... | 2 | dr | |

The

The Skirter's Plate, 13st.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| D. of Richmond's Rolla, by Precipitate..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Dickens's gr g Slindon..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Græme's Gommel M'Gralahan..... | 2 | 3 | 3 |

THURSDAY, May 9, the Hunters Plate of 50gs, for four yr olds 10st 4lb, five yr olds 11st 6lb, six yr olds 12st, and aged 12st 2lb.—Horses that never won 50 Pounds allowed 5lb.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Major Pigot's br g Black Dick, by Magpie, aged..... | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Miss Le Clerc's b g Bayard, by Precipitate, aged..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Handicap Plate.—Two miles.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr W. Burrell's Rinaldo, 13st..... | 1 |
| Mr R Boulton's Master Morton, 11st..... | 2 |
| Mr P. Burrell's Quill-driver, 12st..... | 3 |
| Sir C. Burrell's Sarpedon, 11st 7lb..... | 4 |
| Gen Lennox's br g Watchman, 10st 7lb..... | 5 |

The Ladies Plate of 60gs, King's Plate weights.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Martin's Enchantress, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Hyde's ch c by Mr Teazle, 4 yrs old..... | 4 | 2 |
| Major Pigot's Gary Owen, aged..... | 3 | 3 |
| Ld Egremont's b g by Driver, 5 yrs old..... | 2 | dr |

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

ON Monday, May 13, Mr Wyndham's ch m Marianne, by Mufti, aged, 8st 4lb, beat Mr Mellish's b h Stockton, 6 yrs old, 8st 2lb.—R. M, 100gs.—Two to 1 on Marianne.

Mr R. Boyce's ch h Bobtail, by Precipitate, aged, 8st 9lb, beat Mr Mellish's b c Sancho, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb.—R. M. 500gs.—Six to 4 on Sancho.

Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, by St. George, 8st, beat Mr Howorth's br c Trampler (who ran out of the course) 8st 4lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.—Even betting.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Across the Flat.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Ladbroke's b c Bustard, by Buzzard, 7st 12lb..... | 1 |
| Ld Foley's b c Hippocampus, 8st 5lb..... | 2 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b c Bagatelle, 7st 4lb..... | 3 |

Six to 5 and 5 to 4 on Hippocampus, 3 to 1 agst Bagatelle,
7 to 2 and 4 to 1 agst Bustard.

Mr R. Boyce's b c Punch, by Y. Woodpecker, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb, beat Mr Mellish's b f Lady Brough, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb.—Two yr old Course, 50gs.—Three to 1 on Lady Brough.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—D. J.—Four Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Darlington's b c Pavilion, by Waxy, 8st 2lb and a half..... | 1 |
| Mr Norton b c Quid, 7st..... | 2 |

Seven to 4 on Pavilion.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Last three miles of B. C.—
Three Subscribers.

Mr Mellish's b c Sancho, by Don Quixote, 7st 13lb, received forfeit from the other two.

Ld Grosvenor's f by Meteor, out of Maid of all work, 8st. received forfeit from Mr Sitwell's ch f sister to Cockfighter, 8st 1lb.—D. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's br f Puss, by Hambletonian, out of Brown Charlotte, 8st, received 80gs from Ld Foley's c by Ambrosio, out of Jessica, 8st 4lb.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Gen. Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, received 35gs from Sir J. Shelley's b c by Moorcock, dam by Dungannon, 8st 1lb.—Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Ld Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter, out of Cælia, received 60gs from Mr Watson's b c brother to Goaler, 8st 2lb each.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, May 14, Mr Panton's b c Performer, by Coriander, beat Ld Stawell's b f Gloriana, 8st each.—Across the Flat, 100gs.—Six to 4 on Gloriana.

Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb, beat Mr Wyndham's br c by Waxy, bought of Sir F. Poole, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb.—Two yr old Course, 50gs.—Three to 1 on Merryman.

Mr Mellish's b c Didler, by Pegasus, 7st 13lb, beat Sir J. Shelley's br m Julia, 8st 7lb.—Two yr old Course, 200gs, h. ft.—Six to 5 on Didler.

Fifty Pounds for three yr old colts carrying 8st 4lb, and fillies 8st.—R. M.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Grosvenor's b f Violanté, by John Bull, out of a sister to Skyscraper | 1 |
| Mr Grisewood's ch c Honesty | 2 |
| Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap | 3 |
| D. of Grafton's b f Farce, by Grouse..... | 4 |
| Mr Wardell's br c Capias | 5 |
| Mr Ladbroke's b f Dora..... | 6 |

Seven to 4 agst Violanté, 3 to 1 agst Dora, 4 to 1 agst Goosecap, 4 to 1 agst Capias, and 8 to 1 agst Honesty.

Fifty Pounds, by Subscription, for four yr olds 7st 8lb, five yr olds 8st 6lb, six yr olds 8st 12lb, and aged 9st 2lb.—Dut. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld F. G. Osborne's b f Elizabeth, by Waxy, 5 yrs old | 1 |
| Mr Abbey's b g Little John, 5 yrs old | 2 |
| Mr Wastell's b f Lumbago, 4 yrs old..... | 3 |

Five to 4 agst Lumbago, 7 to 4 agst Little John, and 5 to 2 agst Elizabeth.

Mr Howorth's b c Heeltap, by Waxy, 8st 9lb, received 20gs from Mr Wilson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 7st 12lb.—R. M. 50gs.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, by Sir Peter, 8st 11lb, beat Mr Howorth's br c Tramper (who ran out of the Course) 7st 7lb.—Two yr old Course, 100gs.—Five to 4 on Tramper.

Mr. Wilson's

Mr Wilson's b f Maiden, by Sir Peter, 8st 1lb, beat Mr Ladbrooke's b c Bustard, 8st 7lb.—R. M. 100gs.—Six to 4 on Bustard.

Mr R. Boyce's ch h Bobtail, by Precipitate, 8st, beat Mr Mellish's b h Eagle, 9st 2lb.—Ab. M. 500gs.—Seven to 4 on Eagle.

Mr Mellish's b h Didler, by Pegasus, 8st 8lb, beat Mr Wilson's b f Maiden 8st.—R. M. 50gs.—Five and 6 to 4 on Didler.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—D. M.—Nine Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Gen. Sparrow's ch c Castrel, by Buzzard, 8st 9lb | 1 |
| Ld Foley's b c Watery, 7st 9lb | 2 |
| Ld Foley's b c Czar Peter, 7st 4lb | 3 |
| Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, 7st 3lb | 4 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b c Agincourt, 7st 6lb | 5 |

Two to 1 agst Castrel, 5 to 2 agst Watery, 4 to 1 agst Agincourt,
5 and 6 to 1 agst Merryman, and 7 to 1 agst Watery.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr olds 7st, and three yr olds 8st 7lb.—Yearling Course.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs if demanded, &c.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Mellish's b f Miss Allerthorpe, by Buzzard, dam by Pot8o's, 2 yrs 1 | |
| Mr Sitwell's ch f sister to Cockfighter, 3 yrs old | 2 |
| Mr Wilson's ch c by Buzzard, out of Vixen, 3 yrs old | 3 |
| Mr Payne's br c by Waxy, out of Peppermint, 3 yrs old; Mr Pantons's b f Fugue, 3 yrs old; and Sir J. Shelley's br f Puss, 3 yrs old; also started, but the Judge could only place the first three. | |

Two to 1 agst Mr Wilson's colt, 3 to 1 agst Miss Allerthorpe,
and 7 to 2 agst Fugue.

Ld Foley's b c Watery, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb, beat Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, 3 yrs old, 7st 1lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.—Five to 4 on Watery.

Mr Mellish's b h Pipylon, 8st 12lb, and Mr Ladbrooke's ch c Prospero, 8st 1lb, ran a dead heat.—Ab. M. 25gs.—Six to 4 on Prospero.

The Jockey-club Plate of 50gs, to be run for by horses, &c. the property of Members of the Jockey-club; four yr olds carrying 7st 2lb, five yr olds 8st 3lb, six yr olds 8st 9lb, and aged 8st 11lb.—B. C.

| | |
|--|---|
| D. of Grafton's b m Parasol, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old | 1 |
| Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, 6 yrs old | 2 |
| Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ro h Petruchio, 4 yrs old | 3 |

Six to 4 on Walton, and 7 to 4 agst Parasol.

THURSDAY, May 16, Gen. Grosvenor's b f Grassini, by Gouty, 8st, beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b c by Overton, dam by Highflyer, out of fair Barbara, 8st 7lb.—Ab. mile, 100gs, h. ft.—Two to 1 on Grassini.

Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds 6st 2lb, four yr olds 8st, five yr olds 8st 7lb, six yr olds and aged 8st 12lb.—Two middle miles of B. C.—With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Abbey's b g Little John, by Calomel, 5 yrs old | 1 |
| Mr Crouch's br c brother to Whiskerandos, 3 yrs old | 2 |
| D. of Grafton's b c brother to Ducklin, 3 yrs old | 3 |

Mr Kellermann's

Mr Kellermann's gr f Iphigina, by Petworth, 4 yrs old; **Mr Perren's** b c Spot, by Pipator, 4 yrs old; **Mr Panton's** ch c Dilettante, 4 yrs old; **Mr Craven's** b c Jockey, 3 yrs old; **Mr R. Boyce's** b g Dismal, 4 yrs old; and **Mr Wyndham's** br c by Waxy, 3 yrs old; also started, but the Judge could only place the first three.—Five to one agst Iphigina, 5 to 2 agst Little John, and 4 to 1 agst Dilettante.

Mr Wilson's f Maiden, by Sir Peter, 8st 4lb, beat **Ld Foley's** b c Czar Peter, 8st.—D. M. 25gs.—Six to 4 on Czar Peter.

Mr Watson's b c Dreadnought, by Sir Peter, 8st 7lb, beat **Gen. Grosvenor's** ch f Humming Bird, 7st 8lb.—Two yr old Course, 50gs.—Seven to 4 on Dreadnought.

Ld Sackville's ch h Enchanter, by Pot8o's, beat **Mr Mellish's** br h Pipylin, 8st, each.—B. C. 100gs.—Five to 2 on Enchanter.

Ld Foley's b c Hippocampus, by Coriander, 8st 4lb, beat **Mr Watson's** b h Duxbury, 8st 6lb.—Last three miles of B. C. 100gs.—Five and 6 to 4 on Hippocampus.

Mr Norton's b c Quid, by Star, 8st 2lb, beat **Mr Lake's** b h Giles, 9st.—D. I. 100gs.—Five and 6 to 4 on Giles.

Gen. Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, by Buzzard, 8st 2lb, beat **Mr R. Boyce's** b c Punch, 8st.—Two yr old Course, 50gs.—Six to 4 on Punch.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts carrying 8st 3lb, and fillies 8st.—Ab. M.—**Ld Grosvenor's** br c Knight Errant, by Sir Peter, out of Peggy Bull, recd 45gs from the D. of Grafton's b c by Trumpator, out of Sea-fowl; and **Gen. Grosvenor's** b f Grassini, withdrew.

Mr Wardell's b f Houghton Lass, 8st 9lb, received 70gs from **Mr Branthwayt's** ch c Woodcot, 8st.—Two yr old Course, 100gs.

Ld Foley's b c Watery, 8st 11lb, agst **Mr Sitwell's** Goosecap, 7st 10lb.—D. M. 50gs.—Off by consent.

MIDDLEHAM.

ON Wednesday, May 15, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts 8st 3lb, and fillies 8st.—Two miles.

| | |
|--|----|
| Mr Riddell's br c by Overton, dam by Spadille | 1 |
| Mr Mellish's b c True Briton | 2 |
| Sir H. Williamson's ch f by Hambleton, out of Treecreeper | 3 |
| D. of Hamilton's b f by Spadille, dam by Dungannon | pd |

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, the remainder in specie, being a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the town, for all ages; four yr olds carrying 7st 10lb, five yr olds 8st 6lb, six yr olds 8st 12lb.—Four miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir H. Williamson's gr h Starling, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old | 1 |
| Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Clariot, 4 yrs old | 2 |
| Ld Belhaven's b h Brandon, 6 yrs old | 3 |

Mr Baillie's

Mr Baillie's gr c Orphan, by Overton, 4 yrs old; D. of Hamilton's br f by Walnut, 4 yrs old; Mr Wood's b m Littletonia, by Benningbrough, 5 yrs old; and Mr Riddell's b c by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old; also started, but were not placed by the Judge.

YORK SPRING MEETING.

ON Wednesday May 22, Mr Wentworth's ch c Hippolitus, by Benningbrough, beat Sir R. Wynn's b c Mariner, 8st each.—Two miles, 200gs.—Five to 2 on Hippolitus,

Mr Acred's b f Miss Welham, by Screveton, out of Miss Cogden, beat Mr Hill's b f by Ormond, 8st each.—Two miles, 100gs.—Two to 1 on Miss Welham.

Mr Robinson's b c by Overton, out of Fanny, by Weasel, beat Mr Nalton's c by Star, dam by Slope, 8st each.—The last mile and half, 200gs.—Seven to 4 on Mr Nalton's colt,

Mr Bell's b f by Abba Thulle, beat Mr Nutbrown's b f by Brough, 7st 7lb each.—Four miles, 50gs.—Three to 1 on the winner.

Mr Flint's b h Black Strap, by Volunteer, 8st 4lb, recd ft. from Mr Darley's gr g by Pallafox, 8st.—Two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, May 23, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts 8st 3lb, and fillies 7st 13lb.—Two yr old Course.—Those marked thus * allowed 3lb.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Walker's ch c brother to Sir John, by Stride 1

*Mr Knapton's b f by a brother to Eagle, dam by Star 2

Mr Mellish's b c Companion, by Benningbrough 3

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, out of Hyperion's dam 4

*Mr J. Hill's c Talisman, by Totteridge, dam by Highflyer 5

Six to 4 agst the winner.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each.—Two miles.—Four Subscribers,

Ld Fitzwilliam's Sally, by Sir Peter, 9st 1

Mr W. Lee's Brunette, 8st 2lb 2

Five to 2 on Sally.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs forfeit.—Last three miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr f Vesta, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb 1

Mr Garforth's Evander, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2

Ld Middleton's gr h Blue Devil, 6 yrs old, 9st 3

Mr Flint's m Spitfire, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb 4

Six to 4 agst Blue Devil.

FRIDAY, May 24, the Stand-Plate of Fifty Pounds; four yr olds 7st 9lb, five yr olds 8st 4lb, six yr olds and aged, 8st 10lb.—Four miles.

Mr Hutton's ch h Saxoni, by Delpini, 5 yrs old 1

Mr Garforth's gr c Evander, 4 yrs old 2

Mr Mangle's b c by Walnut, 4 yrs old 3

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D

Mr Thompson's

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Thompson's b c Newcastle, 4 yrs old..... | 4 |
| Sir H. Williamson's gr h Starling, 5 yrs old..... | 5 |
| Two to 1 agst Saxoni, 5 to 2 agst Evander, and 3 to 1 agst Starling. | |
| Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts 8st, and fillies 7st 12lb. | |
| —Last mile and half.—Six Subscribers. | |
| Mr Fletcher's b c Staveley, by Shuttle, dam by Drone..... | 1 |
| Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Caleb Quotem | 2 |
| Sir T. Gascoigne's gr c by Delpini, dam by Weathercock, out of Cora .. | 3 |
| Mr Mellish's b c True Briton..... | 4 |
| Six and 7 to 4 on Staveley. | |

EPSOM.

ON Thursday, May 30, the first year of a Renewal of the Derby Stakes, of 50gs each h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8st 5lb, and fillies 8st.—The last mile and half.—Thirty-nine Subscribers.—The owner of the second horse received 100gs out of the Stakes.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, out of Colibri.... | 1 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b c Plantagenet, by John Bull, out of Tulip..... | 2 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b c Goth, by Sir Peter..... | 3 |
| Mr Biggs's ch c Bassanio, by Skyscraper..... | 4 |
| Ld Foley's br c Little Peter, by Sir Peter..... | 5 |
| Ld Egremont's ch c Impostor, by Waxy, out of Gohanna's dam; Gen. Gower's b c by Coriander, out of Lady Mary; H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Barbarossa, by Sir Peter, out of Mulespinner; Mr Wilson's b c Newmarket; Mr Howorth's ch c Honesty, by Overton; Mr Glover's ch f by Buzzard, out of Camilla; Mr Jones's b c Freedom, by Buzzard; Mr Jones's ch c Junius by Buzzard; Mr Best's ch c by Dunganon, out of Flirtilla; and Mr Harris's b c brother to Allegranti; also started, but were not placed.—Seven to 4 agst Impostor, 5 to 2 and 2 to 1 agst Tulip, 9 to 1 agst Little Peter, 9 to 1 agst Newmarket, 9 to 1 agst Bassanio, and 20 to 1 agst Cardinal Beaufort. | |

Mr. Best's c was thrown down by some horsemen crossing the course before all the race horses had passed—his rider, B. Norton, was much bruised by the fall.

Mr Emden's Gipsy, by Guildford, 5 yrs old, 8st 11lb, beat Mr Burt's br f Harriet, by Oscar, 2 yrs old, 7st 11lb.—The last half mile, 100gs.

Mr Durand's b c Quarter-master, by Guildford, out of Slamerkin, recd ft. from Mr Ladbroke's br c by Sir Peter, 8st each.—The last half mile, 50gs, h. ft.

Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. that had not won more than one 50L Plate since the 1st of March, 1804; four yr olds 7st 4lb, five yr olds 8st 6lb, six yr olds 9st, and aged 9st 3lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, by Buzzard, aged..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Forth's ch h Brighton, aged..... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Brown's b h Surprise, aged..... | 4 | 3 |
| Ld Egremont's b f by Precipitate, 4 yrs old..... | 2 | dr |
| Five to 4 on Quiz. | | |

FRIDAY,

FRIDAY, May 31, the first year of a Renewal of the Oaks Stakes, of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—The last mile and half.—Twenty-seven Subscribers.—The owner of the second filly recd 100gs out of the stakes.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Grosvenor's b f Meteora, by Meteor, out of Maid of all work | 1 |
| D. of Grafton's b f Dodona | 2 |
| Sir F. Standish's b f sister to Duxbury | 3 |
| Mr Howorth's f Pimlico, by Sir Peter, dam by Florizel | 4 |
| Mr Glover's ch f by Buzzard | 5 |
| Ld Egremont's b f by Gohanna, out of Tag | 6 |
| Sir T. Gascoigne's br f by Sir Peter, out of Violet | 7 |
| Mr Dockeray's b f by Waxy, out of Macaria | 8 |
| Two to 1 agst Dodona, 6 to 2 agst Pimlico, and 7 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Meteora. | |

Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|---|------|
| Mr Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb. 1 1 | |
| Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb, bolted | 2 ds |

SATURDAY, June 1, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, and fillies 8st.—The last mile.—Five Subscribers.—The winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Lake's b c by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle | 1 |
| Mr Harris's b c Farmer, by Pegasus | 2 |
| Mr Wardell's br c Capias | 3 |
| Ld Egremont's b f by Gohanna | 4 |
| Mr R. Boyce's ch c Punch | 5 |

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for two yr old colts 8st 2lb, and fillies 8st.—The last half mile.—Nine Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, by Whiskey dam by Diomed | 1 |
| Mr Harris's b c Ploughboy, by Volunteer | 2 |
| Mr Durand's Quarter-master | 3 |
| Ld Egremont's b f by Gohanna, out of Camilla | 4 |
| Mr Wardell's br f sister to Houghton Lass | 5 |

Ld Foley's Little Peter, by Sir Peter, 8st, beat Ld Egremont's Impostor, 8st 7lb.—The Derby Course, 200gs.—Six to 4 on Impostor.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Four Subscribers.

Mr R. Boyce's c by Y. Woodpecker, recd 42gs from Mr Wyndham's c, by Waxy.—Mr Ladbroke and Colonel Kingscote drew Stakes.

Mr Jones's Freedom, by Buzzard, walked over for the Match, agst Mr A. Craven's c by Ambrosio.—The last half mile, 200gs.

The Surry Yeoman's Plate of 50l. for three yr olds 6st 2lb, four yr olds 7st 12lb, five yr olds 8st 12lb, six yr olds 9st 2lb, and aged 9st 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Four mile heats.

| | |
|--|------|
| Mr F. Neale's Quiz, aged | 1 1 |
| Mr Wardell's Capias, 3 yrs old | 3 2 |
| Mr Hyde's ch c by Mr Teazle, 4 yrs old | 2 ds |

GUILDFORD.

GUILDFORD.

ON Tuesday, June 4, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds 10st 4lb, five yr olds 11st 6lb, six yr olds 12st, and aged 12st 2lb.—The best of three four mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b h Ditto, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr Emden's br m Gipsy, 5 yrs old..... 2 dr

WEDNESDAY, June 5, the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds 7st 4lb, and 4 yr olds 8st 7lb.—Fillies and geldings allowed 2lb.—The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes carrying 3lb extra, of two 5lb extra.—The winner to be sold for 100gs if demanded, &c.—Two mile heats.

Mr Wardell's br c Capias, by Overtón, 3 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr J. Sutton's b f by Waxy, 3 yrs old..... 3 2
Mr Best's ch c by Dungannon, 3 yrs old..... 2 3

The Plate intended for Thursday was not run for, only two horses being entered.

ASCOT HEATH.

ON Tuesday, June 18, the second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added from the Fund, for four yr olds 7st 9lb, five yr olds 8st 5lb, six yr olds 8st 11lb, and aged 9st.—Mares allowed 4lb.—The winner to be sold for 300gs if demanded, &c.—Two miles and a half.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old..... 1
Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, 6 yrs old..... 2
Ld Egremont's b g by Driver, out of Rosalba, 5 yrs old..... 3
Ld G. H. Cavendish's Duxbury, 6 yrs old..... 4
Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando, 6 yrs old..... 5

Duxbury the favourite.

The second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added from the Fund, for three yr old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 2lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks Stakes carrying 7lb extra.—The New Mile.—Twelve Subscribers.

Ld Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, 7lb extra..... 1
Sir F. Standish's b f sister to Duxbury..... 2
Mr Ladbroke's br c by Y. Woodpecker, out of a sister to Driver.... 3
H. R. H. the D. of York's b c by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle..... 4
Mr Batson's b c by Clayhall..... 5
Ld Egremont's b c by Gohanna. out of a sister to Nitre's dam..... 6
Mr Wardell's Capias..... 7

Six and 7 to 4 agst Meteora.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for hunters; four yr olds 11st 2lb. five yr olds 11st 9lb, six yr olds 11st 12lb, and aged 12st.—Mares allowed 4lb.—Four mile heats.

Mr Richardson's b g Lemon-squeezer, by Coriander, aged..... 1 1
Mr Emden's b g Contester, 5 yrs old..... 2 2
Mr Smith's b g Venture, 5 yrs old..... 3 3

Mr Emden's b c Latitat, by Waxy, beat Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 8st 7lb each.—Two miles, 50gs.—Seven to 4 on Virgin.

Mr Hyde's b c Little Coiner, by Coiner, 3 yrs old, 12 hands 3 inches, a feather, beat Mr Peirse's br m Forest Lady, by Clayhall, 5 yrs old, 13 hands 3½ inches, 7st. 7lb.—Course not mentioned.—Forest Lady bolted.

Mr R. M. Philipps's b c by Fortunio, 7st, recd. 50gs compromise from Mr R. Jones's Freedom, 8st.—The New Mile, 100gs.

WEDNESDAY, June 19, the Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 350gs, &c.

Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs, 7st... 1 1

Mr Frogley's b c by Triptolemus, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... 2 2

Three to 1 on Miss Coiner; after the heat, 10 to 1 she won.

Miss Coiner was purchased by Mr Frogley.

THURSDAY, July 20, the Fifty Pounds, for Huntsmen, Yeomen-Prickers, and Keepers of Windsor Forest and Great Park, for horses, &c. that have been regularly hunted with the King's Stag-hounds, 12st each.—Four mile heats.

Mr Richardson's b g Lemonsqueezer, by Coriander, aged..... 1 1

Mr Nottage's b g aged..... 2 dr

Ten to 1 on Lemonsqueezer.

The Fifty Pounds for three yr old colts 8st 3lb, fillies 7st 12lb.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr Ladbroke's b c Wagtail, by Young Woodpecker, out of a sister to Driver, (W. Arnold) 1 1

Mr Branthwayt's b c by Pegasus..... 4 2

Mr Frogley's ch f by a son of Cygnet..... 2 3

Lord Stawell's b f Gloriana..... 5 4

Mr J. W. Wardell's br c Capias..... 3 5

Mr Batson's b c by Clayhall..... 6 6

Six to 4, and after the heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Wagtail.—

Won easy.

FRIDAY, June 21, the Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a half each.

Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, by Guildford, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb,

(S. Barnard)..... 2 1 1

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's gr m Nitre, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb... 1 2 2

Mr Sutton's gr f Betsey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 4 3 3

D. of Queensberry's b c by Competitor, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 3 dr

Two to 1 on Nitre; after the first heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Nitre;

after the second heat, 6 to 4 she won.

Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles 124 rods each.

Lord Stawell's b f Gloriana, by Coriander, 3 yrs old, 6st,

(C. Goodisson)..... 4 2 1 1

Mr C. Browne's b h Surprise, aged, 9st 5lb 3 1 2 2

Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 1 4 4 3

Mr Lake's b f Virtuousa, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 2 3 3 4

Mr Frogley's b c by Triptolemus, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb..... dis

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E

Mr Cox's

Mr Cox's ch h brother to Viret, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb. dis

Mr J. W. Wardell's br c Capias, 3 yrs old, 6st 9lb dis

Six to 4 agst Virtuosa; after the first heat, Virgin the favourite; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Surprise; after the third heat, 3 to 1 on Gloriana, who was most excellently rode by Young Goodisson.

—A very fine race.

In the first heat, Mr Frogley's colt, who had made play round the course, bolted, and leaped over the fence; Gloriana, who was along side of him, also bolted, but refused the leap, and broke through the railing, and with difficulty saved her distance.—The brother to Viret also bolted; and Mr Wardell's rider dismounted before he came to the Weighing-post

GASTOR.—LINCOLNSHIRE.

ON Thursday, May 9, the Hunter's Subscription Plate of Fifty Pounds.
—Four mile heats.

Mr S. Haynew's b g Little Chance 3 1 1

Col. Cunningham's br m Maid of the Oaks 1 2 2

Mr Richardson's br m Off-she-goes 2 3 dr

Mr J. Richardson's b g Now-or-never, beat Mr Welfitt's b g by Drone.
—Four miles, 50gs.

MADDINGTON.—STOCKBRIDGE COURSE.

ON Wednesday, June 5, the Maddington Stakes of 25gs each, 15 ft. and only 5gs if declared at the Thatched House by eight o'clock in the evening of Saturday in the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting; and 50gs added by the Club.—Four miles.—Fifteen Subscribers, ten of whom paid only 5gs each.

Ld Sackville's br c Witchcraft, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 10st 10lb,
(Mr Germaine) 1

Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 10st 3lb 2

Ld C. Somerset's ch m Daisy, aged, 10st 10lb 3

Major Pigott's ch g Gary Owen, aged, 11st 4lb 4

Mr Scrope's b h Elemere, 5 yrs old, 11st 1lb, broke down 5

Six and 7 to 4 on Witchcraft.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, for four yr olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Ld Sackville's b h Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, 12st 2lb, (Mr Germaine) 1

Col. Kingscote's b c La Mancha, 4 yrs old, 10st 7lb 2

Major Pigott's ch h Wheatear, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb 3

Mr Goddard's br h Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old 12st 4

Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Whirligig.—Won easy.

Sweepstak 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, for horses, &c. that never won before the day of naming.—Two mile heats.—Five Subscribers.

Ld E. Somerset's ch g Sylvanus, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 11st 4lb 1 1
Mr Bullock's br g Abelard, 5 yrs old, 11st 4lb..... 3 2
Mr Howorth's gr g Badger, aged, 11st 4lb..... 2 dr
Even betting on Sylvanus.

THURSDAY, June 6, Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 100gs added, for horses, &c.—Three miles.—Fourteen Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old 10st 3lb.... 1
Major Pigott's ch h Wheatear, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb..... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr Howorth's gr g Badger, aged, 11st 7lb..... 0
Mr Biggs's br c Washington, 4 yrs old, 10st 3lb..... 0
Two to 1 agst Mirror, 5 to 2 agst Wheatear, and 3 to 1 agst Washington.

Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds.—One mile heats.

Mr Goddard's br h Young Eclipse, by Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old, 11st 7lb..... 1 3 4 1
Major Pigott's ch h Wheatear, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb..... 5 0 1 2
Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 10st 10lb..... 2 4 2 dr
Ld E. Somerset's ch g Sylvanus, 6 yrs old, 10st 12lb..... 4 0 3 dr
Ld C. Somerset's ch m Daisy, aged, 10st 10lb..... 3 dr
Mr Howorth's gr g Badger, aged, 10st, bolted..... dia

The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Ld Sackville's b h Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, received the Plate without walking over.

MANCHESTER.

ON Wednesday, June 5, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts and fillies.—One mile.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir W. Gerard's bl c Barouche, by Overton, out of Mary Ann, 8st 3lb.

(W. Peirse)..... 1
Mr Nalton's br c by Totteridge, 8st 6lb..... 2
Ld Grey de Wilton's b c by Alexander, 8st 3lb..... 3
Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on the Totteridge colt.—Won easy.

The Seventy Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Ld Grosvenor's ch f Mony Musk, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st, (W. Peirse)..... 6 1 1
Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 1 2 2
Mr Wentworth's b c Silver Heel, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb..... 5 3 3
Mr Taylor's b c by Mr. Richardson's Marske, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 4 4 dr
Mr Nalton's br c by Totteridge, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb..... 2 dr
Mr Hanson's b f by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 3 dr
Five to 2 agst the Totteridge colt.

THURSDAY, June 6, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for ponies.—Two mile heats.—Thirteen Subscribers.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr E. Hanson's ch poney, 6st 3½lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Seddons's b poney, Louisa, 7st 3½lb..... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Boardman's b poney, Forest Lady, 8st..... | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Hamer's br poney, Fortune, 6st..... | 4 | ds |

Eight and 10 to 1 agst the winner; after the heat 4 to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.—A great betting race.

The Maiden Plate of Seventy Pounds, for all ages.—Four mile heats,

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Baillie's gr h Orphan, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb, (W. Peirse)..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Harris's b c by Hammer, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... | 5 | 2 |
| Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Saunders's b h five yrs old, 8st 5lb..... | 3 | ds |
| Mr Cooper's b c Draper, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... | 4 | ds |

Orphan the favourite; after the heat 2 to 1 he won.

FRIDAY, June 7, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. that never started for Plate, Match, or Stakes, &c. 12st each.—Four miles.—Three Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr E. Rushton's b g Striver, by Standard, 6 yrs old, (W. Peirse).... | 1 |
| Mr Lockley's b m by Beningbrough, dam by Escape, 6 yrs old..... | 2 |

Two to 1 on Striver.—Won easy.

The Eighty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|----|
| Mr Thompson's b c Newcastle, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st, (J. Garbutt)..... | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr J. Clifton's b h Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb, recd 30li | 1 | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Lonsdale's gr c, by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... | 2 | 2 | ds |
| Mr Harris's b h Sir Rowland, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... | 3 | 4 | dr |

Three to 1 on Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Newcastle; after the first heat, betting the same; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Newcastle.—Won easy.

In running for the third heat, Mr. Lonsdale's colt dislocated one of his fetlock joints.

SATURDAY, June 8, a Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, given by the Stewards, for the beaten horses.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Seddons's b f Louisa, a feather | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Johnson's b f 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb | 2 | 2 |

BEVERLEY.

ON Wednesday, June 12, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st 3lb, and fillies 8st.—One mile and a half.—Seven Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Reginald, by Precipitate, out of Rachael, (S. Chifney)..... | 1 |
| Mr Darley's ch f by Abba Thulle, out of Barnaby's dam..... | 2 |
| Mr Hatty's ro c Diogenes, by Ormond..... | 3 |
| Mr Watt's b f out of Miss Judy | 4 |

Even betting on the Miss Judy filly, and 2 to 1 agst Sir Reginald.

Won easy.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, dam by King Fergus,
5st 12lb. 1
Mr C. Bowman's b m Susan, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb. 2
Eight to 1 on Susan.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, June 13, Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Major Bower's b f Miss Welham, by Screveton, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb,
(J. Cade) 1 1
Mr Turner's b f 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb. 2 2
Mr Watt's b f out of Miss Judy, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb. 3 3
Two to 1, and after the heat, 4 to 1 on Miss Welham.

FRIDAY, June 14, Handicap Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. of all denominations.—Heats, once round the Course.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Acklom's br g aged, 12st 4lb 3 1 1
Mr Burton's b g 5 yrs old, 13st 1 2 3
Sir F. Boynton's b m Off-she-goes, aged, 13st. 2 3 2
The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.—No race.

SATURDAY, June 15, the Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Mr Robinson's ch f by Abba Thulle, out of Barnaby's dam, 3 yrs old,
6st 4lb 1 1
Mr Armstrong's b m Spitfire, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2 2
Mr Hotham's b c Bounce, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb. 4 3
Col. King's gr h Hessle, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5 4
Mr Philipps's ch c Sir Frank, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb, bolted. 3 ds
Six to 4 agst the Abba Thulle filly; after the first 6 to 4
she won.

The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. 13st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Twice round the Course.—Eight Subscribers.

Ld Middleton's b h Bay Devil, by Jupiter, out of Thatchella. 1
Sir M. M. Sykes's b m by Pegasus. 2
Mr Burton's ch g Usurper, by Young Eclipse 3
Five to 4 and even betting on Bay Devil.

A Handicap Stakes, for horses, &c. of all denominations.—One mile and a half.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr Thompson's ch m Miss Beverley, 11st 6lb. 1
Mr C. Bowman's Stormer, 11st 11lb. 2
Mr Ruling's b-h Recruit, 10st 12lb. 3
Mr Acklom's b m Peg, 11st 9lb 4

NEWTON.

ON Wednesday, June 12, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr old colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Four Subscribers.

Sir

Sir W. Gerard's bl c Barouche, by Overton, (W. Peirse) 1
 Mr P. Patton's ch f by Pipator, out of Dick Andrews's dam 2
 Mr M. Bankes's bl c by Overton, dam by Trumpator 3
 Two and 3 to 1 on Barouche.

The Fifty Pounds for three and 4 yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Ld Grey de Wilton's b c by Alexander, out of Brunette, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb 1 1
 Mr Taylor's b c by Mr Richardson's Marske, dam by Rockingham,
 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 2 2
 Six to 4 on the Alexander colt; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 he won.

THURSDAY, June 13, the Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Harris's b c by Hammer, out of Monica's dam, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb . 1 2 1
 Ld Grosvenor's ch c Vandal, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb 3 1 2
 Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb 2 3 dr
 Vandal the favourite.

FRIDAY, June 14, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards—Four mile heats.

Mr Thompson's b c Newcastle, by Waxy, 4 yrs, 8st, 2lb (J. Garbutt) 1 1
 Mr Harris's b h Sir Rowland, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb 2 2
 Newcastle the favourite; after the heat, two and 3 to 1 he won.

TENBURY.

ON Thursday, June 13, the Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.

Mr Anson's gr c by Moorcock, out of Eve, 3 yrs old, 6st 3 0 1 1
 Mr Richardson's b c Forester, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 2 0 2 2
 Mr Bowker's b c Royal Oak, 3 yrs old, 6st, bolted 1 ds

NEWCASTLE,

MONDAY, June 24, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four yr old colts 8st 4lb, and fillies 8st.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir H. Williamson's b c Firelock, by Benningbrough, dam by Tandem, (J. Shepherd) 1
 Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Chariot 2
 Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr f Priscilla 3
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b c by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks 4
 Mr Riddell's b c by Benningbrough, dam by Spadille 5
 Mr Garforth's gr f Helen, by Delpini, out of Rosalind 6
 Six to 4 agst Firelock, 2 to 1 agst Chariot, and 4 to 1 agst.
 Priscilla.—A very good race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 25l. added, for three yr old fillies 8st each.—One mile.—Six Subscribers.

Sir

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir T. Gascoigne's bay, by Precipitate, out of Goldenlocks, (J. Shepherd) | 1 |
| Mr T. Richardson's bay filly, by Screveton, out of Cockfeeder's dam, (J. Jackson) | 2 |
| Two to 1 on the Precipitate filly.—Won by a head. | |

TUESDAY, June 25, the King's Plate of 100gs for five yr old horses, &c. 10st. each.—Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|----|---|
| Sir H. Williamson's gr h Honest Starling, by Sir Peter, (J. Jackson) | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr G. Hutton's ch h Saxoni, (F. Stephenson) | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Lord Montgomerie's b h by Pipator, out of Heroine, broke down. 3 ds | | | |
| Mr C. Bowman's b m Susan | 2 | dr | |
| Six to 4 on Saxoni, 4 to 1 agst Susan, and 5 to 1 agst Honest Starling; after the first heat, 8 and 10 to 1 on Saxoni.—A good race. | | | |

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses not thorough bred, all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.—Eleven Subscribers.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr Baker's b h Buckram, by Oberon | 1 | 1 |
| Sir F. Boynton's b m by Ruler | 3 | 2 |
| Sir H. Williamson's ch h by Standard | 2 | 3 |
| Two to 1 on Buckram.—Won easy. | | |

WEDNESDAY, June 26, the Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Heats, two miles and a quarter each.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Lonsdale's ch c by Pipator, dam by Paymaster, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb, (J. Tate) | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Watt's b f out of Miss Judy, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb | 3 | 2 |
| Sir A. Don's b c by Skyscraper, dam by Protector, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb .. | 2 | 3 |
| Five to 4 on the Skyscraper colt; after the heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on the Pipator colt.—A very fine race. | | |

The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.—No race.

THURSDAY, June 27, the Gold cup, value 100gs and upwards, a Subscription of 10gs each, by 17 Subscribers, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Garforth's gr m Marcia, by Coriander, aged, 8st 10lb, (F. Collinson) | 1 |
| Mr R. Riddell's br c by Overton, dam by Spadille, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb .. | 2 |
| Mr Storey's b h Necho, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb | 3 |
| Ten to 1 on Marcia.—Won in a canter. | |

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Peverall's ch c by Oberon, 4 yrs old, 8st | 1 | 1 |
| Sir A. Don's b c by Skyscraper 4 yrs old, 8st | 3 | 2 |
| Mr T. Richardson's b f by Screveton, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb | 2 | 3 |

FRIDAY, June 28, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and three quarters.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| Lord Belhaven's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb, (F. Collinson) | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Sir | | | |

Sir H. Williamson's gr h Honest Starling, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb,
(J. Jackson)..... 0 2 2
Four and 5 to 1 on Honest Starling; after the dead heat, three to
1 he won; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Lady Mary.—Three
remarkable fine heats, and won with great difficulty.

**SATURDAY, June 29, Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds for the beaten
horses of the week.—Two mile heats.**

Mr C. Bowman's b m Susan by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb, (J.
Shepherd)..... 5 1 1
Mr Watt's b f out of Miss Judy, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb 1 2 3
Mr Richardson's b f by Screveton, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb 3 3 4
Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr f Priscilla, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb 4 4 2
Mr Riddell's b c by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb 2 dr
Seven to 4 agst the Beningbrough colt, 2 to 1 agst Susan, and
3 to 1 agst Priscilla.

BIBURY MEETING.—BURFORD COURSE.

**TUESDAY, June 25, the Craven Stakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added
by the Club, for three yr olds and upwards.—The New Mile.—Se-
ven Subscribers.**

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 11st 12lb,
(Mr Delmé Radcliffe)..... 1
Mr Mellish's br h Pipylon, 6 yrs old, 11st 12lb..... 2
Mr Goddard's b h Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old, 11st 12lb..... 3
General Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, 3 yrs old, 10st 4
Mr Cholmondeley's br c Bagatelle, 4 yrs old, 11st 5
Five to 4 agst Rebel.—Won easy.

Sir H. Lippincott's gr h Slate, by Mr Teazle, beat Mr Miles's ch geld.
by Waxy, out of Jemima, 10st each.—Two miles, 100gs.—Two to 1
on Slate.

Lord Foley's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, 11st 3lb, (Mr
Delmé Radcliffe) beat Mr Germaine's b c Witchcraft, 9st 10lb.—Four
miles, 100gs.—Five to 4 on Witchcraft.—A great betting race. Won
easy.

The Sherborne Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for horses, &c.—Four
miles.—Twelve Subscribers; three of whom having declared forfeit
within the time specified, paid only 10gs each.

Mr Howarth's ch h Wheatear, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old,
11st, (Mr Germaine)..... 0 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's ro c Petruchio, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb. 0 2
Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 10st 3
Mr Mellish's Lismahago, 6 yrs old, 11st 5lb 4
Gen. Grosvenor's Humming-Bird, 4 yrs old, 10st 5
Mr B. Price's b c Grildrig, 4 yrs old, 9st. 8lb..... 6

Five to 2 agst Lismahago, 3 to 1 agst Petruchio, and the same agst
Wheatear;

THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Wheatear; after the dead heat, even betting, and 6 to 5 on Petruccio.—Mr Delmé Radcliffe rode Petruccio, who was beat by about a length the second heat.

The Welter Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. 12st each.—Three mile heats.—Eleven Subscribers.

Lord F. Bentinck's b g by Chance, 6 yrs old, bought of Mr Denham, walked over.

Mr Hawkes's b m Toy, by Asparagus, received a compromise of 10gs, and the stake of 20gs returned.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b m Anniseed, by Coriander, 10st 3lb, recd ft. from Mr W. Scroope's Elemere, 10st.—New Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Ld E. Somerset's ch g Sylvanus, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, recd ft. from Lord F. Bentinck's gr g Sir Harry, aged, 12st each, three miles, 50gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, June 26, Lord Sackville's b h Whirligig, by Whiskey, 12st, (Mr Germaine) beat Mr Mellish's b h Lismahago, 11st 6lb.—Three miles, 50gs.—Two to 1 on Whirlig.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, 15gs ft. with 100gs added by the Club, for four yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Lord Foley's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, walked over.

Major Pigott's br h Pipylin, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, beat Mr Mellish's ch g Gary Owen, aged, 12st each.—Two miles, 500gs.—Two to one on Pipylin,—Won in a canter.—The owners exchanged horses for this race.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 50gs added by the Club, for four yr olds and upwards.—Three miles.—Twenty-six Subscribers.

Mr Howorth's ch h Wheatear, by Y. Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb, (Mr Germaine)..... 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's brother to Vivaldi, 6 yrs old, 11st 12lb. 2
Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 3
Mr Mellish's b h Little Joey, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb..... 4

Seven to 4 agst the brother to Vivaldi, 5 to 2 agst Wheatear, and 5 to 2 agst Little Joey.—A fine race,

Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c.—Two mile heats.

Mr Biggs's br c Washington, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 10st 2lb, (Mr Germaine)..... 1 1
Sir H. Lippincott's ch g by Waxy, out of Jemima, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb. 3 2
Major Pigott's ch g Gary Owen, aged, 11st..... 4 3
Mr C. Cholmondley's b c Green Dragon, 4 yrs old, 10st..... 2 4
Even betting on Washington.

THURSDAY, June 27, Duke of St. Albans's Northampton, by John Bull, 11st, (Mr. Germaine) beat General Grosvenor's Humming Bird, 9st 10lb.—Two miles, 25gs.—Five to 4 on Northampton.

Lord Sackville's Witchcraft, by Sir Peter, 10st 2½lb, (Mr Germaine) beat Lord Foley's Captain Absolute, 11st 6lb.—Three miles, 50gs.—Even betting.—A fine race.

Mr Mellish's Little Joey, by Coriander, 12st, (the owner) beat General Grosvenor's Humming Bird, 10st 11lb.—From the end of the Wall, and once round the Course, 50gs.—Three to 1 on Little Joey.—Won easy.

Handicap Stakes of 10gs each.—Two miles.—Eight Subscribers.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h brother to Vivaldi, 6 yrs old, 11st

10lb, (Mr D. Radcliffe)..... 1

Mr Goddard's Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old, 11st..... 2

Mr Harrison's b h Chilton, aged, 11st 3lb..... 3

Mr Mellish's b h Lismahago, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 4

Mr Hawkes's ch g Little Printer, aged, 11st 7lb..... 5

Seven to 4 agst the Brother to Vivaldi, and 2 to 1 agst Young

Eclipse.

The first Class of a Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added by the Club.—Two miles.—Four Subscribers.

Lord Sackville's br h Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, 12st 2lb, (Mr

Germaine)..... 1

Colonel Kingscote's b c La Mancha, 4 yrs old, 10st 2lb..... 2

D. of St. Albans's ch h Northampton, 6 yrs old, 10st 9lb..... 3

Five to 2 on Whirligig.

Lord F. Bentinck's b g Lothario, by Chance, 11st 7lb, (Mr Germaine) beat General Grosvenor's Skirmisher, 9st 4lb.—Two miles and a half, 50gs.—Six and 7 to 4 on Skirmisher.—A fine race.

The second Class of a Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, with 25gs added by the Club.—Two miles.—Four Subscribers.

Mr Mellish's br h Pipylin, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 11st 7lb, (the owner) 1

General Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, 4 yrs old, 9st 7lb..... 2

Lord C. H. Somerset's Daisy, aged, 10st 11lb..... 3

Mr B. Price's Grildrig, 4 yrs old, 10st..... 4

Five to 4 agst Pipylin.—Won easy.

The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales's ro c Petruchio, by Stride, 4 yrs old, received the Plate without walking over.

FRIDAY, June 28, the Barrington Stakes of 25gs each, 10gs ft. for three yr olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 11st 9lb, walked over.

Mr Howorth's Wheatear, by Young Woodpecker, 11st 9lb, (Mr Germaine) beat Gen. Grosvenor's Humming Bird, 10st 7lb.—The New Mile, 50gs.—Two to 1 on Wheatear.

Colonel Kingscote's La Mancha, by Don Quixote, 10st 4lb, (Mr Germaine) beat Mr Mellish's Pipylin, 12st 4lb.—One mile, 25gs.—Two to 1 on Pipylin.—Won easy.

Lord F. Bentinck's b g Lothario, by Chance, 10st 2lb, beat the Duke of St. Albans's Northampton, 10st 7lb.—Two miles and a half, 25gs.—Even betting.

The

The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. of all denominations.—Heats, the New Mile.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Mr Harrison's b h Chilton, by Pipator, aged, 10st 12lb | 6 1 1 |
| Colonel Kingscote's b c La Mancha, 4 yrs old, 10st 1lb..... | 1 4 2 |
| Major Pigott's Gary Owen, aged, 9st 4lb | 4 3 3 |
| H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Rebel, aged, 12st 4lb..... | 2 2 dr |
| Mr Goddard's Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old, 11st 1lb..... | 3 dr |
| Mr Mellish's Pipulin, 6 yrs old, 11st 9lb..... | 5 dr |

Even betting on Rebel; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on La Mancha;
after the second heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on La Mancha.

STAMFORD.

ON Tuesday, July 2, the Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, fillies 8st.—Heats, once round the Course.

| | |
|---|-------|
| Mr Williams's gr c Blue Bell, by Buzzard, out of Brighton Belle, (Harrison)..... | 3 1 1 |
| Mr Goodisson's ro f Roanna, by Buzzard | 4 3 2 |
| Mr T. Fisher's ch f by Guildford..... | 1 4 3 |
| Mr Saile's b c brother to Duckling..... | 5 2 4 |
| Mr Watson's br c brother to Goaler..... | 2 dr |

Blue Bell the favourite; after the second heat, 2 to 1 he won.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round the Course.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Mr Andrews's b c Fathom, by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb.... | 1 1 |
| Mr T. Fisher's b f Two Shoes, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... | 2 2 |
| Mr Saile's brother to Duckling, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... | 4 3 |
| Mr Porter's b f Policy, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... | 3 4 |

Five to 4 agst Fathom, and 2 to 1 agst Two Shoes; after the
heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Fathom.

THURSDAY, July 4, the Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Heats, three times round the Course.

| | |
|---|------|
| Mr T. Fisher's b f Two Shoes, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb.... | 1 1 |
| Mr Weatherill's ch h Flambeau, aged, 9st..... | 2 dr |

Three to 1 on Flambeau.

IPSWICH.

ON Tuesday, July 2, the King's Plate of 100gs for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|--|------|
| Sir John Shelley's b f Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 9st 2lb | 1 1 |
| Mr J. W. Wardell's br c Capias, 3 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... | 3 2 |
| Gen. L. Gower's b c, by Coriander, out of Lady Mary, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb | 4 3 |
| Lord Stawell's b f Gloriana, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb..... | 2 dr |

Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Houghton Lass.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr J. W. Wardell's br c Capias, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 7st 6lb... 0 1 2
 Lord Stawell's b f Gloriana, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... 0-2-4
 Capias the favourite.

THURSDAY, July 4, the Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.—A sufficient number of qualified horses, &c. not entering, the Plate was run for by hacks, and the following were permitted to enter at the post, and came in as follow:

Mr Neale's ch m Lady Rushmere..... 1 1
 Mr Trott's b m Crazy Jane..... 3 2
 Colonel Gibbons's br h Gobbo 2 3

MORPETH.

TUESDAY, July 2, and Wednesday, the 3d, for the two 50l. Plates.—No race for either.

THURSDAY, July 4, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Lord Belhaven's b m Lady Mary, by Benningbrough, 5 yrs old..... 1 1
 Mr Riddell's b c by Benningbrough, dam by Spadille, 4 yrs old..... 2 2
 Mr Iderton's b f..... dis

Five and 6 to 1 on Lady Mary.—Won easy.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.

ON Wednesday, July 3, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds.—Four miles.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr Ackers's br f Hebe, by Overton, 7st 7lb..... 1
 Mr Clifton's b c Coriolanus, 7st 9lb..... 2
 Even betting.—A good race.

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr C. Cholmondeley's br c Welch Rabbit, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 3 3 1 1
 Mr Billington's b c Forester, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 2 1 3 2
 Mr Clifton's ch c Welsh Harp, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 1 2 2 3

THURSDAY, July 4, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b c Coriolanus, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb.... 2 1 1
 Mr Lord's b g Cockspinner, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... 1 2 2
 Mr Billington's b g Bamford, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb..... 3 3 3

Coriolanus the favourite.—A good race.

GLAMORGAN.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.—ON CARDIFF HEATH.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, the Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Mr Jones's ch c Junius, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 1
Mr Hurst's b c Young Starling, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 ds

The second heat was very closely contested until they came near the distance post, when Young Starling bolted, and running full speed against the fence bank, threw his rider, fell, and rolled over him: a person on the opposite side of the course, heedlessly running to the assistance of the rider, and coming in contact with Junius, was run over and received such a violent blow on the chest as nearly to deprive him of life; Junius fell upon his knees, but his rider recovered him, and won the Plate.

THURSDAY, July 4, the Sweepstakes for horses, &c. did not fill.

FRIDAY, July 5, the Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.
Mr Hurst's ch h Jack-o-the-Green, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, recd 10gs.

BRIDGENORTH.

THURSDAY, July 4, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Six Subscribers.

Lord Stamford's br c Gayman, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 8st, (R. Spencer) 1
Col. Kingscote's b c Hadley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2
Two and 3 to 1 on Gayman.—Won easy.

The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Mr Clifton's b f Josephina, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb, (T. Carr) 1 1
Mr Emden's b c Latitat, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb. 2 2
Even betting; after the heat, 3 to 1 on Josephina.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, July 5, Sweepstakes of 10gs each for three and four yr olds.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Lord Stamford's b c Young Roscius, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb.. 1
Mr Clifton's b f Josephina, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb. 2
Col. Kingscote's b c Hadley, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb. 3
Three and 4 to 1 on Young Roscius.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Lord F. Bantack's b g Lothario, by Chance, 6 yrs old, 11st 11lb... 1
Lord E. Somerset's ch g Sylvanus, 6 yrs old, 11st 11lb. 2
Mr Emden's b g Contester, 5 yrs old, 11st 11lb. 3
Even betting on Lothario.

The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Lord Stamford's b f Georgiana, by George, 3 yrs old, a feather,
(James Macey) 1 1
Mr Emden's b c Latitat, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb. 2 2
Mr Icke's b g Syphax, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb, bolted dis
Three to 1 on Georgiana.—Won easy.

STOCKBRIDGE,

STOCKBRIDGE.

WEDNESDAY, July 3, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.
—Rode by Gentlemen.—Three miles.—Six Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, walked over.

The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb 1 1

Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, 4 yrs old, 9st 11lb..... 3 2

Mr Day's br c Principle, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2 3

Six and 7 to 4 on Miss Coiner.

THURSDAY, July 4, Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's ch g by Waxy, out of Jemima, 5 yrs old, 12st.. 1 1

Mr Sturges's gr g by the Arcot Arabian, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 2 dr

Six and 7 to 4 on the winner.

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Lord Sackville's br c Witchcraft, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st.... 1 0 1

Mr Ladbroke's b f Dora, own sister to Hannibal, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb 2 0 2

Mr Branthwayt's b c by Pegasus, 3 yrs old, 6st..... dis

Mr Martin's Dismal, and Mr Sutton's Wren dis

Six and 7 to 4 on Witchcraft; after the first heat, two to 1 he won; after the dead heat, 4 to 1 he won.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

MONDAY, July 8, Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, by Meteor, 7st 13lb, (F. Buckle) beat Mr Lake's Lynceus, by Buzzard, out of Rose, 8st 4lb.—The Two yr Old Course, 50gs.—Two to 1 on Meteora.—Won easy.

Mr Watson's Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 8st 7lb, (W. Wheatley) beat Lord Grosvenor's Agincourt, 8st 6lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.—Six to four on Agincourt.

The second and last year of the July Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft, for two yr old colts 8st 6lb, and fillies 8st 4lb.—The Two yr Old Course—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Wilson's b c own brother to Merryman, by Buzzard, (W. Clift)... 1

Mr D. Boyce's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna..... 2

Sir C. Bunbury's b f by Whiskey, out of Orange Bud..... 3

Duke of Grafton's b c by Grouse, out of Peppermint..... 4

Mr Pantou's br c by Whiskey, dam by Trumpator out of Crane 5

Five to 2 agst the brother to Merryman, 7 to 2 agst the Duke of Grafton's colt, 7 to 2 agst Mr Pantou's colt, 4 to 1 agst the Whiskey filly, 10 to 1 agst Wretch, and even betting that either the brother to Merryman or the Whiskey filly won.—A good race.

Mr Watson's

Mr Watson's Dreadnought, 9st, recd 20gs compromise from Mr D. Boyce's Punch, 7st 8lb.—The Two yr Old Course, 50gs.

Mr Wastell's Lumbago, by Grouse, 7st 9lb, recd ft. from Mr Howorth's Pimlico, 6st.—Ditch-in, 100gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, July 9, Mr Watson's b c by Grouse, out of Peppermint, 2 yrs old, 5st 7lb, beat the Duke of Grafton's colt, brother to Goaler, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb.—The Two yr Old Course, 25gs.—Six to 4 on Mr Watson's colt.—Won easy.

The Three yr Old July Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 3lb.—Across the flat.—Five Subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Plantagenet, by John Bull, out of Tulip, (F. Buckle) 1
 Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, sister to Julia 2
 Duke of Grafton's b f by Grouse, out of Magic 3
 Seven to 2 on Plantagenet, and 4 to 1 agst Lydia.—Won in a canter.

The Town Plate of Fifty Pounds, with Mr Perram's 20gs added, for three yr old colts, 8st 4lb, and fillies 8st.—The last Mile and a Distance of B. C.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Violanté, by John Bull, out of a sister to Skyscraper, (F. Buckle) 1
 Lord F. G. Osborne's b c brother to Hippocampus, by Coriander.... 2
 Mr Elwes's br c by Buzzard, dam by Highflyer..... 3
 Mr Forth's br c Artichoke, by Don Quixote 4
 Duke of Grafton's b f Farce, by Grouse 5
 Six to 4 agst Violanté, 5 to 2 agst the brother to Hippocampus, and 4 to 1 agst the Buzzard colt.—Won very easy.

Mr Watson's Duxbury, by Sir Peter, 8st 7lb, recd 15gs compromise from the Duke of Grafton's Lumbago, 7st 12lb.—Ab. M. 50gs.

WEDNESDAY, July 10, Lord F. G. Osborne's Elizabeth, by Waxy, 8st 7lb, beat Ld Grosvenor's Agincourt, 8st 1lb.—Across the Flat, 50gs.—Five to 4 on Agincourt.—Won by a head.

Mr Watson's Duxbury, by Sir Peter, 8st 6lb. beat Mr D. Boyce's Punch, 6st 11lb.—The Two yr Old Course, 50gs—Seven to 4 on Duxbury.—Won quite easy.

The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Ditch-in.

Lord Foley's ch h Capt. Absolute, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb, (F. Buckle)..... 1
 Mr J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2
 Sir C. Bunbury's b m Eleanor, aged, 9st..... 3
 Mr Forth's ch h Brighton, aged, 9st..... 4
 Six to 4 agst Eleanor, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Gratitude, and 5 to 2 agst Capt. Absolute.—Won easy.

Mr Watson's Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, against Mr Wilson's Maiden, by Sir Peter 8st 2lb.—R. M. 50gs.—Ran a dead heat.—Five to 4 on Maiden.

Mr Wilson's

Mr Watson's b c brother to Maryman, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 8st 3lb, recd ft. from Mr Howarth's Pinlico, 3 yrs old, 8st.—The Two yr Old Course, 50gs.

NANTWICH.

WEDNESDAY, July 10, the Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.
—Two mile heats.

Mr Cholmondeley's br c Welsh Rabbit, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old,
8st 8lb 1 1
Mr Billington's b c Forester, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb 2 2
Mr Denham's Optician received 10gs to withdraw.—Six to
4 on Welsh Rabbit.

THURSDAY, July 11, the Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Denham's b c Optician, by Telescope, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb.... 1 1
Mr Billington's b g Bamford, 6 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 2 2
Mr Lord's b g Corkspinner, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 3 3
Mr Cholmondeley's ch h Northampton, 6 yrs old, 8st 8lb..... 4 4

LAMBERTON.—SCOTLAND.

WEDNESDAY, July 10, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for hunters,
12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four mile heats.

Mr Baillie's ch g by Star, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for 3 yr old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—
Two miles.

Lord Belhaven's b c by Star, (W. Collinson) 1
Sir H. Williamson's ch f by Hambleton..... 2
Lord Montgomery's gr c by Spadille..... 3
Mr Baillie's b c by Beningbrough..... pd

The Silver Cup, value Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. belonging to the
Berwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry in the counties of Roxburgh; Selkirk,
North Durham, and Berwick, carrying 12st each.—Rode by Gentlemen
belonging to the Yeomanry.—Two mile heats.

Mr Menzie's br m..... 1 1
Mr Eyles's b h..... 3 2
Mr Herriot's gr g..... 5 3
Mr Logan's br m..... 2 4
Mr Hope's b h..... 6 ds
Mr Hume's bl m..... 4 dr

A very good race.

THURSDAY, July 11, the Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Lord Belhaven's b h Brandon, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs, (W. Collinson) 1 1
Mr Carnegie's ch m Miss Betsy, aged..... 2 2

Match

Match for 50gs.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| Mr Herriot's gr g | 2 1 1 |
| Mr Browne's b m | 1 2 2 |

A good race, and afforded much sport.—Mr Herriot is a Gentleman Yeoman, of 65 years of age, and who trained and rode his own gelding.

Trotting Match for 20gs.—Mr Carnegie's b m beat Mr Henderson's bl g.—Won by a length.

Mr Wilkie's gr g walked over for a match agst Mr Alder's ch m.—Three miles, 200gs.

LUDLOW.—SHROPSHIRE.

THURSDAY, July 11, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with Twenty Pounds added, for all ages.—Four miles.—Seven Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Lord Stamford's br c, Gayman, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb | 1 |
| Mr Emden's b m Gipsy, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb | 2 |
| Gipsy the favourite. | |

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.

| | |
|--|------|
| Mr Birch's ch f Lavinia, by Pipator, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb | 1 1 |
| Col. Kingscote's b c Hadley, 3 yrs old, 6st | 2 2 |
| Mr Saunders's br f Brown Bess, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb | 4 3 |
| Mr Icke's b h Romper Stomper, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb | 3 dr |
| Hadley the favourite; after the heat 2 to 1 on Lavinia. | |

FRIDAY, July 12, Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Col. Kingscote's b c Hadley, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb | 3 1 1 |
| Mr Saunders's br f Brown Bess, 4 yrs old, 6st 7lb | 1 2 2 |
| Mr Emden's b c Latitat, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb | 2 3 3 |

Latitat the favourite; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Brown Bess;
after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Hadley.

PRESTON.—LANCASHIRE.

TUESDAY, July 16, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Mr Clifton's, (late Mr E. L. Hodgson's) ch c Welsh Harp, by Pipator, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb, (J. Hare) | 0 6 1 1 |
| Mr Lonsdale's b m Vicissitude, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb | 6 4 3 2 |
| Mr Mason's gr c by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb | 7 1 2 3 |
| Mr Turner's b f by Restless, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb | 0 5 4 dr |
| Mr Taylor's b c by Hammer, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb | 5 2 ds |
| Sir H. Williamson's b c Surrender, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb | 3 3 dr |
| Ld Derby's br c brother to Agonistes, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb ... | 4 dr |

Welsh Harp the favourite; after the dead heat, 2 to 1 on the field;
after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Welsh Harp; after the third heat,
3 and 4 to 1 he won.

Sir W. Gerard's b c Barouche, by Overton, (W. Peirse) beat Lord Derby's br c brother to Agonistes, 8st each.—Two miles, 100gs.—Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Barouche.—Won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Mr Lonsdale's b c Sir Charles, by the Arabian Selim, 4 yrs old
8st 7lb, (B. Smith) 1 1
Mr Clifton's b c Coriolanus, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb 2 2
Mr Robinson's ch f by Abba Thulla, out of Barnaby's dam, 3 yrs
old, 7st 3lb 3 3
Even betting on Coriolanus; after the heat, 3 to 1 on Sir
Charles.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, July 18, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Lonsdale's b c Sir Charles, by the Arabian Selim, 4 yrs old,
8st 5lb, (B. Smith) 1 1
Mr Harris's b c by Hammer, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb 2 dr
Ten to 1 on Sir Charles.

The Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Three miles.—No race.

Mr Clifton's b h Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb; and Mr Lonsdale's b c Sir Charles, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb, received 10gs each:—And Mr Taylor's b c by Hammer, 3 yrs old, 6st, was drawn.

WINCHESTER.—HANTS.

TUESDAY, July 16, The King's Plate of 100gs for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.

Ld Sackville's br c Witchcraft, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb... 1 1
Mr Ladbroke's Prospero, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 2 2
Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 3 3
Even betting between Witchcraft and Prospero; after the heat,
3 to 1 on Witchcraft.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 17, Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.

Ld Sackville's b h Whirligig, by Whiskey, aged, 9st 6lb..... 3 1 1
Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, 6 yrs old, 9st 1 2 2
Mr Skinner's b m Duckling, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb 5 4 3
Mr Richardson's b g Lemonsqueezer, aged, 9st 6lb 4 3 dr
Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, aged 9st 6lb 2 5 dr
Even betting on Quiz; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on the field;
after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Whirligig.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Mr Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb 1 1
Mr Frogley's b c by Triptolemus, 4 yrs old, 8st 8lb dis
Ten to 1 on Miss Coiner.

Sweepstakes

THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 11st 3lb..... 1
 Sir H. Lippiucott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 10st 6lb 2
 Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, 4 yrs old, 10st 6lb 3
 Six to 4 agst Margery.

THURSDAY, July 18, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Day's b c Principle, late Hightflyer, by Moorcock, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb 2 1 1
 Mr Ladbroke's ch c Dudley, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 3 3 2
 Mr Sadler's b c Peregrine Pickle, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... 5 2 3
 Mr Sutton's gr f Betsy, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb, 1 4 4
 Mr Frogley's gr h Starling, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 4 5 5
 Dudley the favourite; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on the field;
 after the second heat, even betting on Principle.

Fifty Pounds for hunters, 12st each.—Four mile heats.

Mr David's b m by John Bull, dam by Mercury, 5 yrs old 1 1
 Mr Early's br h by Cottager, 5 yrs old..... 2 2
 * * The above Plate remains in dispute.

KNIGHTON.—WALES.

TUESDAY, July 23, Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 10gs added, for all ages.—Three mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Ld C. H. Somerset's ch m Daisy, by Buzzard, aged, 8st 8lb 4 1 1
 Mr Emden's b m Gipsy, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb 1 2 2
 Mr Browne's b f Maid of the Moor, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb 2. 3 dr
 Mr Icke's b g Romper Stomper, 6 yrs old, 8st 6lb 3 4 dr
 Five to 4 on Gipsy; after the first heat, 2 and 3 to 1 on Gipsy;
 after the second heat, even betting.

WEDNESDAY, July 24, Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Ld C. H. Somerset's ch m Daisy, by Buzzard, aged. 8st 9lb..... 1 1
 Miss C. Saunders's br f Brown Bess, 4 yrs old, 6st 11lb 2 4
 Mr Emden's b m Gipsy, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... 3 3
 Mr Icke's b g Romper Stomper, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... dis
 Five to 4 agst Daisy; after the heat, 6 and 7 to 4 she won.

BLANDFORD.—DORSETSHIRE.

TUESDAY, July 23, The Fifty Pounds for three and four year olds.—Two mile heats.

Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb 2 1 1
 Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb 1 2 dr
 Two to 1 on Miss Coiner.

The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Dilly's b f Little Peggy, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Sutton's gr f Betsy, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb | 2 | 2 |
| Mr B. Hanson's br h Serpent, aged, 9st 10lb | 3 | 3 |
| Even betting on Little Peggy; after the heat, 4 to 1 she won.—Won easy. | | |

WEDNESDAY, July 24, The Fifty Pounds for four year olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, 6 yrs old, 9st 3lb | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Frogley's gr h Starling, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb | 3 | 3 |
| Seven to 4 on Miss Coiner; after the heat, 5 to 1 she won.—Won easy. | | |

BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

FRIDAY, July 26, The Somerset Stakes of 20gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Last Mile.

| | |
|--|---|
| H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's br g Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 9st 4lb, (W. Edwards) | 1 |
| Mr J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb | 2 |
| Mr Ladbroke's br c Bustard, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb | 3 |
| Mr Howorth's ch h Wheatear, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb | 4 |
| Six to 4 agst Gratitude, 7 to 4 agst Bustard, 4 to 1 agst Rebel, and 5 to 1 agst Wheatear.—Won easy. | |

Mr Mellish's b c Sancho, by Don Quixote, (rode by F. Buckle) beat Lord Egremont's b c Hannibal, 8st 7lb each.—The Last Mile, 1000gs.—Eleven to 10 on Hannibal.—Sancho took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.—A very great betting race.

The third and last year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts and fillies.—The winner of the Derby, Oaks', or Ascot Stakes, 7lb extra.—The Last Mile.—Twenty Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, out of Colibri, 8st 10lb, (Fitzpatrick) | 1 |
| Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey, 8st | 2 |
| Ld Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter, out of Cælia, 8st 3lb | 3 |
| Six to 4 on Cardinal Beaufort, 7 to 2 agst Lydia, and 4 to 1 agst the Sir Peter colt.—Won by a head. | |

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb.—The Last Mile.—Nine Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Egremont's b c Prodigal, by Gohaana, out of a sister to Colibri, (S. Chifney) | 1 |
| Mr Howorth's b c Scrip, by Pencil | 2 |
| Mr Ladbroke's b c Dudley, by Guildford | 3 |
| Five to 4 on Scrip.—Won easy. | |

Lord

Lord Barrymore's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb, (F. Buckle) beat Sir J. Shelley's Currycomb, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb.—The Last Mile, 100gs.—Six to 4 on Currycomb, who took the lead, and was not headed until very near the Ending Post.—Won by nearly half a neck.—Bets to an immense amount were depending on this race. The Father of the Turf, Lord Clermont, was in the Judge's box during this match, and he appeared highly delighted with the admirable skill in jockeyship displayed on that occasion by Frank Buckle.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h ft.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Albion, by John Bull, 5 yrs old,
7st 6lb, (W. Edwards) 1
Mr F. Neale's ch h Bobtail, aged, 8st 2
Mr Howorth's b h Harefoot, 6 yrs old, 6st 13lb 3
Six to 4 on Bobtail, 4 to 1 agst Albion, and 5 to 1 agst Harefoot.
A fine race.

SATURDAY, July 27, The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, the New Course.
Mr Howorth's b c Prodigal, by Gohanna, 3 yrs old 1 1
Mr Ladbrooke's b f Dora, sister to Hannibal, by Driver, 3 yrs old.. 2 2
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's ro c Petruccio, by Stride, 3 yrs old 3 dr
The horses, &c. came in as above, but they all three carried improper weights for their qualifications, the Plate therefore was not given, and all the bets were declared null and void.

The Somerset Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds, and upwards;—Four miles.—Sixteen Subscribers.
Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb, (W. Clift)..... 1
Sir J. Shelley's b f Houghton Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... 2
Mr Howorth's b c Enterprise, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 3
Mr Mellish's b f Lady Brough, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb 4
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb, (F. Buckle)..... 5
Seven to 4 agst Lady Brough, 2 to 1 agst Houghton Lass, 5 to 2 agst Walton, and 10 to 1 agst Enterprise.—A fine race, but Orville was beat a long way.

The horses, &c. came in as above, but Walton, Houghton Lass, and Enterprise ran on the wrong side of a post; and S. Barnard, Lady Brough's rider, dismounted before he came to the Ending Post, consequently Orville was the only horse who fulfilled the conditions of the race, the Stakes were of course adjudged to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The second year of the renewed Petworth Stakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Eight Subscribers.
Ld Egremont's b f by Precipitate, out of Catherine, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb, (rode by a Boy) 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b g Rebel, aged, 9st 3lb 2
Mr Howorth's ch h Wheatear, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 3
Five to 4 agst Rebel, 6 to 4 agst Wheatear, and 4 to 1 agst the Precipitate filly.—Won easy.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, July 29, Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for horses, &c.—The New Course.—Four Subscribers.

Ld Darlington's ch c Zodiac, by St. George, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb, (S. Chifney) 1
Mr F. Neale's Brainworm, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 2
Six to 5 on Zodiac.—Won easy.

Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for four yr olds and upwards.—Heats, the New Course.

Mr Ladbroke's br c Bustard, by Buzzard, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb, (W. Arnold) 1 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h brother to Vivaldi, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb 2 2
Mr J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, 4 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... 3 3

Five to 4 agst the brother to Vivaldi, 6 to 4 agst Gratitude, and ten to 6 agst Bustard; after the heat, betting the same.—A good race,

The Fifty Pounds, for three year olds and upwards.—Heats, the New Course.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's ro c Petruchio, by Stride, 4 yrs old, 9st, (W. Edwards)..... 3 1 1

Mr Howorth's b c Prodigal, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 2 2 2

Mr Ladbroke's b f Dora, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 1 3 3

Five to 4 agst Petruchio, 7 to 4 agst Prodigal, and 3 to 1 agst Dora; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Petruchio, 7 to 4 agst Dora, and 5 to 2 agst Prodigal; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Petruchio.

TUESDAY, July 30, The Egremont Stakes of 200gs each, h ft, for three yr old colts, 8st 4lb, fillies 8st.—The last mile and half.—Seven Subscribers.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Barbarossa, by Sir Peter out of Mulespinner, (rode by W. Edwards)..... 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey..... 2

Ld Darlington's b c by Sir Peter, out of Æthe..... 3

Ld Egremont's ch c Impostor, by Waxy..... 4

Seven to 4 agst Impostor, 5 to 2 agst Lydia, 4 to 1 agst Lord Darlington's colt, and 5 to 1 agst Barbarossa.—A very fine race.

Ld Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 3 yrs old, (rode by D. Fitzpatrick) beat Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, 4 yrs old, 8st each.—The last mile, 200gs.—Five to 4 on Cardinal Beaufort.—Won very easy.

The Gold Cup, given by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, with a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four miles.—Twenty-one Subscribers.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Beilingsbrough, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb, (W. Edwards)..... 1

Mr Mellish's b f Lady Brough, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... 2

Sir J. Shelley's Houghton Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... 3

Mr Howorth's b h Harcfoot, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 4

Seven to 4 on Houghton-Lass, and 5 to 1 agst Orville.—Won very easy.

Fifty Pounds for four year olds and upwards.—Heats, the New Course, about a mile and three quarters.—No race.—Mr Howorth's ch h Wheat-ear, by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old, being the only horse entered, received 20gs.

Mr Howorth's

Mr Howorth's Henesty, by Overton, received 5gs compromise from Mr F. Neale's Rara-Avis, 8st 2lb each.—The Last Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

EDINBURGH.—SCOTLAND.

MONDAY, July 29, The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. carrying 11st.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Baird's b h Young Trimmer, by Trimmer..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Denham's gr g..... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Boswell's b m by Gustavus..... | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Dudgeon's br m Kate..... | 4 | 4 |
| Mr Browne's b m..... | 5 | 5 |

Six others also started, but were drawn after the first heat.

TUESDAY, July 30, The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Lord Belhaven's b h Brandon, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old, walked over.

WEDNESDAY, July 31, The 50gs for all ages.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Baillie's gr c Orphan, by Overton, out of Grey Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Carnegie's ch m Miss Betsy..... | 2 | dr |

THURSDAY, August 1, The 50gs for real hunters, that have hunted in Scotland, and never won Fifty Pounds, Hunters' Plates and Matches excepted, 11st.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|---|----|
| Mr Baillie's ch h by Star..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Denham's gr g..... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Dudgeon's br m Kate..... | 4 | 3 |
| Mr Browne's b m..... | 2 | dr |

FRIDAY, August 2, The Ladies' Purse of 50gs for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Baillie's gr c Orphan, by Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb, walked over.

SATURDAY, August 3, The Purse for the beaten horses of the week.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Kincaid's b m..... | 1 | 2 |
| Mr Carnegie's ch m Miss Betsy..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Warwick's b g Unfortunate Jack..... | 3 | dr |

HAVERFORD-WEST.—PEMBROKESHIRE.

MONDAY, July 29, The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. bred in the Principality of Wales, all ages.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|---|
| Captain Matthews's bl m Creeping Jane, by Ramah Dreog, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Hurst's b c Parson Horne, 3 yrs old, a feather..... | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Captain Vaughan's b f 3 yrs old, a feather, bolted..... | dis | | |

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY, July 30, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|-----|---|
| Captain Sutton's gr g Piccadilly, aged, 9st 1lb | 1 | 1 |
| Captain Vaughan's b f Creeping Bess, 4 yrs old, 6st 4lb | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Hurst's b g, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb | dis | |

WEDNESDAY, July 31, The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Hurst's b c Parson Horne, by Fortunio, 3 yrs old, 7st. | 1 | 1 |
| Captain Vaughan's b f Creeping Bess, 4 yrs old, 8st | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Robins's ch c by Pastor, 3 yrs old, 7st. | 3 | dr |

The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|-----|----|
| Mr Collins's b h Midas, by Whiskey, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Harrison's b h Vividus, aged, 8st 11lb, broke down | 2 | ds |
| Mr Hurst's ch h Jack-o-the-Green, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb | dis | |

KNUTSFORD.—CHESHIRE.

TUESDAY, July 30, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for four yr olds and upwards.—Three mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Ld Grosvenor's ch c Vandal, by John Bull, out of Dido, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Theakston's ch c by Walnut, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Fielding's b m Drewsillah, aged, 8st 10lb | 3 | 3 |

Six to 4 on Vandal.

WEDNESDAY, July 31, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Three times round the Course.—Ten Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Ackers's br f Hebe, by Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb | 1 |
| Mr Clifton's b h Sir Ulic M'Killigut, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb | 2 |

Even betting.

Subscription of 5gs each, with 40gs added, for three year old colts and fillies.—Two mile heats.—The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.

| | | | |
|--|---|----|----|
| Ld Grey de Wilton's b c Bucephalus, by Alexander, 8st 5lb | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Bowker's b c Royal Oak, 8st 2lb | 4 | 1 | 2 |
| Ld Stamford's b f Georgiana, 8st 5lb | 2 | 3 | dr |
| Mr Golden's b c by Sir Peter, 8st 2lb | 3 | dr | |

Five to 4 agst Bucephalus; after the first heat, 6 to 4 he won;
after the second heat, even betting.

THURSDAY, August 1, The Sixty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|---|----|----|
| Mr Clifton's b h Sir Ulic M'Killigut, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 9st. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Ld Grosvenor's ch f Mony-Musk, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb | 1 | 2 | dr |
| Mr Golden's b m Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb | 3 | dr | |

Six to 4 on Sir Ulic M'Killigut.

SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTHAMPTON.

WEDNESDAY, July 31, The Cup, value Fifty Pounds for all ages.
—Three mile heats.

Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, by Guildford, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb... 1 1
Mr Sutton's Wren, bolted..... dis

THURSDAY, August 1, Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Mr Branthwayt's ch c Woodcot, by Guildford 4 yrs, old, 7st 12lb... 1 1
Ld Stawell's b f Gloriana, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 2 2
Mr Band's br h Cottager, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... 3 dr

The Ladies' Plate of Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Mr Fermer's br c Principle, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st-10lb.... 1 1
Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... 2 2
Ld Stawell's b f Gloriana, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 3 3

FRIDAY, August 2, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c.
—Three mile heats.

Mr Branthwayt's b c Southton, by Pegasus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2 2 0 1 1
Mr Sutton's b f Wren..... 3 1 0 2 dr
Mr Sadler's b c Peregrine Pickle, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb, fell in
running the second heat..... 1 dis
Mr Hyde's br c by Dungannon, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... dis

LEWES.

THURSDAY, August 1, First Race—Started at twelve o'clock.—Mr Mellish's Sancho, by Don Quixote, (F. Buckle) beat Lord Darlington's Pavilion, (S. Chifney) 8st 3lb each.—Four miles, 3000gs.—Seven to 4, and 2 to 1 on Pavilion, who took the lead, and kept it for the first three miles, running at a canter rate; Sancho then came up, lay by his antagonist, and then commenced some excellent running until near the Ending Post, when Sancho passed, and won by about half a length. Immense sums were depending, and Mr Mellish backed his favourite Sancho very freely.

The third and last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts and fillies.—The last mile and half of the Course.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Ld Darlington's b c by Sir Peter, out of Æthe, 8st 3lb, (S. Chifney).. 1
Ld Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 10lb..... 2
Mr Ludbroke's b c Wagtail, 8st 3lb..... 3
Ld Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter, out of Cælia, 8st 3lb..... 4
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c Barbarossa, 8st 3lb..... 5
Six to 5 against Cardinal Beaufort, and 7 to 2 agst Ld Darlington's colt.—A good race.

Handicap Stakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft.—Two m

Mr J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, by Shuttle, 4 yr

Ld Darlington's ch c Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h brother to

Sir W. W. Wynne's b h Ashton, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb

Eleven to 8 agst Zodiac, and 3 to 1 agst Gratitude.—

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—Two miles and a

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Albion, by John Bull, 5

8st 2lb, (W. Edwards).....

Mr Ladbroke's br h Rumbo, 5 yrs old, 8st.....

Sir W. W. Wynne's b h Ashton, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... 3

Sir H. Lippincott's gr h Slate, 5 yrs old, 7st..... 4

Six to 5 on Albion, 2 to 1 agst Ashton, 3 to 1 agst Rumbo, and

10 to 1 agst Slate.—Won quite easy.

Ld Stawell's Sir David, by Trumpator, recd 50gs compromise from Ld Darlington's Zodiac, 8st 7lb each.—The two miles and half Course 100gs.

After dinner, at five o'clock.—The King's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Benningbrough, 6 yrs

old, 12st, (W. Edwards)..... 1 1

D. of Richmond's b h Rolla, by Precipitate, aged, 12st 2lb..... 2 2

Ten to 1 on Orville.—Won in a canter.

FRIDAY, August 2, At half past twelve o'clock.—Mr Dr. Boyce's Bobtail, by Precipitate, aged, 8st 7lb, (D. Fitzpatrick) beat Mr Mellish's Lady Brough, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb.—Four miles, 200gs.—Six to 5 on Bobtail.—Won very easy.

The County Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three year olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a half each.

Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb, (W. Clift) 1 1

Mr Mellish's b f Lady Brough, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb..... 2 dr

Four to 1 on Walton.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Hon. C. Lenox's b g Bayard, by Percipitate, 12st, (Mr Delmé Radcliffe) 1

Mr J. N. Newnham's ch h aged, 12st..... 2

Mr C. Burgh's b m Slow-and-easy, by Escape, aged, 11st 11lb..... 3

Mr T. Kemp's b m Lady Susan, aged, 11st 11lb..... 4

Seven to 4 agst Slow-and-easy, and 2 to 1 agst Bayard.

This was perhaps the most curious race ever recorded in the annals of the Turf, and rather resembling the ASSININE contests in Westminster, than a horse race. It was rode by Gentlemen, the two principal of whom were Mr Delmé Radcliffe and the Hon. George Germaine.—When coming up to start, one Amateur was so GORGEOUSLY dressed in orange, that the Prince jocularly observed, "Delmé, who is that NEAT jockey? he is BE-FORE now, but will soon be BEHIND." Mr Delmé on Bayard took the lead, and in about four minutes he was about 100 yards before the second horse, who had the same advantage over the third, who was also 100 yards

yards before the fourth; consequently there was a difference of about 300 yards before the first and last horse. On Mr Delme's coming in, a soldier said to his comrade, "Jack, where's the second horse?" the other archly replied, "Don't be in a hurry Tom, he'll be here either to-morrow or next day."

Ld Egremont's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 7lb, agst Sir John Shelley's Currycomb, 7st 7lb.—The Last Mile, 100gs.—Off by consent.

After dinner.—The Town Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a half each.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b g Rebel, by Trumpator, aged, 8st 6lb, (Edwards) 1 1
Ld Egremont's b f by Precipitate, out of Catherine, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb 2 dr
Two to 1 on Rebel.—Won easy.

SATURDAY, August 3, At twelve o'clock.—Mr Mellish's Sancho, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb, (F. Buckle) beat Mr D. Boyce's Bobtail, aged, 8st 9lb.—The Last Mile, 200gs.—Seven to 4 on Sancho.—A good race. A dispute arose respecting this race, owing to a mistake of the Clerk of the Course having started Sancho and Bobtail at some little distance behind the Last Mile Post. After some conversation amongst the Noblemen and Gentlemen, it was agreed, that the bets should now be paid, but returned if the Members of the Jockey Club should give their decision against it.

Sweepstakes of 50gs, 11st each.—Four miles.

Mr Hawkes's b g Cock-a-hoop, by Sir Peter, aged, (Mr Douglas).... 1
Mr Bailey's b g Starling, by Meteor, aged..... 2
Mr C. Browne's gr g Sunflower, aged..... pd
Two to 1 on Starling.

Ld Barrymore's Merryman, by Buzzard, 7st 8lb, (W. Edwards) beat Mr Ladbroke's Brainworm, 7st 10lb.—The Last Mile, 100gs.—Even betting.—A good race.

Mr Mellish's Lady Brough, by Stride, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb, (F. Buckle) beat Ld Barrymore's Little John, 5 yrs old, 8st.—Four miles, 100gs.—Two to 1 on Little John.—A good race.

The Ladies' Plate of 60gs for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.
Sir H. Williamson's b h Walton, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb, (W. Clift) 1
Ld Egremont's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb 2
Mr W. Burrell's b c Impostor, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb..... 3
Mr Howorth's b c Enterprise, 5 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 4
Five to 4 on Walton, 6 to 4 agst Cardinal Beaufort, 10 to 1 agst Enterprise, and 20 to 1 agst Impostor.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h Orville, by Benningbrough, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb, (Edwards) 1
Sir H. Williamson's Walton, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2
Five to 4 on Walton; and in running, 5 to 4 he won.—A good race.

After

After dinner, at five o'clock.—Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds, for four yr olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a half each.

Mr J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb,
(S. Barnard)..... 3 1 1
H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's b h brother to Vivaldi, 6 yrs old,
8st 2lb..... 1 4 2
Mr Howorth's b h Harefoot, 6 years old, 8st 7lb..... 4 2 3
D. of Richmond's Rolla, aged, 7st 10lb..... 2 3 4
Six to 4 agst Gratitude, 2 to 1 agst the brother to Vivaldi, 5 to 2 agst
Harefoot, and 6 to 1 agst Rolla; after the first heat, 7 to 4 agst
Harefoot, and 3 to 1 agst Gratitude; after the second heat, 3 and
4 to 1 on Gratitude.—Won easy.

YORK AUGUST MEETING,

MONDAY, August 19, a Subscription of 25gs each, four yr olds carrying 7st 9lb, five yr olds 8st 5lb, six yr olds and aged horses 8st 10lb.—Four yr old fillies allowed 4lb.—Four miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr f Vesta, by Delpini, out of Faith, 4 yrs, (R. Spencer) 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b c by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks, 4 yrs, (J. Tate) 2
Ld Darlington's br h by Ormond, out of Driver's dam, 5 yrs, (W. Peirse) 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's b m Sally, 5 yrs old, (J. Shepherd)..... 4
D. of Hamilton's b f by Walnut, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs, (C. Dixon) . 5
Even betting and 5 to 4 on Vesta, 7 to 2 agst the Ormond horse,
the same agst Sally, and 4 to 1 agst Sir T. Gascoigne's colt.—
A very fine race, and won with difficulty.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds 10st 4lb, five yr olds 11st, 6lb, six yr olds 12st, and aged horses 12st 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr Garforth's gr c Evander, by Delpini, out of Caroline, 4 yrs old,
(F. Collinson)..... 1
Mr Mellish's b c Quid, 4 yrs old, (F. Buckle)..... 2
Sir M. M. Sykes's br c Sir Bertrand, 4 yrs old, (S. Chifney)..... 3
D. of Hamilton's b c by Walnut, out of Bay Javehin, 4 yrs old,
(B. Smith)..... broke down
Six to 5 agst Evander, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 agst the D. of Hamilton's
colt, 5 to 1 agst Quid, and the same agst Sir Bertrand.—Won
with great difficulty.

The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four yr old colts and fillies.—Four miles.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Sir H. T. Vane's b c Master Betty, by Sir Peter, out of Shuttle's dam,
8st 7lb, (F. Collinson)..... 1
Mr W. N. W. Hewett's ch f Miss Eliza Overton, (J. Jackson)..... 2

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Last mile and half.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter, 8st 2lb, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's b c True Briton, 8st 4lb, and Ld Foley's b c by Ambrosia, out of Jessica, 8st,

Mr Mellish's

Mr Mellich's Diddler, by Pegasus, 7st 12lb, received forfeit from Sir H. Williamson's Firelock, 8st 1lb.—Three miles, 100gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, August 20, Sweepstakes, of 20gs each, for two yr old colts 8st, fillies 7st 12lb.—Two yr old Course.

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, out of Hyperion's dam, (F. Collinson) 1
Mr Mellich's b f Flighty, (W. Edwards) 2
Mr C. Burton's ch c by Stamford, out of Bella-Fille, (R. Spencer) ... 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's b f sister to Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, out of Matron,
(T. Clarkson) 4

Five and 6 to 4 on the Patriot filly, 3 to 1 agst Lord Fitzwilliam's filly, 3 to 1 agst the Stamford colt, and 4 to 1 agst Flighty.—
Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds 5st 4lb, four yr olds 7st 7lb, five yr olds 8st 5lb, six yr olds and aged horses, 8st 12lb.—Mares and fillies allowed 3lb, and maiden horses 4lb.—Four mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's gr h Honest Starling, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old,
(J. Shepherd.) 1 1
Mr N. B. Hodgson's ch h Stretch, 5 yrs old, (J. Jackson) 2 dr
Mr Garforth's b f Zara, 4 yrs old, (R. Spencer) 3 dr
Mr Flint's b c Scampston, by Screveton, out of Henrietta, by Sal-
tram, 3 yrs old, (J. Granger.) dis
Five and 6 to 4 on Starling, 3 to 1 agst Stretch, and 4 to 1 agst
Zara.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, August 21, Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, fillies 7st 13lb.—Two miles.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Sir Paul, by Sir Peter, out of Pewett, (J. Shepherd) 1
Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Launcelot, (F. Buckle) 2
Mr Wentworth's ch c Hyppolitus, (G. Humble) 3
Seven to 4 on Sir Launcelot, 5 to 2 agst Hyppolitus, and 10 to
1 agst Sir Paul.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds added to one third of a Subscription Purse of 25gs each, for five yr olds 8st 7lb.—Four miles.—Twenty-four Subscribers.

Mr Peirse's b h Ferguson, by King Fergus, (J. Shepherd) 1
Ld Strathmore's b h Remembrancer, (B. Smith) 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's b m Sally, (T. Clarkson) 3
D. of Hamilton's ch h by Walnut, (F. Collinson) 4

Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Remembrancer, 5 to 2 agst Ferguson, 3 to
1 agst the Walnut horse, and 100 to 5 agst Sally.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st.—Three miles.

Sir H. T. Vane's b c Master Betty, by Sir Peter, walked over.

THURSDAY, August 22, The Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts and fillies.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr W. N. W. Hewetts's br f Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter, 7st
11lb, (J. Jackson) 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter, dam by Diamond,
8st 2lb, (Clarkson) 2
Ld Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 8st 2lb, (B. Smith) 3

Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Sir Paul, by Sir Peter, out of Pewett, 7st 13lb,
(W. Peirse)..... 4
Even betting, and 5 to 4 that either Caleb Quote'em or Sir Paul
won, 3 to 1 agst the Queen Mab colt, and 9 to 1 agst Miss
Hornpipe Teazle.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds added to one third of a Subscription Purse of 25gs each,
for six yr olds 8st 10lb, and aged 9st.—Four miles.—Twenty-four Sub-
scribers.

Mr Garforth's gr m Marcia, by Coriander, aged, (F. Collinson)..... 1
Mr Peirse's b h Ferguson, 5 yrs old, (Shepherd)..... 2
Mr W. N. W. Hewett's br h Black Strap, aged, (J. Jackson)..... 3
Five to 1 on Marcia.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, August 23, The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for horses, &c.—
Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr m Marcia, by Coriander, aged, 8st 9lb, (F. Collinson) 1
Mr Mellish's b c Diddler, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb, (W. Edwards)..... 0
Ten to 1 on Marcia.—A very fine race for three miles, soon
after which Diddler broke down.

Fifty Pounds added to one third of a Subscription Purse of 25gs each,
for four yr old colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb.—Four miles.—Twenty-four
Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr f Vesta, by Delpini, (Shepherd)..... 1
Mr Mellish's b c Quid, by Star, (F. Buckle)..... 2
Sir H. T. Vane's b c Master Betty, (F. Collinson)..... 3
Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Master Betty, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Vesta, 5 to
1 agst Quid, and even betting between Vesta and Quid.—Vesta
went off at score, was never headed, and won easy.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 20gs ft. for three yr old fillies 8st.—Last
mile and half.

Mr W. N. W. Hewett's br f Miss Hornpipe Teazle, recd ft. from Mr
Watt's b f out of Miss Judy.

SATURDAY, August 24, Handicap Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for
four yr olds.—Two miles.—Six Subscribers.

Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Chariot, by Chariot, 7st 13lb, (W. Peirse). 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b c by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks, 7st 5lb,
(R. Spencer)..... 2
Five and 6 to 4 on Young Chariot.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, fillies
7st 12lb.—The last mile and three quarters.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter, (J. Shepherd).... 1
Mr Nalton's b c by Totteridge, (J. Garbutt)..... 2
Mr Garforth's b f Laura, (F. Collinson)..... 3
Ld Darlington's ch c Bumper, (W. Peirse)..... 4
Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Reginald, (F. Buckle)..... 5
Sir R. Winn's b c Mariner, (E. Phillips)..... 6
Two to 1 agst Caleb Quote'em, and 4 to 1 agst the Totteridge
colt.—Won easy.

The

The Ladies' Handicap Plate for horses, &c.—Two miles.

| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Hodgson's ch h Stretch, by Stride, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb, (J. Jackson) | 1 |
| Sir T. Gascoigne's br c by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb, (R. Spencer) | 2 |
| Mr W. N. W. Hewett's ch f Miss Eliza Overton, 4 yrs old, 8st, (W. Edwards) | 3 |
| Mr Mellish's b c True Briton, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb, (W. Ridsdale) | 4 |

Two to 1 on Stretch.—Won easy.

In a Match for four hogsheads of Coti Roti, 2000gs h. ft. and 600gs p. p. Colonel Thornton's Mr Mills, alias Clausum Frigit, by Otho, (rode by Mrs Thornton) walked over, Mr Bromford having declined to ride.

Col. Thornton's Louisa, by Pegasus, out of Nelly, (rode by Mrs T.) beat Mr Bromford's Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegranti's dam, (rode by F. Buckle)—Two miles, 500gs.—Won by half a neck.

For a more particular detail of Mrs Thornton's Matches, see page 234 of our present Magazine.

OXFORD.

TUESDAY, August 6, The Gold Cup value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; for four yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Fifteen Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb | 1 |
| Mr Kellermann's ch m Mary, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb | 2 |
| Mr Kellermann's b c Alaric, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb | 3 |

Five and 6 to 4 on Alaric, 9 to 4 agst Miss Coiner, and 3 to 1 agst Mary.—Won easy.

The Town Plate of Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.—No race.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|--|------|
| Mr Abbey's br f Virgin, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb | 1 1 |
| Mr W. Fenwick's b g Eunuch, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb | 2 dr |

Three and 4 to 1 on Virgin.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Lord F. A. Spencer's ch g Sylvanus, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old. 11st 7lb, walked over

THURSDAY, August 8, The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, by John Bull, 6 yrs old, 9st | 0 2 1 1 |
| Mr Kellermann's ch m Mary, 5 yrs old, 8st 9lb | 0 1 2 2 |

Even betting; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Mary; after the third heat, 5 to 4 on Margery. The first heat was so very near that the Judge could not determine it; the second heat was won by about half a head; and the third and fourth heats were won by about the same distance.

HUNTINGDON

THE RACING CALENDAR.

HUNTINGDON.

TUESDAY, August 6, The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.
—Two mile heats.

| | | | | |
|---|---|----|----|----|
| Mr Elwes's b f Maiden, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb | 5 | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Stapleton's gr f by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Andrews's b c Fathom, 4 yrs old, 8st 13lb | 1 | 2 | 3 | dr |
| Mr Williams's gr c Blue Bell, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb | 4 | 4 | dr | |
| Mr Brown's b c by Magic, 3 yrs old, 7st | 3 | dr | | |

Fathom the favourite; after the first heat, 5 to 4 he won; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on the Delpini filly, and 3 to 1 agst Maiden; after the third heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Maiden.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| Mr Fisher's b f Two-Shoes, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, aged, 8st 11lb | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr Elwes's b f Maiden, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb | 3 | 3 | 3 |

Six to 4 on Eleanor; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on Two-Shoes; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Eleanor.—A good race.

THURSDAY, August 8, The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 150gs if demanded.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr Fisher's b f Two-Shoes, by Asparagus, 4 yrs old, 6st 18lb | 1 | 1 |
| Gen. Sparrow's ch m Capella, 5 yrs old, 7st 12lb | 2 | 2 |

Two and 3 to 1 on Two-Shoes.—Won easy.

NOTTINGHAM.

TUESDAY August 6, The King's Plate for four yr olds and upwards.
—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Ackers's b c Newcastle, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Morris's ch h Tornado, aged, 12st 2lb | 4 | 2 |
| Mr Harris's b h Sir Rowland, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb | 2 | dr |
| Mr J. Peverell's ch c Damper, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb | 3 | dr |

Newcastle the favourite; after the heat, 5 to 1 he won.—Won very easy.

The Fifty Pounds added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies 8st.—One mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, by Moorcock | 1 | 1 |
| General Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Stagg's b f Maid of Islington | 3 | dr |

WEDNESDAY, August 7, The Fifty Pounds for four yr old colts and fillies.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Clifton's b f Josephina, by Sir Peter, 8st 7lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr J. Peverell's ch c Damper, 8st 10lb | 2 | 2 |

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters carrying 12st—Four Miles—Six Subscribers.

Ld F. Bentinck's b g Lothario, by Chance, a son of Javelin, 6 yrs old, 1
Mr Warde's b h by Achilles, dam by Match'em..... 2
Three and 4 to 1 on Lothario.

THURSDAY, August 8, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Egerton's bl c Othello, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb..... 1 1
Mr. Morris's ch h Tornado, aged, 8st 7lb..... 3 2
Gen. Grosvenor's gr h Ganymede, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 2 3

TAUNTON.

TUESDAY, August 6, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's ch g Delegate, by Waxy, out of Jemina, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 1 1
Mr. Frogley's gr h Starling, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 4 2
Mr Trafford's ch g Honest Tommy, 6 yrs old, 9st 11b..... 2 3
Mr Popham's b g Young Snap, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 3 4

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Skinner's b m Duckling, by Grouse, 5 yr old, 8st 9lb..... 1 1
Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb..... dis

Mirror came in first the first heat, but running on the wrong side of a post, was deemed distanced.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb.. 1 1
Mr Skinner's b m Duckling, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 3 2
Mr Frogley's gr h Starling, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 2 5
Mr Dilly's b f Little Peggy, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb—Ran on the wrong side of a post..... dis

Match for 50gs.—Four mile heats.

Sir H. Lippincott's ch g Delegate, by Waxy, 5 yrs old..... 2 1 1
Mr Trafford's ch g Honest Tommy, 6 yrs old..... 1 2 2

CHELMSFORD.

TUESDAY, August 6, Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs for 3 and 4 yr old fillies.—Two mile heats.

Ld Grosvenor's b f Meteora, by Meteor, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb walked over.

WEDNESDAY, August 7, Fifty Pounds for 4 yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Goldings ch f Timidity, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... 1 1
 Mr Child's ch m Annette, aged, 8st 11lb..... 3 2
 Mr Turner's br m. Crazy Jane, aged, 8st 11lb..... 2 2
 Timidity the favourite; after the heat, 2 to 1 she won.

THURSDAY, August 8, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two mile heats.—No race for want of horses.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr Child's ch m. Annette, by Volunteer, aged, 8st. 11lb..... 1 3 1
 Mr Stuart's br h aged, 9st..... 2 2 2
 Mr Cholmley's br g Pistol, aged, 8st 11lb..... 3 1 3
 Mr Turner's b g Highflyer, aged, 8st 11lb..... 4 dis

EXETER.—DEVONSHIRE.

MONDAY, August 12, Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. carrying King's Plate weights.—Rode by gentlemen.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Herbert's br f Little Peggy, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 1
 Mr P. Burrell's b h Quilldriver, aged, 12st 2lb..... 2
 Mr Fellowes's b g Paul, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb, bolted..... 3
 Two to 1 on Peggy.—Won easy.

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Captain B. Wall's strawberry horse, Ironsides, late Gourd, by young Pumpkin, aged, 9st..... 1 1
 Captain Trafford's ch g Honest Tommy, aged, 8st 11lb..... 2 2
 Mr Johnstone's b g by Acasia, aged, 8st 11lb..... 3 dr
 Mr Webb's b m by Artist, a son of Highflyer, 6 yrs old, 8st 6lb.. dis
 Six to 4 on Ironsides.—Won easy.

Lord Boringdon's f Angelica, by Hyperion, bred at Saltram, recd ft. from Mr Fellowes's f by Skyscraper, out of Jessica, dead, 8st 10lb each.—Two mile heats, 100gs.

TUESDAY, August 13, The Fifty Pounds for hunters, 12st.—Four mile heats.

Mr P. Burrell's b h Quilldriver, by Pipator, aged,..... 1 1
 Capt B. Wall's strawberry horse, Ironsides, aged,..... 2 2
 Six to 4 on Ironsides; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Quilldriver.

Mr Fellowes's b g Paul, by Skyscraper, 8st 5lb, beat Ld Boringdon's Juliet, 8st 11lb, the last mile, 50gs.—Five to 4 on Paul.

The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr Herbert's br f Little Peggy, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb... 1 1
 Mr Fellowes's b g Paul, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb..... 2 dr
 Five to one on Little Peggy.

CANTERBURY.—KENT.

TUESDAY, August 13, The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each for three yr olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Eight Subscribers.

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| | |
|--|---|
| Mr Ladbroke's br c Bustard, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb, (D. Fitzpatrick)..... | 1 |
| Mr Forth's b c Artichoke, 3 yrs old, 7st..... | 2 |
| Mr Howarth's b c Prodigal, 3 yrs old, 7st..... | 3 |

Two and 3 to 1 on Bustard.—Won easy.

The Kentish Hunter's Stakes of 5gs each, with a silver Fox's head to the owner of the second horse, 12st each.—Four mile heats.—Twelve Subscribers.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr S. Lushington's b g Pigmy, by Driver..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Duppa's b m..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Brydges's ch h Venture..... | 3 | 3 |

Pigmy the favourite; after the heat, Five to 1 he won.

WEDNESDAY, August 14, The King's Plate of 100gs for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Ladbroke's br c Bustard, by Buzzard, 4 yr old, 10st 4lb.... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Howarth's b h Harefoot, 6 yrs old, 12st..... | 2 | dr |

Four and 5 to 1 on Bustard.

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yrs olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Forth's b c Artichoke, by Don Quixote, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Ladbroke's ch c, by Guildford, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 4 | 2 |
| Mr Emden's br c Experiment, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 2 | 3 |
| Mr Goodisson's ro f Roanna, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 3 | de |

Even betting on the field; after the heat, 7 to 4 on Artichoke.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, August 15, The Fifty Pounds for 3 and 4 yrs olds.—Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Hyde's ch c by Mr Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Goodisson's ro f Roanna, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Emden's ch f Maid of Kent, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... | 2 | 3 | 3 |

Six to 4 on the field; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Roanna; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Mr Hyde's c.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, August 16, The Fifty Pounds, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|---|
| Mr Howarth's b h Harefoot, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old, 9st.. | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Mr Forth's b c Artichoke, 3 yrs old, 5st 2lb..... | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Mr Emden's br c Experiment, 3 yrs old, 5st, bolted,..... | dis | | |
| Mr Lushington's b g Pigmy, aged, 9st 3lb..... | dis | | |
| Captain Conway's b g Jack Chance, aged, 9st 3lb..... | dis | | |

Harefoot the favourite; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Harefoot; after the second heat, even betting.

WORCESTER.

TUESDAY Morning, August 13, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Colonel Kingscote's b c La Mancha, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb..... | 1 | 1 |
|---|---|---|

K 2

Mr Lord's

Mr Lord's b g Cockspinner, 5 yrs old, 7st 13lb..... 2 1
 Mr Darling's bl h Orotranto, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb..... 3 3
 Six to 4 on La Mancha; after the heat, 5 to 1 he won.

In the Afternoon, the Fifty Pounds, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Lord Grosvenor's ch c Vandal, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb... 2 1 1
 Mr Birch's ch f Lavinia, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb..... 1 2 2
 Lord Stamford's b f Georgiana, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb..... dis
 Six to 4 agst Vandal; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Lavinia;
 after the second heat, 5 to 4 on Vandal.—A good race.

WEDNESDAY Morning, August 14, The Ladies' Plate of Fifty Pounds, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Col. Kingscote's b c La Mancha, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb. 1 2 1
 Lord Stamford's br c Gayman, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 2 1 2
 Mr Emden's br c Latitat, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 3 3 ds
 Gayman the favourite; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on La Man-
 cha; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Gayman.—A fine race.

In the Afternoon, the Hunters' Purse of Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c, bred in the County of Worcester.—Four mile heats.

Mr Bayzand's b m Creeping Gin, 6 yrs old, 11st 11lb..... 1 1
 Mr Price's b g Rebel, 6 yrs old, 11st 11lb..... 2 2
 Mr Wilkin's b h Crabstock, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb..... 3 ds
 Mr T. Jones's bl g Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, fell..... dis

THURSDAY, August 15, The Fifty Pounds, for 4 yrs old, and up-wards.—Four mile heats.

Ld Stamford's br c Gayman, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st..... 1 1
 Mr Goulding's b m Duchess, 5 yrs old, 7st 11lb..... 2 2
 Two to 1 on Gayman; after the heat, 10 to 1 he won.

DERBY.

TUESDAY, August 13, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Two mile heats.

Mr C. Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb, (Howe) 1 1
 Mr Billington's b h Rattler, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 4 2
 Mr Soden's b f by Abba Thulle, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 3 3
 Mr Godden's b c 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 6 4
 Mr Broadhurst's b h Woodlark, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 2 5
 Mr Dyott's b f by Jupiter, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 5 6
 Three to 1 on the Abba Thulle f; after the heat, 5 to 2 on
 Mountaineer.—Won easy.

Mr Sitwell's h f Goosecap, 3 yrs old, recd 10gs to withdraw for the above Plate.

WEDNESDAY, August 14, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Mr Ackers's b c Newcastle, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st, (T. Huston)..... 1 1
 Mr Egerton's

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Mr Egerton's bl c Othello, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 3 2
 Mr Harris's b h Sir Rowland, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 2dr
 Four to 1, and after the heat, 10 to 1 on Newcastle.—Won easy.
 Thursday, August 15, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two mile heats.
 Mr C. Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb,
 (Howe)..... 1 1
 Mr Egerton's bl c Othello, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... 2 2
 Mr R. Bowman's b f Miss Brown, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 3 2
 Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Mountaineer; after the heat, 10
 to 1 he won.—Won easy.

SALISBURY.—WILTS.

WEDNESDAY, August 14, The King's Plate of 100gs, for horses,
 &c.—Four mile heats.
 Ld Sackville's br c Witchcraft, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb.. 1 1
 Mr Frogley's b c by Triptolemus, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, bolted the
 second heat..... 2ds
 Ten to 1 on Witchcraft.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for four yr olds and upwards.—Two
 mile heats.—Seven Subscribers.
 Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb 1 1
 Mr Goddard's br h Young Edlipse, 6 yrs old, 12st 3lb..... 2 2
 Five and 6 to 4 on Mirror; after the heat, 4 to 1 he won.

THURSDAY, August 15, The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and up-
 wards.—Four mile heats.—
 Sir H. Lippincott's b c Mirror, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb. 1 1
 Mr Richardson's b g Lemonsqueezer, aged, 9st 9lb..... 2 2
 Lord Sackville's br h Whirligig, aged, fell lame, 8st 8lb..... 3 dr
 Six to 4 on Whirligig; after the heat, 5 to 1 on Mirror.

The City Silver Bowl free for any horse, &c. carrying 10st.—Four
 mile heats.
 Mr Richardson's b g Lemonsqueezer, by Coriander, aged, walked over.

FRIDAY, August 16, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three
 yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

For this Plate, three horses were entered, one of which not being
 deemed a reputed racer, William Scrope, Esq. the Steward, would not
 allow them to start; and after he had quitted the Course, the horses
 started, but that gentleman considered it as nothing.

NEWBURY.—BERKS.

TUESDAY, August 20, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for all
 ages.—Two mile heats.

Sir H.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Sir H Lippincott's gr g Slate, by Mr Teasele, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Biggs's br f Margaretta, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 5 | 2 |
| Mr Harris's br c Farmer, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 7 | 5 |
| Mr Bacon's b f Pet, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 2 | 4 |
| Mr Chinnock's Lottery, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 4 | 5 |
| Mr Dockeray's b f Primrose, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 3 | 6 |
| Mr Frogley's ch f by a son of Cygnus, 3 yrs old, 6st..... | 6 | ds |

The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|----|
| Mr Farmer's br c Principle, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Ld Barrymore's b g Little John, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Pierce's ch m Laura, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... | 3 | dr |

WEDNESDAY, August 21, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two mile heats.—The weights not mentioned in the list.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Bacon's b f Pet, by Caustic, 3 yrs old..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Goddard's br h Young Eclipse, 6 yrs old..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Angel's bl g Driver, aged..... | 3 | 3 |

HEREFORD.

WEDNESDAY, August 21, The Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Mr Day's b m Duchess, by old Tat, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Birch's ch f Lavinia, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Price's b h Midas, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... | 3 | dr |

THURSDAY, August 22, The Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds, —Two mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr Birch's ch f Lavinia, by Pipator, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb..... | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Lord Grosvenor's ch c Vandal, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| Five to 4 on Vandal; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Lavinia; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on Vandal. | | | |

FRIDAY, August 23, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|----|
| Mr Billington's b g Cockspinner, by Moorcock, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Price's Midas, 6 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Day's Duchess, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... | 0 | 3 | dr |

READING.

TUESDAY, August 27, The Gold Cup, value 80gs a Subscription of 10gs each, for 3 yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Sixteen Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, by Buzzard, aged, 9st..... | 1 |
| Mr Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb..... | 2 |
| Mr Abbey's | |

Mr Abbey's ch m Margery, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 3
Seven to 4 on Miss Coiner, 3 to 1 agst Quiz, and 5 to 1 agst Margery, who made play for the first three miles, after which Quiz and Miss Coiner made very severe running, and the former won by about half a length.

The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.

Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb.... 1 1
Mr Frogley's b c Triptolemus, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 2 2
Five to 1 on Merryman.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, August 28, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four mile heats.

Ld Barrymore's b g Little John, by Calomel, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb.... 1 1
Mr Frogley's ch f by Cygnet, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 2 dr

The Handicap Plate of Fifty Pounds.—Two mile heats.

Mr Skinner's b m Duckling, by Grouse, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 1 1
Mr Biggs's br f Margaretta, 3 yrs old, 5st 10lb..... 4 2
Mr Peirse's Laura, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 2 3
Mr Sutton's gr f Betsy, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 3 4
Mr Dockeray's b h Belius, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 5 5
Mr Smith's b g Venture, 5 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... 6 6
Mr Fenwick's b g Eunuch, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb, ran on the wrong side of a post..... dis

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

WEDNESDAY, August 28, The Gold Cup, value 100gs and upwards, by Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr olds and upwards.—Three miles.—Nine Subscribers.

Lord Strathmore's br c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 1
Mr Kirby's gr c Evander, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's b c Corkleg, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 3
Ld Darlington's br h by Ormond, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 4
Sir A. Don's b c by Precipitate, out of Colibri, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb.... 5
Mr Lonsdale's br c Sir Charles, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 6
Mr G. Linton's b f by Hambletonian, out of Baron Nile's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 7
Even betting and 5 to 4 agst Evander, and 10 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's colt, who took the lead for a considerable distance, Evander and all the others waited.—Won by only half a head.

THURSDAY, August 29, The Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.—No race.

FRIDAY, August 30, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three mile heats.

Ld Darlington's br h by Ormond, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 1 1
Mr Lonsdale's b c Sir Charles, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb, fell lame..... dis
Five to 1 on the Ormond horse.

WEDNESDAY,

CHESTERFIELD.—DERBYSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, August 28, The Gold Cup, value 60gs, a Subscription of 5gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, by Moorcock, 3 yrs old, 6st, walked over.

The Fifty Pounds for two yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Richardson's b f Woodbine, 3 yrs old, 7st..... | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Kirby's b f Elizabeth, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb | 3 | 3 |
| Mr Saunders's b c 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb | 4 | 4 |

THURSDAY, August 29, The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | |
|--|---|---|
| Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, by Moorcock, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb..... | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Richardson's b f Woodbine, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb, (stakes 8ge) ... | 3 | 2 |
| Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb..... | 2 | 3 |

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Four miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Glossop's b c Skylark, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb, walked over.

Mr Sitwell's old p beat Mr Eyre's bay p, 6st each.—Distance-in, 50gs.

Mr Sitwell's old p, 6st 7lb, beat Capt. Short's p, 5st 7lb.—Distance-in, 50gs.—There was scarcely any betting.

NORTHAMPTON.

TUESDAY, August 27, The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds.—Heats, about a mile and a half.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Andrews's br c Fathom, by Trumpator, 8st 5lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Emden's br c Experiment, 8st 2lb..... | 2 | 2 |

Six and 7 to 4 on Fathom.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters.—Heats, twice round the Course.—Thirty-one Subscribers.

| | | |
|---|-----|---|
| Mr Andrews's br h Norval by Jupiter, out of Thatchello, 5 yrs old, 10st 7lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Morris's ch h Tornado, aged, 11st..... | 4 | 2 |
| Mr Pell's br g aged, 11st..... | 3 | 3 |
| Mr J. Fletcher's b g Star, 5 yrs old, 10st 7lb | 2 | 4 |
| Mr Cooch's bl g Black Prince, 6 yrs old, 10st 11lb..... | dis | |

Six to 4 on Norval; after the heat, 2 to 1 he won.

WEDNESDAY, August 28, The Fifty Pounds for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---|---|
| Mr Elwes's b f Maiden, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Fisher's b f Two Shoes, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Newman's b g Dragon, aged, 8st 11lb..... | dis | | |

Five to 4 on Two Shoes; after the first heat, 7 to 4 on Two Shoes; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Maiden.—Three fine heats.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Four miles.—Six Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr Andrews's br h Norval, by Jupiter | 1 |
| Mr Wilson's b g Madman, late Telemachus | 2 |
| Five to 1 on Norval. | |

The Cup, value 50gs, for hunters, &c. belonging to Farmers, and to be rode by the Owners, or Farmers residing in the county of Northampton, 13st each.—Heats, twice round the Course.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|----|
| Mr Wilson's ch h Hackney | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Benton's b blind horse | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Drage's br m Careless, by Grog | 2 | 3 | dr |

Mr Andrews's br h Norval, by Jupiter, recd 80gs compromise from Mr Wilson's b g Madman, 10st each.—Twice round the Course, 100gs.

RICHMOND.—YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 3, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two mile heats.—No race.

Mr J. Mason's gr c by Delpini, out of Dapple's dam, (W. Peirse) beat Mr W. Hutchinson's br c by Overton, dam by Marsk, 7st 10lb each.—Two miles, 100gs.—Five to 4 on the Overton colt.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 4, The King's Plate of 100gs, (called Hambleton guineas) for five, yr old mares, 10st.—Four miles.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Belhaven's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough. (F. Collinson).... | 1 |
| Ld Fitzwilliam's b m Sally, (J. Shepherd) | 2 |
| Mr Bowman's b m Susan, (F. Stephenson)..... | 3 |

Six to 4 agst Lady Mary, 2 to 1 agst Sally, and 5 to 2 agst Susan.—Sally made play, and was beat by only half a head.

The Subscription Cup of 10gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Twelve Subscribers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir W. Gerard's br c Young Chariot, by Chariot, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb, (W. Peirse)..... | 1 |
| Sir H. Williamson's gr h Honest Starling, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb, (J. Jackson). 2 | |
| Mr Riddell's br c by Overton, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb | 3 |
| Ld Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb 4 | |
| Mr Trotter's b f by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 6st 1lb | 5 |
| Mr Cradock's b c by St. George, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb | 6 |
| Mr W. Hutchinson's br c by Overton, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb | 7 |

Five and 6 to 4 agst Young Chariot, 3 to 1 agst Honest Starling, and high odds against any other.—A fine race.

Just as the horses were starting for the Cup, a very thick mist came on, which rendered it impossible for the spectators to see them, and in consequence of which some of the horses came down in running.

THURSDAY, September 4, Fresh entry for The Seventy Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's gr h Honest Starling, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old,
8st 5lb, (J. Jackson)..... 1 1
Mr Riddell's br c by Overton, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb..... 2 2
Seven to 4, and after the heat, 7 to 1 on Honest Starling.—Won easy.
—Sir W. Gerard's Young Chariot, received Twenty Pounds to
withdraw.

EGHAM.—SURRY.

TUESDAY, September 3, The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription
of 10gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Twenty-
two Subscribers.

Sir C. Bunbury's b m Eleanor, by Whiskey, aged, 8st 12lb, (J. Saunders) 1
Mr W. Fenwick's b f Miss Coiner, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb, received back
her stake..... 2
Mr Ladbroke's ch c Prospero, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 3
Sir J. Shelley's b f Houghton Lass, 4 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... 4
Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, aged, 9st, bolted, and did not come in to weigh. 0
Two to 1 agst Quiz, 2 to 1 agst Houghton Lass, 3 to 1 agst Miss
Coiner, 4 to 1 agst Prospero, and 6 and 7 to 1 agst Eleanor.—
Avery good race.—Quiz made play for the first three miles, when
he bolted whilst leading.

Mr Emden's Gipsy, by Guildford, recd ft. from Mr Abbey's Little John,
8st 13lb each.—Four miles, 50gs, 10gs ft.

WEDNESDAY, September 4, The Magna Charta Stakes of 50gs each,
h. ft. for three yr olds.—The New Mile.—Three Subscribers.
Mr Ladbroke's b c Wagtail, by Young Woodpecker, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr olds and upwards.—Two miles,
—Seven Subscribers.

M. J. W. Wardell's b f Gratitude, by Shuttle, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb, (J. Croft) 1
Sir J. Shelley's b f Houghton Lass, 4 yrs, old, 8st 9lb..... 2
Mr Prior's ch c by Spear, out of Lily, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 3
Mr Forth's br c Artichoke, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 4
Even betting agst Gratitude, 6 to 4 agst Houghton Lass, and
9 to 1 agst either of the other.—Won easy.

The Ladies' Plate of Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds.—Two
mile heats.

Mr W. Fenwick's b g Eunuch, by Pegasus, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb,
(S. Barnard)..... 1 1
Mr Frogley's ch f by a Son of Cygnet, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb..... 4 2
Ld Barrymore's b c Merryman, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2 3
Mr Dockeray's b f Primrose, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 5 4
Ld Egremont's ch c Cerberus, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb..... 6 ds
Mr Lake's b f Virtuousa, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb..... 3 dr
Five to 4 agst Merryman, and 4 to 1 agst Eunuch; after the
heat, 2 to 1 on Eunuch.—Won very easy.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, September 5, Sir C. Bunbury's b m Eleanor; by Whiskey, aged, 9st 2lb, beat Mr Lake's Wagtail, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb.—The New Mile, 100gs.—Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Eleanor.—Won in a canter.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for two yr old colts 8st 5lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—The last half of the New Mile.—Eleven Subscribers.

| | |
|--|---|
| Ld Egremont's b f Jerboa, by Gohanna, out of Camilla..... | 1 |
| Mr C. C. Smith's b c Argus, brother to Peggy | 2 |
| Mr Ladbroke's br c by Sir Peter, dam by Dungannon..... | 3 |
| Mr J. W. Wardell's br f sister to Houghton Lass..... | 4 |
| Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, by Whiskey, | 5 |
| Mr T. Dockeray's bl f Honeysuckle, by Oscar..... | 6 |
| Mr J. W. Wardell's b c Ploughboy, by Volunteer | 7 |
| Sir C. Bunbury's ch c by Whiskey, dam by Diomed, out of Trombone's dam | 8 |

Two to 1 agst Ploughboy, 5 to 2 agst Sir C. Bunbury's colt, 3 to 1 agst Rosabella, and 5 to 1 agst Jerboa.—Won easy.

The Fifty Pounds free for all ages.—Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|----|
| Sir C. Bunbury's b m Eleanor, by Whiskey, aged, 9st 6lb | 1 | 1 |
| Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz, aged, 9st 6lb | 2 | 2 |
| Ld Egremont's ch c Cerberus, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb | 3 | dr |
| Ld Barrymore's b g Little John, 5 yrs old, 8st 13lb..... | 4 | dr |

Six to 4 on Eleanor; after the heat, 3 to 1 she won.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, September 6, The Handicap Stakes of 20gs each, for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|----|
| Sir J. Mawbey's b c Heathpolt, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Lake's b f Virtuosa, 4 yrs old, 8st..... | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr Harris's b c Farmer, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb..... | 2 | 3 | dr |

Heathpolt the favourite.—Won easy.

WARWICK.

WEDNESDAY, September 4, The King's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|-----|----|
| Mr Farmer's b c Principle, by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb... .. | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Ackers's b c Newcastle, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, (broke down) .. | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Mr Howorth's br c Enterprise, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... | 3 | 3 | dr |
| Mr Clifton's b c Coriolanus, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, (broke down) .. | 0 | dis | |
| Col. Marriott's b f Maiden, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, (broke down) ... | 0 | dis | |

Newcastle the favourite.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two mile heats.—Seventeen Subscribers.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mr Andrews's br h Norval, by Jupiter, out of Thatchella, 5 yrs, 12st .. | 1 | 1 |
| Mr Lockley's b g Herschell, 5 yrs old, 11st 12lb | 3 | 2 |
| Ld Brooke's ch g Spur, 11st 12lb | 2 | 3 |

Two to 1 on Norval.—Won easy.

The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.

Mr Skinner's b m Duckling, by Grouse, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. 1 1
Mr Cholmondeley's br c Welsh Rabbit, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb. 2 2
Six to 4 on Duckling; after the heat, 2 to 1 she won.

THURSDAY, September 5, The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three yr olds and upwards.—Two mile heats.

Mr Kellermann's b c Heeltap, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. 2 1 1
Mr Lockley's b g Herschell, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb. 1 2 3
Mr W. Saunders's br f Brown Bess, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb. 3 3 2
Heeltap the favourite; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Herschell;
after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Heeltap.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each for all ages.—Two mile heats.—Fourteen Subscribers.

Mr. R. Denham's b c Optician, by Telescope, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. ... 1 1
Mr Andrews's br h Norval, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb. 2 2
Mr Kellermann's ch m Mary, 5 yrs old, 8st 4lb. 4 3
Mr Howorth's br c Enterprise, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. 3 4
Six to 4 on Optician; after the heat, 3 to 1 he won.

The Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Four mile heats.—No race.

PONTEFRACT.—YORKSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 10, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr f Priscilla, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. 1
Ld Darlington's br h Ferguson, 5 yrs old, 8st 8lb. 2
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Ferguson.—A good race.

The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds.—Three mile heats.

Sir R. Winn's b c Mariner, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb, (J. Garbutt) 6 1 1
Mr Flint's b c Scampston, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb 1 3 2
Mr Richardson's b f Woodbine, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb 5 4 3
Sir T. Gascoigne's b f by Sir Peter, out of Violet, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb, bolted the third heat. 4 2 4
Mr R. L. Savile's b f by Patriot, 3 yrs old, 6st 13lb 3 5 dr
Mr Hotham's b c Bonne, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb '2 dr
Six to 4 agst Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, 5 to 1 agst Mr Savile's filly,
6 to 1 agst Mariner, and 10 to 1 agst Scampston; after the first
heat, 5 to 4 agst Sir T. Gascoigne's filly; after the second heat,
3 to 1 on Mariner.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 11, Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, fillies 7st 13lb.—The last mile and three quarters.—Eight Subscribers.

Sir

THE RACING CALENDAR.

65

Sir W. Gerard's bl c Barouche, by Overton, out of Young Chariot,
(W. Peirse.) 1
Sir R. Winn's ch c Sound Judgment 2

Three and 4 to 1 on Barouche.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr old fillies.—
The last mile and three quarters.—Five Subscribers.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Precipitate, out of Goldenlocks, 8st 3lb,
(J. Tate)..... 1

Ld Strathmore's gr f by Overton, dam by Delpini, out of Black-eyed
Susan, by Alfred..... 2

Sir E. Smith's gr f Betsy, by Overton; Sir R. Winn's b f Hypocrite, by
Benningbrough; and Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f Cowslip, by Moorcock;
also started, but were not placed.

Two to 1 and 5 to 2 agst Ld Strathmore's filly, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1
agst Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, and 5 to 1 agst Cowslip.—A fine
race, and won by half a head.

The Gold Cup, value 150gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20gs
added—and the Stewards also added 50gs—for three yr olds and upwards.
—Four miles.—Eight Subscribers.

Ld Darlington's br h Ferguson, by King Fergus, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb,
(W. Peirse)..... 1

Mr Dent's b c Sir Charles, 4 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 2
Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on Ferguson.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 12, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr
old colts 8st, and fillies 7st 12lb.—The last mile.—Six Subscribers.

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, out of Hyperion's dam, (F. Collinson) 1

Ld Fitzwilliam's b f sister to Sir Solomon..... 2

Mr Wilkinson's gr c Young Selim, by Selim..... 3

Mr Burton's ch c Percy, by Stamford..... 4

Six to 4 or Young Selim, 2 to 1 agst Sir H. T. Vane's filly, 5 to 1
agst the sister to Sir Solomon, and 5 to 1 agst Percy.—A very
fine race, and won by only half a head.—Run in one minute and
43 Seconds.

The Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Mr J. W. Wardell's ch h Stretch, by Stride, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb, (J. Croft) 5 1 1

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb..... 1 2 2

Ld Darlington's br h by Ormond, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 3 3 4

Mr Lonsdale's ch c by Pipator, dam by Paymaster, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb 4 4 3

Mr R. L. Savile's ch c by Stride, 3 yrs old, 6st 2 5 5

Even betting on Stretch; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst him;
after the second heat, 2 to 1 he won.—Won easy.

LINCOLN.

WEDNESDAY, September 11, The King's Plate of 100gs for four
and five yr old mares.—Two mile heats.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st 6lb, (James Hare) 1 1
Mr Fisher's

| | |
|---|------|
| Mr Fisher's b f Two Shoes, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb | 2 2 |
| Mr Weatherill's b m Haughty, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb | 3 dr |
| Two to 1 on Hebe.—Won easy | |

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters.—Two mile heats.—Fifteen Subscribers.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Col. King's gr g Hesse, by Delpini, 11st 11lb | 1 2 1 |
| Mr R. Warde's b h by Achilles, dam by Match'em, 12st | 4 1 2 |
| Mr Harnew's b g Little Chance, 5 yrs old, 11st 11lb | 5 3 dr |
| Mr J. Manwaring's br h Hodge, 12st | 2 4 dr |
| Mr Monson's b m Laborie, 5 yrs old, 11st 11lb | 3 dr |

Ld E. Bentinck's b g Lothario, by Chance, was deemed disqualified.

Some little confusion arose owing to the disqualification of Lord Bentinck's Lothario, not being generally known till within a few minutes of the time of running, and the rider persisted in starting, and won the first heat easily, but it was adjudged to Col. King's Hesse, who came in second. The rider of Lord Bentinck's Lothario, afterwards walked him over the course, and the other horses started for the stakes.—This was a good heat, and the odds were in favour of Mr Warde's horse; in running the last heat, 4 to 1 he won; it was however won very easily by Hesse.—The knowing ones were much disappointed, having backed Lord Bentinck's Lothario agst the field, and it was evident that he must have won. These bets were of course void.

THURSDAY, September 12, The Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|---|-------|
| Mr White's b c Truth, by Totteridge, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb, (W. Ward). 1 2 1 | |
| Mr Hutty's ro c Diogenes, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb | 2 1 2 |
| Gen. Grosvenor's b c Skirmisher, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb | 3 3 3 |

Truth the favourite; after the first heat, 3 to 1 he won.—In running the second heat he lost it by swerving towards the cords, on the right, and when he had passed the betting stand, he ran into the crowd, and fell, but happily no injury was sustained.—Betting now veered, and some who had backed him highly, endeavoured, as it is called, to *hedge-off*; however, he won the next heat without much difficulty.

The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c.—Two mile heats.—Nine Subscribers.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Sir M. M. Sykes's b m by Pegasus, out of Magnolia, 11st 11lb ... | 1 1 |
| Col. King's gr h Hesse, 11st 11lb | 3 2 |
| Gen. Grosvenor's b g Glider, 11st 11lb | 2 3 |
| Mr Monson's b h Leonidas, 12st | 4 4 |

Won with great ease.

FRIDAY, September 13, The 70gs for all ages.—Two mile heats.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Mr Andrews's br c Fathom, by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb | 1 1 |
| Mr White's b c Truth, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb, (stakes 15gs) | 2 2 |
| Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb | 3 3 |

The field the favourite, and 2 to 1 agst Fathom; after the first heat, 4 to 1 in his favour.

The

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, by Subscription of 10gs each, for maiden horses of all ages.—Two mile heats.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Wentworth Bayly's b f Miss Fanny Fancy, by Restless, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb..... 1 1
 Mr Monson's ch m Coquette, aged, 8st 11lb 3 2
 Mr J. Grant's ch c Felix, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 2 3
 Mr Chaplin's b h by Spartacus, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 4 4
 Before starting, three to 1 on Miss Fanny Fancy.—Won easily.

Gen. Grosvenor's b g Glider, by Pegasus, 7st 3lb, agst Ld F. G. Osborne's b m Elizabeth, 8st 12lb, both 5 yr olds.—Two miles, 50gs, h. ft.—Glider walked over.

The Stewards for the next year are, Sir John Trollope, Bart. and Francis Chaplin, Esq.

DONCASTER.

MONDAY, September 23, The King's Plate of 100gs for four yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Mr Mellish's b c Quid, by Star, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb, (F. Euckle)..... 1
 Mr Kirby's gr c Evander, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 2
 Ld Darlington's br h Ferguson, 5 yrs old, 11st 6lb 3
 Five to 4 on Evander, 5 to 2 agst Quid, and 5 to 1 agst Ferguson.—Quid took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts 8st, fillies 7st 11lb.—The last mile.—Five Subscribers.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b f sister to Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, (W. Peirse) .. 1
 Mr Mellish's b f Flighty, by Traveller 2
 Sir H. T. Vane's b f Georgiana, by Patriot..... 3
 Two to 1 on Georgiana, 3 to 1 agst Ld Fitzwilliam's filly, and 5 to 1 agst Flighty.—A good race, and won by half a neck.

The North Welter Stakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c.—Rode by Gentlemen, 13st each.—Two mile heats.—Four Subscribers.
 Sir F. Boynton's, b g by Overton, out of Garnerin's dam, walked over.

TUESDAY, September 24, The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts 8st 2lb, and fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Twenty-seven Subscribers.

Mr Mellish's b c Stavelly, by Shuttle, (J. Jackson)..... 1
 Ld Milton's b c Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter 2
 Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Sir Paul, by Sir Peter 3
 Mr Mellish's b c Sir Launcelot, by Delpini..... 4
 Col. Childers's b c Langton by Precipitate 5
 Ld Darlington's b c by Sir Peter, out of Æthe; Mr G. Hutton's br c Cleveland, by Overton; Ld F. G. Osborne's b c brother to Hippocampus; Mr Smith's b c Hippomenes, by Pegasus; and Ld Grey's b c Young Roscius, by Sir Peter; also started, but were not placed.

Five

Five to 1 agst Stavely, 10 to 1 agst Caleb Quote'em, 15 to 1 agst Sir Paul, 10 to 1 agst Langton, 9 to 1 agst Hippomenes, 3 to 1 agst Cleveland, 12 to 1 agst the brother to Hippocampus, 13 to 1 agst Ld Darlington's c, 20 to 1 agst Young Roscius, and 4 to 1 agst Sir Launcelot.—Sir Launcelot made play for about three quarters of a mile, when Sir Paul took the lead, and Caleb Quote'em ran second whilst nearly the Grand Stand; Stavely then ran up, and won by about a length.—Caleb Quote'em's rider lost a stirrup.—A very great betting race.

The Corporation Plate of Fifty Pounds for three yr olds and upwards.—Four mile heats.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b m Sally, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb, (T. Clarkson)..... 1 1
Mr J. W. Wardell's ch h Stretch, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb 2 2
Mr Thompson's ch f Miss Eliza Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 3 3
Two to 1 agst Sally, 7 to 4 on Stretch; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Sally.—Won by a head.

WEDNESDAY, September 25, The Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.—Sixteen Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's gr u Marcia, by Coriander, aged, 8st 10lb, (F. Collinson) 1
Ld Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old, 6st .. 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Sir Paul, 3 yrs old, 6st 3
Sir T. Gascoigne's b c by Sir Peter, out of Goldenlocks, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb 4
Mr Mellish's b c Stavely, 3 yrs old, 6st 5
Sir R. Winn's b f Hypocrite, 3 yrs old, 6st 6
Six to 5 on Marcia, 7 to 4 agst Stavely, 7 to 1 agst Sir Paul, and higher odds agst any other

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, for three yr olds and upwards.—Four miles.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b c Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs, 6st, (a Boy) 1
Sir W. Gerard's b c Young Chariot, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb 2
Ld Darlington's b c Pavilion, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb; Mr Mellish's b c Sir Launcelot, 3 yrs old, 6st; Ld Strathmore's b h Remembrancer, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb; Mr Garforth's gr f Helen, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb; Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr f Priscilla, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb; Sir R. Winn's b c Mariner, 3 yrs old, 6st; Mr Flint's b m Spitfire, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb; and Mr R. Wardell's b c Moor-Monk, 3 yrs old, 6st; also started, but were not placed.

Five to 2 agst Pavilion, 5 to 2 agst Sir Launcelot, 3 to 1 agst Caleb Quote'em, and 6 to 1 agst Young Chariot.—Won by half a length.

THURSDAY, September 26, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three yr old fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Hewett's br f Miss Hornpipe Teazle, by Sir Peter 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b f by Beningbrough, dam by Young Marsk 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's br f by Sir Peter, out of Violet, by Shark 3
Three to 1 on Miss Hornpipe Teazle.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Four miles.—Five Subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's b m by Pegasus, out of Magnolia, (Mr T. Sykes) .. 1
Mr Mellish's b h Hodge, by Clown, (the owner) 2
Five to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

For the continuation of these Races, see page 282 of this number.

The





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